Attorney Bert McDonald, Los Angeles Civic And Fraternal Leader, Passes

Atlanta, Ga. Daily World
Fri. 3-21-47

MEMPHIS, TENN. -(SNS)- Attorney Bert McDonald, who became nationally known as City Deputy Attorney of Los Angeles, and as Western Vice-President of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, died on the West Coast Sunday of this week according to a telegram received by the Memphis World, Editor Wednesday. Funeral rites were scheduled to be held this Thursday.

Ill and hospitalized for the past two years at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, Attorney McDonald waged a valiant but unsuccessful fight to regain his health. He received messages from all over the nation wishing for his recovery. Special tributes were paid to him for his contribution within the rank of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity during the last three General Conventions of the organization, at Atlantic City, N. J., in 1944; Chicago, 1945; and in Columbus, Ohio, 1946.

Fri. 3-21-47

Known by his wide circle of friends as "Bert", Attorney McDonald was long regarded as one of the official hosts to welcome visitors to the Coast. His own home at 319 East 48th Street in Los Angeles became a mecca for scores of visitors every year.

The deceased was elected Western Vice President of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity at the Silver Anniversary Convention of the organization in Nashville in 1935, served in that capacity until 1944 when his health failed. The fraternity accepted his invitation to hold a special session in Los Angeles during the summer of 1936, and this became the first time that a Greek-letter Fraternity had ever held a session that far west. Through his influence as a government official and political leader of Los Angeles his native home, visitors to this meeting, called the Pan-Pacific Convention, had doors opened to them in virtually all the studios in Hollywood and Beverly Hill and a number of other points of interest.

Dewey D. Davidson, Los Angeles business man, was deputized by A. Maceo Smith, of Dallas, Texas.

Dempsey, Fistic Greats Attend Godfrey Rites

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sat. 9-23-47

By J. CULLEN FENTRESS

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—As one of the fight mob described it, George Godfrey "packed 'em in at his last performance" last Saturday morning as funeral rites were held for him at the Angelus Funeral Home.

The former great heavyweight prize fighter died of a heart ailment Aug. 13. He was found dead in his room at 1466½ Hooper Avenue. Dr. Darrington Weaver, his physician, told The Courier that "big Gawge" was laughing and talking an hour before his death.

Born in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 25, 1897, as Feab S. Williams, Godfrey was given his ring name by Jack Johnson. He served in the U. S. Navy in World War I and began boxing professionally in 1920. From then until 1937, he won 72 fights, lost 9. Sat. 8-23-47

He fought such outstanding heavyweights as Sam Langford, Jack Renault, Jack Sharkey, Jack Roper, Primo Carnera, Johnny Risko, Paulino Uzcudun and Gunnar Barlund. Following his retirement from the ring he wrestled under the promotional banner of Lou Daro here at Olympic Auditorium, and subsequently became a bouncer at a well-known Central Avenue Restaurant and Bar.

As news of the death of the former "Black Shadow" of Leiperville, Pa., spread, former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey contacted Dr. Weaver, and said he would defray funeral expenses. Although they never fought, Godfrey had trained with the Manassa Mauler. In a letter of thanks and appreciation, Dempsey's check was returned to him by the Southern California Boxers and Wrestlers Fund which assumed the funeral obligations. Sat. 8-23-47

Dempsey was in attendance at the funeral which attracted an overflow crowd of the fight mob and the curious of both races.

The impressive last rites were conducted by the Rev. M. Harley Duvall, pastor of the Macedonia Baptist Church, and the eulogy was read by Dr. Weaver. Pallbearers were Freddie Beshore, Seve Martin, Benny McFadden, Doug Lewis, Francisco De La Cruz, Pat McKee, Thomas M. Ornelas, and Joe Varga. Interment was in Lincoln Memorial Park. Sat. 8-23-47

Noted Maestro Dies On Coast

Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Defender

BERKELEY, Calif.—Final rites were held here recently at St. Augustine Episcopal Church for Dr. Elmer Keeton, nationally known musician who wrote the musical score arrangements for the stage show "Swing Mikado." Sat 2-1-47

Great numbers of friends came to pay their last respects at impressive services conducted at the church of which Dr. Keeton had been a member for a number of years. The Rev. Dillingham and D. R. Wallace officiated. The Keeton choir, for years directed by the deceased, furnished music with Maxine Blackburn now directing, and with Grace Payne and Mrs. Viola Lee singing solos.

Born in Rolla, Mo., Feb. 14, 1882, the son of Calvin and Elizabeth Keeton, Dr. Keeton early evinced an interest in music. He attended school in St. Louis and Evanston, at the latter place a student in the School of Music from which he was graduated with honors as a Doctor of Music. Sat 2-1-47

He came to California in 1921 and became well known here as organist and tutor, establishing a studio which presented frequent recitals by his talented students. He served as organist and choir director of the First AME Church, St. Augustine Episcopal Church and North Oakland Baptist Church for many years. He was also organist at the Lincoln theater, Oakland. He became nationally known through radio broadcasts, and organized a choral group for radio presentation, taught music in the Prescott Evening school, Oakland, organized the famous Negro chorus which grew from five to 60 members under the Works Progress Administration. This last group remains one of the finer musical organizations on the west coast, and furnished a number for two popular stage productions, "Run Little Chillun" and "Swing Mikado."

Final Rites for George Godfrey

Afro-American

LOS ANGELES—Funeral services for George Godfrey, one-time world heavyweight contender were held her Saturday.

Godfrey died on Wednesdya, victim of a heart ailment. Penniless and without known survivors, his gurial expenses were met by the boxers' and wrestlers' welfare fund, according to Inspector Bill Smith of the California Athletic Commission. Baltimore, Md.

Godfrey, whose real name was Feab S. Williams, was born in Mobile, Ala., on January 25, 1897. Although he is said to have boasted of ring earnings totaling half-million dollars, Godfrey was found dead in a squalid room.

The discovery was made by Dr. Darrington Weaver, the ex-fighter's close friend and physician. Dr. Weaver said Godfrey had called him a short time earlier to complain of illness. He had been under treatment for a heart inflammation and kidney trouble since April. Sat. 8-23-47

Began in 1920

Godfrey began fighting in 1920, when he was knocked out in two rounds by Sam Langford at Hot Springs, Ark. A year later, he met Langford again, at Covington, Ky., and was stopped in one round.

Weighing 225 pounds and standing 6 feet, 2 inches in his prime, Godfrey boxed from 1920 to 1933. During that period he won 72 fights against nine losses. After idling in 1934, he went on a tour of Europe in 1935, winning bouts in Bruxelles, Louvain, Belgium, Sweden, France, Rumania and Bucharest.

His last fight in this country was an 8-round knockout at the hands of Hank Hankinson, white, in Los Angeles, in 1937.

Beat Uzcudun

Perhaps the peak of the Godfrey career was reached in 1928, when he defeated Paulino Uzcudun at Wrigley Field. Listed among his other victims, however, were Jack Roper, twice; Larry Gains, three times; Leonard Dixon, ex-sparring partner of Joe Louis, and Ace Clark, whom he defeated for the mythical "colored world's championship" in the days when titleholders were drawing the color line.

In 1930, he fought Primo Carnera but was declared loser on a foul. Sat. 8-23-47

Since moving to Los Angeles in 1937, Godfrey had appeared in several movie roles, of late, though he had been working as a bouncer in a Central Ave. cafe.

Afro-American
Baltimore, Md.
Sat. 8-23-47

KAYOED—George Godfrey, 50, one-time contender for the world's heavyweight crown, who died Wednesday in Los Angeles, Calif., where he had lived in retirement for the past five years.

Police Chief Hornsby Dies

Chief of Police Marion A. Hornsby, 57, died shortly before midnight Friday night, a few hours before he would have observed his tenth anniversary as police chief in Atlanta.

Stricken apparently by a heart attack at his home, 470 Mellview Ave., SW, he was pronounced dead by a physician summoned by his wife Mrs. Hornsby.

The death of the chief came as a shock to many Atlantans. Mayor William B. Hartsfield, who ordered the flag at half mast Saturday, paid the following tribute to the deceased chief:

"Chief Hornsby was one of the nation's greatest and most fearless police officials. His loss wil be keenly felt in Atlanta, for men of his type are few and far between. Atlanta has lost one of its best public servants. His was a difficult job, police officials. His loss will be keen but he applied to it the qualities of a sterling Christian character."

Chief Hornsby recently took a stand on matters interracial that made his name known throughout the nation.

Called to a section of Garibaldi Street, where a Negro family was being prevented by members of the Columbians from moving into a home they had purchased, Chief Hornsby alighted from his automobile, sized up the circumstances in a sweeping glance, with an economy of words, and issued the summary order to subordinates:

"Lock 'em up!"

The Columbian members on the scene were jailed, and on the basis of this arrest series a number of indictments were returned which have had the effect of breaking up the local operations of the Columbians.

Star Athlete Dies, 6 Mates Hurt in Wreck

ATLANTA—Jeffry D. Jennings, star athlete at Clark College here, was fatally injured and six other teammates were injured, four critically, when their car was sideswiped by a trailer truck last Friday while en route to a track meet at Tennessee State College. Jennings died four and a half hours later in a private hospital operated by a colored physician at Fayetteville (Tenn.), where the injured athletes were admitted after being refused treatment at two white hospitals.

Officials of these hospitals at Manchester (Tenn.), 15 miles from the scene of the accident at Pelham and at Sewanne (Tenn.), allegedly told the group they were overcrowded.

The colored hospital where they were admitted is 50 miles from Pelham.

Critically injured was Joseph H. (Judo) Brown of Gary (Ind.). Gaylon Smalls, Hornsby Howell and Edward Haynes were discharged after being treated overnight.

Coach McPherson was admitted to the hospital Saturday for treatment of minor injuries, and Allen Slocum was retained for observation.

Jennings and Brown, versatile and popular athletes, aided Clark to win the Southern Conference crown in 1945 and 1946. Brown is a three-letter man.

Information reaching here said the driver of the trailer truck apparently lost control of the vehicle while coming out of a curve and while the driver tried to keep the front end from leaving the road.

Dr. James P. Brawley, president of Clark, who was in Wisconsin for the United College Fund drive, reached Fayetteville (Tenn.) Saturday by plane to investigate the accident.

Young Atlanta Medic Dies

ATLANTA, Ga.—Dr. George Morris Kersey, one of this city's brilliant young physicians, died here suddenly last week. Survivors are his wife, the former Louise Maxwell of Orangeburg, S. C., a daughter, Leola Louise, 4; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Kersey and three brothers.

The deceased, who served in the Army medical corps during World War II, established practice here in September of 1946.

Private Service For Mrs. Hope In Nashville Thursday

Committal services for the cremated remains of Mrs. John Hope, widow of the late president of Atlanta University and Morehouse College, will be held Thursday afternoon at an unannouncde hour at the home of her son, John Hope, II, 1607 Meharry Boulevard, Nashville 8, Tenn. The services will be private.

Mrs. Hope passed last Thursday afternoon, August 14 at the Riverside Sanitarium, Nashville, where she had been resting. She had been guest of her son, his wife and children and had experienced no prolonged suffering prior to entering the the hospital, it was disclosed, prevailing upon them to take a few weeks vacation in the North woods of Minnesota.

Mr. Hope II explained Tuesday night that his being out of the city and his brother, Dr. Edward F. Hope's living in a new home on the outskirts of Washington, D. C., had delayed communication about the death and funeral arrangements of which there had been many queries.

A memorial service will be held for Mrs. Hope in the near future, but the family did not disclose the place nor time. The deceased was cremated at her request, it was stated.

ST. LOUIS NATIVE

Sixty-six years of age at the time of death, Mrs. Hope was born in St. Louis, Mo., and moved to Chicago at an early age. It was there that she became active in church and social work. She met and married Dr. John Hope in the early 1890's and later moved to Atlanta where, with him, she led an active life in the community.

The deceased founded the Neighborhood Union and served for 25 years with the social service organization. This unit is said to have contributed greatly to the early work and founding of the Atlanta University School of Social Work. Mrs. Hope also helped organize the first citizenship schools for Negroes in Atlanta and was active in many womens' organizations.

A member of the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses, she did volunteer work during the Mississippi River Flood in 1928. Previously, she had directed work for her community during the Great Atlanta Fire.

During World War I, Mrs. Hope directed the YWCA Hostess House as a training unit for overseas and at Camp Upton, N. Y., which served home workers. Following the war, she was decorated by the French Government. During World War II, the deceased was a member of the executive council of the American Women's Volunteer Service, but, being a champion of Negro rights, soon resigned because of what she determined discrimination in the work.

Mrs. Hope was an extensive traveler, having gone to Europe with her late, illustrious husband, and other parts of the globe. During the last war, she flew to Honolulu to be with her son, Lieutenant Commander Edward Hope, and came back to the states with him on a U. S. Navy destroyer.

Besides Dr. John Hope, presently connected with Fisk University and former associate director of the area division of President Roosevelt's Employment Practice Committee, and Dr. Edward Hope of the Howard University staff, the deceased is survived by five grandchildren and other distant relatives.

And Dr Okongwu Gone Too!

WHEN on Thursday morning the saddest, weirdest, most shocking news of the death of Dr Nnodu Okongwu, M.A. (Columbia), Ph.D. (New York University), Professor in Education at the Atlanta University, was broken to us, our memories ran back to the great men of history who lost their lives in the course of their adventure. One of such adventurers whose histroy is well-known to us all may be mentioned Mungo Park.

Nnodu's sun went rapidly down whilst it was yet day. The parents sowed seeds but did not even reap to a quarter of their labour. Nine years' double struggle has ended in death. Should nature be so unkind? And what a useless ambition? Oh death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Dr Okongwu's death has weakened our nerves. It has thrown us into perplexity. We think of the vanity of human life, We philosophise. We curse. We soliloguise. What is man after all, but common clay. Late Okongwu was expected to be in London last June and to arrive Nigeria coming August before death claimed him. Nigeria has been called upon once more to mourn for a great scholar on whom lay the future hope of the education of her rising generation. And what can we do? None can stay the ugly hands of death. We are greatly perturbed.

Nevertheless, in a battle, there must be major and minor losses. That is why Hitler is no more. That is why Mussolini bade the world goodbye. And what of Dr Aggrey, Mr Herbert Macaulay, the late Ibibio's Idiong and Abeokuta's Fadipe? All died in harness. It does not matter where, when and how, death must come when it is time. Knowing this, need we again be worried? Should we brood over the loss of our young educationist without comforting ourselves? The worst has happened. It is inevitable. Let us clean our eyes and continue with the battle. This is the spirit of a man, the spirit of a hero and we must take it up. Let us cry not like those who have no hope. Although Okongwu was not spared to impart his fabulous knowledge into our children, yet, it cannot be said that he has not played his part excellently. May Nnodu's soul rest in peace.

Doctor M. Ashby Jones

Daily World Atlanta, Ga.

The death of Dr. M. Ashby Jones in Atlanta last week removes another staunch friend of humanity. He was a Southerner by birth. But his spirit and the depth of his soul encompassed the whole of the human race. He was a preacher by profession and special training. But his influence extended far and wide through his mighty pen and his calculating and searching analysis of the evils of prejudice, jealously and racial amity. 33 Ga.

Dr. Jones must be singled out from the crowded mass of humankind as the most fearless and yet the most judicious Southerner on the race question. He championed the cause of the Negro when he knew there could be no material reward to follow. His compensation for his service and his resolute courage consisted mainly in the satisfaction and the joy of adventurous living. Wed. 1-8-47

Negroes in Atlanta, in civic and educational life knew him intimately. He gave many long hours to the perplexing problems of interracial harmony and cooperation in the State and throughout the South. He was no ordinary leader and no ordinary man. Negroes will miss him and the Southland will miss him.

Dr. M. Ashby Jones Known As Friend, Dies

Minneapolis, Minn. Tues. 1-7-47

Was A Founder Of Inter-Racial Commission

33

ATLANTA, Ga. — (SNS — Dr. M. Ashby Jones, who was internationally known for his promotion of amity among various races in the South and religious faiths, died Thursday morning at hs Atlanta residence.

Dr. Jones was one of the founders o fthe Inter-Racial Commission of the South. Termed a liberal, Dr. Jones once explained the fundamental idea of the commission as "to get our white people interested in better housing for Negroes, better schools for Negroes and a fairer chance for justice in the courts for Negroes."

He said further: "We believe that when our white people become interested in the human needs common to us all, racial prejudices will be done away with. We sought to do this without discussing what is generally called 'race problems.' We call them 'human problems.'"

FEARLESS CHAMPION

Born in Lexington, Va., he went far in racial relations work in the South, since he could not be considered an agitator or outsider. Mild-mannered in appearance and poned the causes and organizations gentlemanly, he fearlessly champ- for better relations.

A newspaper columnist, Dr. Jones was widely read and quoted. A vein of tolerance ran through his many writings and lectures.

The deceased had lived in Atlanta since 1917, except for a six year interval as pastor of a St. Louis, Mo., church. He formerly pastored Ponce de Leon Baptist church for ten years. He was looked upon as a friend.

Tues. 1-7-47

His wife, a son, two grandchildren and other relatives survive him.

Fitting Climax

Editor Constitution: In the passing of the Rev. M. Ashby Jones, Atlanta and the South has lost a stalwart in the field of freedom and human understanding. For many years, as a member of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, and later of the Conference of Christians and Jews, he was looked upon as a champion of goodwill and brotherhood.

At his funeral service held at the Second-Ponce de Leon Baptist Church the Pastor, Rev. Monroe F. Swilley, called upon Rabbi David Marx to read the scripture, and the Rev. Wm. H. Borders, a Negro, to offer the prayer. To the large congregation of Atlanta notables this seemed, in the light of Dr. Jones' long efforts to promote better human relations, to be an altogether proper and a fitting climax to his long and useful life.

B. A. BARNES.

Atlanta.

Dr. Ashby Jones

Atlanta Const. 33

Editor Constitution: What a contrast between Dr. Ashby Jones and a certain other Atlanta Baptist minister. The one asking his fellowman for more tolerance of those of different faiths, the other manipulating for give-me more headlines."

The one a self-effacing scholar—the other a monotonous exhibitionist. 1-11-47

The one seeking to earn the love of the Catholics—the other itching, my guess is, for more self pictures and limelight. The one blessed with a soft musical voice to preach compelling logic and a poetic rhythm—the other handicapped with an irritating delivery of sermons, sans color and magnetism.

If ever beloved old ignorant Georgia needed persistent strong pulpit voices to block bigotry and sell racial and religious tolerance —she needs those voices of uplift today.

Why in God's name can't we love and vote our fellow man into the type of SUPREMACY which candidate Ashby Jones spent his life for—God's recipe for SUPREMACY?

LOGAN WILLIAMSON.

Atlanta.

Tribute Is Paid To Dr. Jones In Last Rites

The Constitution Atlanta, Ga. 33

Sun. 1-5-47

A Baptist congregation, a Rabbi and a Negro pastor sorrowfully gathered Saturday to bury a long-time friend, Dr. M. Ashby Jones, a man with a cause and the son of a man with a cause.

In the presence of God and the death of a good man, the barriers of race and creed were forgotten.

And while the congregation sat with bowed heads in the Second Ponce de Leon Baptist Church Dr. Monroe Swilley, Pastor, nodded to the mournful man in the black garb.

The Constitution

Rabbi David Marx rose, slowly intoned the Twenty-third Psalm "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want . . .," and then he turned to the New Testament.

From the First Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, he read, ending with "for now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known. Sun. 1-5-47

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

And then up rose a man of another color, a Negro, Dr. William Holmes Borders, Pastor of the Wheat Street Baptist Church. He prayed for a man of good will who had departed, a man who had done much to give the Negro race a place in the sun.

The Constitution

Dr. Jones, retired Pastor of the Ponce de Leon Church, who died Thursday, had often said that "race problems are human problems," and he devoted his life to solving them peacefully.

The 78-year-old minister was the son of the man who rode with Gen. Robert E. Lee as Chaplain of the forces operating in Northern Virginia. He was born in Lexington, Va., the place to which Lee and Dr. Jones' father retired after cessation of hostilities. For his father, the cause was the South and the restoration of good will.

DR. M. A. JONES DIES; TOLERANCE LEADER

The Times New York, N.Y.

Retired Baptist Minister, 78, Was a Founder of Group on Inter-Racial Cooperation

33 Fri. 1-3-47

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 2—The Rev. Dr. M. Ashby Jones, retired Baptist minister and one of the South's leaders in the development of good-will among racial and religious groups, died here today at the age of 78.

Dr. Jones was a founder of the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation, formed shortly after the end of the first World War, which now functions in the name of the Southern Regional Council.

He once explained that the fundamental purpose of the inter-racial group was "to get our white people interested in better housing for Negroes, better schools for Negroes and a fairer chance in the courts for the Negroes."

Dr. Jones had resided here since 1917, except for a six-year interval, 1927 to 1932, as pastor of the Second Baptist Church in St. Louis.

In 1926 he was a member of the Sherwood Eddy seminar group, which spent several months making a good-will study of European conditions and conferring with leaders in the various countries visited.

Three years later Dr. Jones returned to Europe under the auspices of the Eddy seminar as a member of a selected group that made a detailed study of conditions in the Soviet Union.

He visited England in 1928 as guest speaker for the British committee of the World Alliance for Peace, making forty-eight speeches in thirty-two days in cities throughout the British Isles.

Dr. Jones leaves a widow, a son, Turner Jones of Portland, Me.; two grandchildren, Turner Jones Jr., a student at the University of Virginia, and Miss Ashby Jones, a student at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N. Y.; an aunt, Mrs. Page Tucker of Atlanta, and several nieces and nephews.

Fri. 1-3-47

Dr. Jones, son of a chaplain to Gen. Robert E. Lee, was a stanch defender of the principles of right and justice.

A speech before the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in September, 1934, he declared that "force must be used to help in the defense of civilization and for the protection of these things which we regard as sacred."

Throughout his career Dr. Jones was a spokesman for the liberal wing of the Baptist Church. He once complained that "the great difficulty in the South is to get the white man to take the Negro seriously."

Ashby Jones Succumbs to Heart Attack

Constitution Atlanta, Ga. 33

Fri. 1-3-47

Dr. M. Ashby Jones, retired Baptist minister who lived and taught the Golden Rule, and whose column, Text and Pretext, appeared in The Atlanta Constitution, died at 8:30 a. m. yesterday after an early-morning heart attack at his residence, 211 Beverly Rd., N. E. He was 78.

Internationally acclaimed for his fights in behalf of racial and religious minorities, Dr. Jones was especially interested in better lives for the Negroes of Georgia and was a member of the Inter-Racial Commission of the South.

In 1924 he led a successful campaign for a bond issue to provide a high school for Negro students in Atlanta, and once said the

for the ministry at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky., and took a post-graduate course at the University of Virginia. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic fraternity, and of Kappa Alpha social fraternity.

He entered the ministry with a pastorate at Bardstown, Ky., going to Richmond, Va., where he was the son of Dr. John William Jones, Chaplain in Stonewall Jackson's army, and Judith Helm Jones.

He was graduated from Washington & Lee University.

Fri. 1-3-47

Ohio Senator said "I support Bilbo intimidated Negroes from voting in last Summer's Mississippi

object of the Inter-Racial Commission was "to get our white people interested in better conditions for the Negro."

Born in Lexington, Va., in 1868,

studied

plans

means a fight," but he

pose this mo

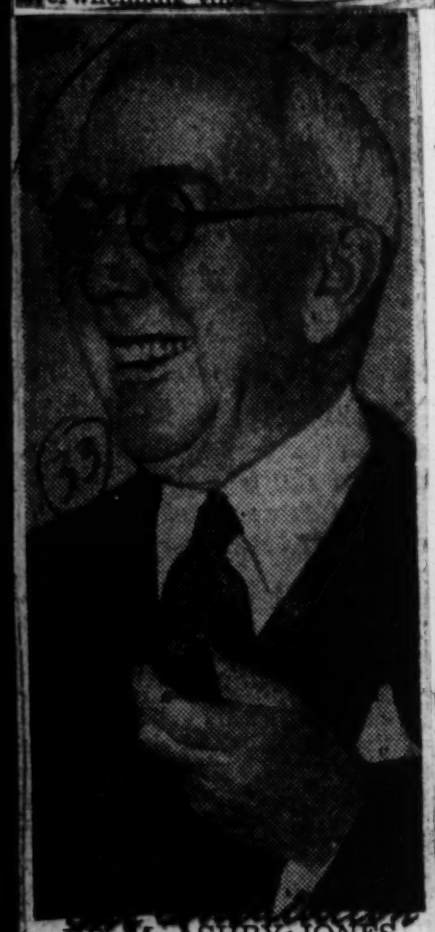
Senatorial election.

Chairman Ellender, Democrat, Louisiana, already has announced that he and the other two Democrats on the committee are voting to clear Bilbo of these accusations.

Bilbo told a reporter:

"I will insist upon my right to take the oath of office and I will decline to step aside.

"If they refuse to permit me to take my oath, I will stand for election for any vacancy that may occur, and I believe the people of Mississippi will return me by an overwhelming vote."



DR. M. ASHBY JONES
Retired Minister Dies

Columbus from Richmond before being called to Augusta.

While in Augusta he was instrumental in forming the Augusta Rotary Club, and this affiliation with Rotary later took him to Scotland for a speech before an international convention of the club.

In 1916, while still pastor of the First Baptist Church of Augusta, Dr. Jones spoke from the pulpit and through the press against the Veazy Bill, which provided for a regular visitation of all private and church schools and was aimed especially at Catholics. Dr. Jones is credited with defeating the bill almost single-handedly through his influence.

Always interested in justice for everyone, without regard to church affiliation or race, Dr. Jones bitterly attacked the Ku Klux Klan in the early 1920's, when it was at the height of its power.

In 1917 he assumed the office of Pastor of the Ponce de Leon Baptist Church in Atlanta, and lived in Atlanta until his death, except for six years while Pastor of the Second Baptist Church in St. Louis.

In 1928 he visited England as guest speaker for the British Committee of the World Alliance for Peace, making 48 speeches in 32 days during a tour of British cities. The following year he made a tour of Russia.

Retiring from the ministry in 1932, he returned to Atlanta from St. Louis and devoted his time working for improved racial and religious conditions in Atlanta and the South. For the last 25 years he was a regular contributor to the editorial page of The Constitution.

Although he was formally retired, he was in fact as active as ever in his work for social justice through various organizations, including the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the Southern Regional Council. In 1942, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, of which he was Protestant Co-Chairman, presented him with a citation, honoring his work for racial understanding.

A man of seemingly unending energy, he was on the National Board of the YMCA, a member of the Atlanta Rotary Club, and a Mason. As he grew older, he reduced his traveling and spent his last years preaching and lecturing in response to frequent invitations.

Included in his survivors are his wife; a son, Turner Jones, of Portland, Me.; two grandchildren, Ashby Jones and Turner Jones, Jr., of Portland; an aunt, Mrs. Page Tucker, of Atlanta; and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral arrangements will be announced by H. M. Patterson & Son.

Dr. M. Ashby Jones

The Constitution

Dr. M. Ashby Jones passed yesterday from the mortal scene, leaving behind him in the memories of hundreds of persons touched by the nobility of his life evidence of the triumph of his beliefs. That showed in his face and manner, both of which reflected his serenity and his faith.

He was, in a very real manner, the ideal Christian.

He was not afraid to fight for his faith and his beliefs. To him the meaning of Christianity and the Christian ideal was plain. It was not something to be praised on the Sabbath in an hour of song and sermon, but something to be used in the everyday life of man. He made many of his fellow Christians uncomfortable by the ease in which he made the tenets of his faith so much a part of his life.

He was a useful, courageous Christian gentleman.

He lived a full and fine life.

Atlanta and all persons of good will will miss him and his voice, which he was never afraid to raise.

Ashby Jones

Editor Constitution: No doubt the strongest focus of mind on the part of the good people of Georgia, the South, and a large part of the nation and world at large, was brought about last week, not by any of the many significant things that were happening in life but by the coming of the angel of death. I refer to the passing of Dr. M. Ashby Jones. This was an event of epochal importance. Dr. Jones was one of the very few surviving personalities representative of the best in both the Old and the New South. His beautiful soul matched all the outward beauty of the South in nature and human relations. His dynamic mind forged ever forward in accord with the law of inevitable change to prevent the South from sticking to static conditions inimical to its proper progress. Traditions were to him stepping stones to something better, not stone walls inclosing the best or deadheading further improvement. He believed the scientific spirit to be a manifestation of divine reason, applicable as much to individual personality and human relations as to mechanical organization. A perfect expression of this conception is contained in his post mortem column, which thousands will sorely miss henceforth on successive Sundays, in which he wrote: "My New Year's wish for each one of us is that we may grow up to include in your knowledge the interests and sympathies of all of your community. . . . To say that your town is a community means that it is a body of common interests; that the interests of one are the interests of all. So I am appealing for a social consciousness, which means that when you are conscious of the needs and interests of all the people, you are immediately living in a larger town, and you yourself are a larger person."

WITHERSPOON DODGE.
Atlanta.

Race Barrier Is Put Aside At Rites for Friend of Negro

Atlanta, Jan. 4 (AP).—A Baptist congregation, a rabbi, and a Negro pastor sorrowfully gathered today to bury a long-time friend, Dr. M. Ashby Jones.

The barriers of race and creed were forgot while the congregation sat with bowed heads in Second Ponce de Leon Baptist Church.

Rabbi David Marx Rose intoned the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. . . ."

Dr. William Holmes Borders, Negro pastor of Wheat Street Baptist Church, prayed for a man of good will who had departed, a man who had done so much to give the Negro race a place in the sun.

Dr. Jones, a retired pastor of Ponce de Leon Church, who died Thursday, often had said "race problems are human problems" and he devoted his life solving them peacefully.

One of the founders of Southern Interracial Commiss he made several trips to Eur and traveled extensively thro the United States in behalf of cause: "To arouse interest amo white persons in the human nee common to all" and thus era prejudice.

During his more than a half century in the Baptist ministry, Dr. Jones served pastorates in Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri and Georgia at Columbus, Augusta and Atlanta. It was to this city that he gave the largest measure of his talents and here he spent the fruitful Autumn and the gracious evening of his long life. For all that he meant to the community and to a host of friends his memory will be cherished with loving gratitude.

will in dealing with our problems. Interpreting the Interracial Commission, of which he was a founder, Dr. Jones once said: "We believe that when our white people become interested in the human needs which are common to all of us, racial prejudices will be done away. We sought to do this without discussing what is generally called 'race problems.' We call them human problems." That is the characteristic of his insight and his broad wisdom. He was likewise a potent influence for good understanding among Protestants, Catholics and Jews. Some years ago he was honored with a citation from the National Conference of Christians and Jews for his fine work in such endeavors. He was also internationally recognized by appointments to a number of good-will missions to Europe.

Dr. M. Ashby Jones—Virginian

[*An Editorial from the Atlanta Journal*]

DR. M. ASHBY JONES was a minister in the broad, high meaning of that noble word. He ministered to the minds and hearts of those about him, to the innermost needs of the congregations he served, to the moral and cultural life of the communities in which he lived, and to the world-wide cause of good will toward men. His grace of manner and the eloquence of his spoken and written word were matched by unflinching courage. No stauncher spirit over battled against injustice and tyranny. But his chief virtue was charity, and his constant aim to build, to help and to serve, so that his long career fulfilled the commandment, "He that would be great among you, let him be your minister."

Born a Virginian, the son of a Confederate soldier who was also chaplain to General Robert E. Lee, Dr. Jones was true to the happiest idioms and the highest legacies of his native Commonwealth. He was eminently sociable and chivalrous. Lee was his hero, in whom he found not only an ideal to revere, but a workmanly faith and vision for our own times. He loved the South so deeply that he could countenance nothing which fell short of that faith or hindered the growth of his people's highest self.

Thus he pioneered for free and frank discussion of Southern needs, for justice to minority groups, and for enlightened good

Wife Of The Late L. K. Williams Is Laid To Rest

World Ill. Memphis, Tenn. 33 Sat. 2-17-47

CHICAGO.—(ANP) — Funeral services were held here Friday for Mrs. L. K. Williams, widow of Dr. L. K. Williams, late president of the National Baptist convention, Inc. Mrs. Williams died Sunday night after a lingering illness which had made it possible for a nurse to remain with her at night for the past year.

Services were held in Olivet Baptist church, where for many years her husband had pastored and which during much of his life was a focal point of interest for the great Baptist denomination. Her funeral sermon was delivered by Dr. A. L. Boone of Cleveland, boyhood friend of her husband, and who had preached Dr. Williams' funeral.

Mrs. Williams, the former Miss Georgia L. Lewis, was born in Eufala, Ala., as was her husband, L. K. Williams. The two did not meet then but when they were both tiny children, their parents joined a band which, led by Dr. L. K.'s father, migrated from Alabama to Texas. There the two young people met and were married in 1893, a union which lasted 47 years until he died. She was always a staunch aid and support of her husband, active in all Baptist auxiliaries. She is survived by their only child, the Rev. L. K. Williams Jr. Interment was at Lincoln cemetery, Chicago, where Dr. L. K. Williams' remains rest. 2-17-47 33

Noted Pastor—Soldier Dies in Chicago

A long distance telephone message which reached Nashville Wednesday afternoon announced the passing of the Rev. W. S. Brandan, D. D. He was pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, where he had served for more than forty-five years.

He was a member of the old Eighth Illinois Regiment and a World War No. 1 veteran. He had retired from the army however, with the rank of Colonel. He served as chaplain during World War No. 1 and saw service in France. Sat. 8-1-47

Rev. Braddan built a one hundred thousand dollar church edifice on the southside of Chicago during the depression period, and paid it out. He was regarded as one of the best pastors, church financiers and race leaders in the windy city. He was a graduate of Newton Center Theological Seminary out in Boston. His father before him was with the old Ninth and Tenth Calvary many years ago, but the late Dr. Braddan spent the better part of his life in Chicago.

The people in Nashville remember him as having been down here during the Red Cross Campaign three years ago when he and General Dickerson helped to wind up the campaign by coming here in full uniform.

Dr. Braddan was the author of a book, "Under Three Banners", which told of his experience as a soldier and officer in the U. S. Army. The book was printed at the National Baptist Publishing Board. He attended the National Baptist Convention of America on several occasions and enrolled. He was a personal friend of the Rev. Henry A. Boyd, secretary of the National Baptist Publishing Board.

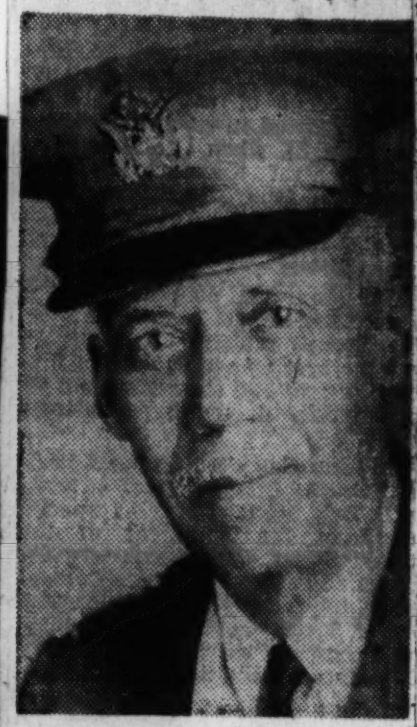
REV. COL. WM. S. BRADDAN, D. D., former pastor of the Berean Baptist Church

Rev. William S. Braddan Berean Pastor, Succumbs

Chicago Defender Sat. 8-9-47

Chicago, Ill.

Rev. William S. Braddan, pastor of Berean Baptist Church for 4 years, and veteran chaplain of the old 8th Regiment, Illinois National Guard, died at his home, 5810 S. Wabash ave., last Wednesday morning after a long illness. Sat. 8-9-47



REV. WM. S. BRADDAN

With the courageous foresight which marked his long career both as a minister and as a soldier, Braddan delivered his own funeral sermon on the occasion of his 43rd anniversary as pastor of Berean on May 24, 1944, and recorded it on a phonograph record, which is treasured by the members of his church.

Rev. Braddan was born in a U.S. Army camp, Ft. McCavitt, Texas, on March 15, 1872. His father enlisted in the Union Army in 1864 and fought throughout the Civil War, served as bandmaster in the old 24th Infantry until 1884.

As a youth the minister was brought up in various Army camps in the Southwest were Negro troops were stationed during the Indian wars, and himself enlisted in the 10th Cavalry in 1888 where he served until 1891.

He received his education in the ministry at Cutler Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo., and at Newton Institute, Cambridge, Mass. Sat. 8-9-47

In Mexican Campaign

After brief pastorates in Ann Arbor, Mich., Minneapolis, Minn., and Detroit, he accepted the call to the newly-organized Berean Baptist Church in Chicago in 1901, in which position he remained to the end of his life.

Rev. Braddan first joined the Old 8th Regiment in 1902 as a private, and rose from the ranks to be commissioned captain and chaplain in 1912. He served with the regiment through the Mexican campaign in 1916, and served through World War I in France. He was retired with the rank of colonel in 1935. Sat. 8-9-47

Funeral services were held at Berean Baptist Church, 53rd and Dearborn st., on Saturday, Aug. 2, at 1 p.m. Reverend Braddan is survived by five daughters, one son and two grandchildren.

J. W. Tildon, Noted Doctor, Dies Suddenly

Chicago Defender Sat. 8-9-47 Chicago, Ill. 33

Funeral rites for Dr. J. Wesley Tildon Jr. of 4715 Vincennes ave. were conducted Thursday at Progressive Baptist church, 3705 So. LaSalle st. by Rev. T. E. Brown, pastor. He died suddenly in his office last Friday afternoon from a heart attack.

Dr. Tildon, born in Waxahachie, Texas, was one of three children of Dr. and Mrs. John Wesley Tildon Sr. He attended public school in Waxahachie, and received his medical degree from Meharry Medical school. He was an outstanding football star of the southwest region as captain-coach of his team and graduated valedictorian of his college class. Sat. 8-9-47

Before graduating from Meharry John Wesley Tildon married Bertine Washington, daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. P. R. Washington. After graduation Dr. Tildon interned at Booker T. Washington hospital in Fort Worth, Texas, and later became chief anaesthetist there. He wrote a medical column called The Mirror in The Fort Worth Times and was a chorister at the AME church.

After successfully practicing in Fort Worth for some years, the Tildons moved to Chicago. In Chicago, Dr. Tildon Jr. held many positions among which were City Physician, Coroners' Physician, School Survey, and School Physician. Also a member of the Chicago Assembly, Metropolitan Club

Mr. Edward Kelly of Ft. Worth, Bishop and Mrs. John Hay[illegible] Dr. and Mrs. John Wesley Til[illegible] Terrell High school, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Kelly, Fort Worth, Tex., Dr. and Mrs. Louis, Mo., Dr. and Mrs. Burnett, Fort Worth, Tex., Dr. and Mrs. Edward Kelly, Fort Worth, Tex., Dr. and Mrs. John Wesley Tildon Sr

Kwamina Mensah, Famous African Dancer, Buried

Chicago Defender
9-20-47

Special African ceremonies were chanted Monday at the funeral of Kwamina Mensah, 48, former member of the Royal Ashanto dancers, who died Friday morning in Cook County Hospital after a brief illness.

Mensah skyrocketed to fame here during the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, when more than a half million persons paid admission to the African village. He also won honors at the Goodman Theatre, University of Chicago, Sherman Hotel as a singer and dancer with Koffi Mensah and Odzikerouw Kwesi Juntu, doing the famous "ompe dance."

The African prince was born on the Cape Coast or Ashanti, West Africa, the greatest kokoa producing country in the world. He went to sea at the age of 17 years, traveling along the coast of Africa, England, Germany, France, Italy, Australia and in the early 20s came to America and subsequently to Chicago. He resided at 738 E. 42nd st.

His widow, Louise; two daughters, Adua and Luella; two sons, Larnell and Kenneth; his mother, Edsua Assum, survive. Interment in Lincoln Cemetery.

...C. J. WALKER CO-HEAD EXPIRES IN INDIANAPOLIS

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. (Special)—Attorney F. B. Ransom, distinguished lawyer, business man, civic leader, politician, YMCA leader, and churchman, died at his home, 826 North California, at ... a.m. August 6, 1947.

Mr. Ransom was born in Granada, Mississippi. He attended public school there, then he attended and graduated from the College and law school of Walden university at Nashville, Tennessee. after which he took a post graduate course in the law school of Columbia university, New York.

He came to Indianapolis in 1910 and engaged in the general practice of the law and thereby won the respect and admiration of the bar because of his matchless oratory, skill and honesty of the highest type.

He was the general manager of and attorney for the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company and personal attorney for the late Madam C. J. Walker. As such, he made history for Negro business by successfully guiding this great business establishment owned and managed solely by Negroes through the worst depression in American history. As a result of his leadership, the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company did more than just make money to pay high salaries and build great buildings. It gave thousands of dollars for YMCAs, YWCAs, churches, schools and scholarships.

He served on the Budget Committee of the Community Fund. He was a member of the Draft Board in World War II, National Negro Business League, National Bar Association, Marion County Bar Association, trustee of Bethel AME Church, treasurer and trustee of the State School for the Blind, Mayor Tyndal's Committee on Race Relations, Rod and Gun Club.

He was an outstanding member of the City Council of the City of Indianapolis and, for his work as such, received great praise, particularly from Mayor Reginald Sullivan.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Nettie I. Ransom, an outstanding civic and religious leader of our city, and six children: Frank B. Ransom, connected with the Walker Beauty School of Chicago; Fred Ransom, a member of the Rockefield Gardens staff; Attorney Willard B. Ransom, prominent young lawyer and civic leader as well as public relations man of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company; A'Lelia Ransom, head of the Searching Section of the Library of Congress; Robert Ransom, in charge of the Shipping Department of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company, and Clifford Ransom, a student at West Virginia State College. He is also survived by two brothers: Rial Ransom of Indianapolis, and Audry Ransom of California and a sister, Serena Bradford of New York City.

F. B. Ransom, Business Executive, Dies in Indiana

The Afro-American
Baltimore, Md.

INDIANAPOLIS—Funeral rites for F. B. Ransom, general manager and attorney for the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Co., and prominent civic and YMCA leader and churchman, were held at Bethel AME Church here Saturday morning.

Born in Granada, Miss., Mr. Ransom attended public school there, and was graduated from the college and law school of Walden University at Nashville. Later he took a post-graduate course in the law school of Columbia University, New York.

He came to Indianapolis in 1910 and engaged in the general practice of the law.

Made Business Flourish

As a result of his leadership, the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company did more than just make money to pay high salaries and build great buildings. It gave thousands of dollars for YMCA's, YWCA's, churches, schools and scholarships.

Although Mr. Ransom was absorbed in the many Walker Manufacturing enterprises, he found time for civic, political, and religious work. For a long time, he was chairman of the committee of management of the Senate Avenue YMCA, and was its treasurer when he died.

He was, for many years, president of Flanner House, and was a member of its board of directors when he died.

Honored by Flanner House

On Dec. 3, 1946, Flanner House awarded him the "Distinguished Community Service Award" for his outstanding and unselfish community service as a civic leader.

He was co-chairman of the building committee that built the home for Phyllis Wheatley YWCA, and chairman of the committee that raised money to clear both the YMCA and YWCA of a large debt.

F. B. RANSOM

He served on the budget committee of the Community Fund. He was a member of the draft board in World War II, National Negro Business League, National Bar Association, Marion County Bar Association, trustee of Bethel AME Church, treasurer and trustee of the State School for the Blind, Mayor Tyndal's Committee on Race Relations, Rod and Gun Club.

Also on City Council

He was an outstanding member of the City Council of the City of Indianapolis and, for his work as such, received great praise, particularly from Mayor Reginald Sullivan.

Survivors include:

His wife, Mrs. Nettie L. Ransom, an outstanding civic and religious leader of our city, and six children; Frank B. Ransom, connected with the Walker Beauty School of Chicago; Fred Ransom, a member of the Rockefield Gardens staff; Attorney Willard B. Ransom, prominent young lawyer and civic leader as well as public relations man of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company; A'Lelia Ransom, head of the Searching Section of the Library of Congress; Robert Ransom, in charge of the shipping department of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company, and Clifford Ransom, a student at West Virginia State College. Two brothers Rial Ransom of Indianapolis and Audry Ransom of California, and a sister, Mrs. Serena Bradford, of New York City, also survive.

CIVIC LEADER LAID TO REST

Honored By City Of Indianapolis

Chicago Defender
Chicago, Ill.
Sat. 8-23-47

INDIANAPOLIS — City and state officials here turned out in vast numbers last week for impressive funeral rites for Freeman B. Ransom, 65, business manager of the Mme. C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company, nationally known attorney who last year was voted this city's most outstanding citizen.

F. B. Ransom

The Rev. John A. Alexander, the pastor of Bethel AME Church, officiated at the solemn rites, eulogizing the business leader as one who had served unselfishly the cause of progress for his race, his community and his country.

Notables Attend

Evidence of the great contribution Ransom had made in each of these fields was seen in the notables present at the funeral. Former Governors Paul V. McNutt and Henry F. Shricker were present as was Congressman Louis Ludlow and representatives of Gov. Ralph F. Gates and Mayor George L. Denny.

The Rev. E. Louis Moore, official of the National Batpist Convention, and a member of the bar, represented the Marion County bar association. The Rev. Marshall A. Talley, well known Baptist leader and former member of the Indiana legislature, and Dr. Cleo Blackburn, superintendent of Flanner House and nationally known social service worker, were also in attendance.

The service itself was brief. Sylvia Roach played an organ prelude; Dr. Blackburn gave a prayer; the YMCA quartet sang; the Rev. H. H. Black read from the Scriptures; Mrs. Marjorie Stewart Joyner, representing Walker company agents, gave a tribute address; musical selection by the Flanner House singers and eulogy by the Rev. Alexander.

Death came to the noted attorney at his home Wednesday, Aug. 13, after a long illness which had forced him to abandon his heavy schedule of activity in many fields.

Mr. Ransom was born in Grenada, Miss., but had lived in Indianapolis for 35 years.

An A.B. graduate of Walden university, Nashville, Tenn., he received a law degree and also studied law at Columbia university. A city councilman in Indianapolis during the administration of Mayor Reginald Sullivan, Mr. Ransom was chairman of the Senate ave. YMCA Committee of Management. A member of the Flanner House Board of Directors, a trustee of Bethel AME church and member of Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity and the Masonic lodge.

Served County Draft Board

Throughout the war, he served as a member of the Marion County Draft Board No. 5. He formerly was treasurer of the Indiana State School of the Blind. He used to be a national member of the NAACP board.

Six Children Survive

His wife, Mrs. Nellie L. Ransom who survives him was herself prominent in civic affairs and was for a number of years a member of the Marion County Department of Public Welfare. Six children who also survive, are: Frank, associated with the Walker Beauty School in Chicago; Fred, a member of the Lockville Gardens, a public housing project; Willard B. a law partner of State Senator Robert Brokanburr; Miss A-Lelia Ransom, head of the Searching Section of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; Robert, employed in the shipping department of Mme. Walker Mfg. Co.; and Clifford, a student at West Virginia State college. Two brothers, one in Indianapolis and one in California and a sister, Serena in New York, also survived.

Interment was at Wood Haven cemetery of which Ransom was one of the founders.

Her Friends of Both Races Mourn Death of Revered Aged Negro

Courier Journal Louisville, Ky. 8-27-47 mid.

33 Ky.

Funeral Is Held In Crescent Hill

8-27-47 mid.

"Aunt Georgia" Cox Tolliver, with her white bonnet and basket of "sweetmaets," lived her life doing for others.

Yesterday her "goodness and kindness" were reflected in the hearts of hundreds of Crescent Hill residents who attended her funeral.

The simple services were at Crescent Hill Baptist Church where whites and Negroes joined in paying tribute to the 76-year-old Negro. She died Monday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Larrimore, 146 N. Galt, where she was taking care of their children.

Little Ones Send Flowers.

In the congregation were elderly women whom Aunt Georgia had nursed, youngsters who had received sweet cakes from her and young men and women who remembered her as a second mother. There also was her only living son, Charles, a crippled World War I veteran who came here from Ohio.

Her pallbearers, all Crescent Hill boys, had been "raised or practically raised" by Aunt Georgia. And among the blankets of flowers was a floral offering from 7 and 8-year-olds of the neighborhood. They had collected $11 to buy the flowers.

8-27-47 mid.

Old Friends Preach Funeral.

Conducting the service—first of its kind in the history of the church—were two old friends, Dr. H. W. Tribble, professor at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and the Rev. H. W. Jones, Negro pastor of Green Street Baptist Church.

Dr. Tribble had known Aunt Georgia for several years. He had lived near Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Robertson, 331 Birchwood,, where Aunt Georgia had lived her last 35 years. He had tasted her angel-food cake and her hot biscuits and, like everyone else, considered her a member of the Robertson family.

Mr. Jones had known Aunt Georgia for 50 years. He had first met her at Owenton, Ky., where she was born. In 1900 she came to Louisville with the Florian Cox family.

When Mr. Jones took over his pastorate here, Aunt Georgia was one of the first to greet him. And she used to go to his church.

"She loved the old-time religion," he said. "Many times we remember how she walked down the aisle, raising her hands in praise of God."

8-27-47 mid.

Crescent Hill residents remembered Aunt Georgia's churchgoing habits too. They remembered how she used to attend Crescent Hill Baptist Church.

8-27-47 mid.

Sunday was the only day of the week that her white bonnet and basket would be missing. She would wear a black dress and black hat and sit in the back of the church.

Courier-Journal Photo.

AUNT GEORGIA'S "goodness and loving kindness" to Crescent Hill residents were recalled at her funeral at Crescent Hill Baptist Church. Services were conducted by Dr. H. W. Tribble, left, and the Rev. H. W. Jones.

Stars Mourn The Passing Of Fate Marble, Musician

Chicago Defender

33 Ky.

Chicago Sat. 1-25-47

Stars Owe Success To His Teachings

By HOWARD B. WOODS
(Defender Staff Correspondent)

ST. LOUIS—(Special)—Final rites were held this week in Paducah, Ky., for Fate "River" Marable, who died Thursday at 6:30 p.m. at St. Louis' Homer G. Phillips' Hospital.

1-25-47

Fate, who is credited with starting possibly some of the greatest names in the musical world on the road to fame, lapsed into unconsciousness Wednesday after faintly smiling at a large bouquet sent by Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong.

The colorful musician was 56 years old.

Chicago

Dubbed "River" by correspondents and feature writers because of his close association with the Mississippi where he played since he was 17 years old, Fate spent the final years of his life in St. Louis located beside the great romantic stream.

1-25-47

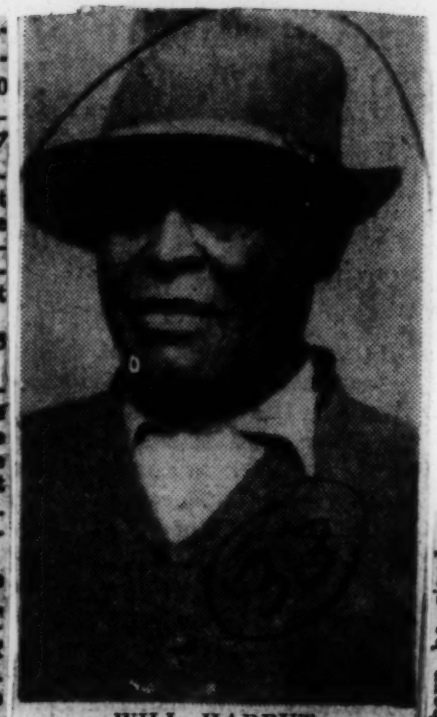
Marable went to work on the Mississippi for Captain Strectus, who operated the various steamboats up and down the "Father of Waters" from New Orleans to St. Louis. He kept a jazz band on the boats for 34 years before he severed his relationship.

Musicians who got their initial start are all over the country. Among them, including the great "Satchmo," are Donnie Stovall, the late Jimmy Blanton, Charlie Creath, Nat Story and many others. When Story played with the late Chick Webb, he headed a delegation of "Marable - musicians" then in New York, who pooled funds and brought their "inspiration" to New York for an all-expense-paid trip.

1-25-47

Marable was admitted to Homer G. Phillips Jan. 4 where he is reported to have suffered much. His three children and former wife came to St. Louis from Pittsburgh, Pa., and gave transfusions along with many here in a vain attempt to save his life.

The children, Fate Jr., William and Isadora, all live in Pittsburgh with Mrs. Isadore Marable, 3047 Centre ave., there.



WILL HARBUT
Associated Press, 1948

WILL HARBUT IS DEAD! MAN O' WAR'S GROOM

New York, N.Y.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 4 (AP)—Will Harbut, who called Man o' War "the mostest hoss of 'em all" as he exhibited the thoroughbred to thousands of visitors down through the years, died at his home here last night.

The aged Negro groom, who had been a constant companion of the race horse and stallion, retired last year after suffering a paralytic stroke.

Many times daily he recited the feats of "Big Red" to visitors from throughout the world who came to Samuel D. Riddle's Faraway Farm near here to see Man o' War.

He always contended that Man o' War's only defeat on the turf was a freak. If "Big Red's" visitors were in a receptive mood, he usually would explain the Upset, which was the name of the winning horse.

Harbut was known to thousands in the Blue Grass area and elsewhere in the nation. He was photographed many times with Man o' War and his picture has appeared on the cover of at least one national magazine.

Few persons ever got the attention Harbut gave to his charge. He virtually lived with the big horse and anticipated his every want.

Acquaintances said Harbut had missed Man o' War's companionship in recent months and frequently inquired about the animal's welfare. He never liked to talk about the horse's declining years.

33 Kentucky

MAN O' WAR

No other horse ever won such fame as Man o' War. None was more beautiful, with lovelier lines of grace and power. None was more beloved by an admiring and faithful public. Few have lived so long. The American scene seems a little vacant with Man o' War gone to the Elysian Fields where all good horses go.

New York, N.Y.

He was thirty years old. Had he been human, and of comparable longevity, his great heart would not have ceased to beat until he was 105. To his owner, Sam Riddle, and his devoted old groom, Will Harbut, who died last year, he was almost human. He had the high qualities we value in a man—strength, endurance, courage, intelligence, responsiveness and affection. Harbut called him "the mostest hoss in the world." Big Red, the chestnut stallion, was all of that.

Man o' War was retired from the track twenty-seven years ago, when he was three years old. But in two of those years he created a legend of the turf that time can never wither. Only once was he ever beaten in a race. That, apparently apparently meant nothing to him. Later he defeated Upset handily. Man o' War seemed to reduce other horses to slow motion. Once he crossed the finish line a quarter of a mile ahead of his nearest rival. Distance and weight for their owners. Man o' War was of amid which he was born he sired a royal dynasty. He was the father of 386 foals, and many of his children and grandchildren have been among the aristocrats of the track. He himself was a tremendous money-winner and they have earned more than $3,000,000 ght for their owners. Man o' War was of He noble blood, a kingly horse. His effigy ately enough, was by Upset, in 1919, at galloped through previous records as Saratoga. But it only proved he was a though they did not exist. Some of his real horse and not a winged steed who own still stand. Back in the Kentucky blue grass could fly through the air like Pegasus. his grave in the green pastures he loved.

33 Ky. mid. 11-3-47

Sports of the Times

By ARTHUR DALEY

The King Is Dead

THE King is dead and he leaves no successor. Man o' War, the mightiest thoroughbred the turf has known, was affectionately laid to rest yesterday beneath the blue grass pasture-land where he romped so majestically during his declining years. It was a heart attack which caused the death of Big Red. At least that's what the veterinarians said. But it could have been more than that. It could have been a broken heart, too.

Will Harbut had died a few weeks before and Man o' War loved his devoted Negro groom in one of those strange attachments that animals sometimes get for humans. Old Will would coax and cajole and spoil and baby Big Red. Pridefully he'd reel off the long string of turf accomplishments turned in by his brilliant charge while the beautiful chestnut seemingly would listen and nod knowingly as Old Will described him as "de mostest horse." Then Harbut would plead, "Stand still, Red." And Red would stand still.

Their relationship had been a wonderful one down through the years and the big stallion missed him sorely when his faithful companion took ill. Nor did he last long after Harbut died. Perhaps the most touching tribute paid Old Will was contained in the obituary notice printed by The Blood Horse, the official publication of the thoroughbred industry. It contained this final, breath-taking sentence: "Among his survivors are his wife, six sons, three daughters and Man o' War."

According to theologians, there is no afterlife for animals. But heaven would never be heaven for Old Will unless he had his beloved Man o' War at his side. Then he'd be able to turn to the open-mouthed celestial sightseers and rattle off the old story, '. . . and War Admiral looked over at Pompoon and he said, 'Pompoon, my daddy broke John P. Grier's heart.' . . . Stand still, Red. . . . He broke all the records and he broke down all the horses. So there wasn't nothin' for him to do but retire. He's got everything a horse ought to have and he's got it where a horse ought to have it. He's just de mostest horse. . . . Stand still, Red."

Not Too Extravagant

There never was quite as remarkable a steed as Man o' War. Will Harbut wasn't at all extravagant in his claim that this was the greatest of them all. Big Red was everything he said he was and more. No horse ever stirred the emotions or gripped the imaginations of the public the way he did. He was the symbol of racing perfection. He set records almost every time he started and such was his supremacy that he thrice was held at the astronomical odds of 1-to-100, including the classic Belmont Stakes, supposedly the most severe 3-year-old test of them all.

He lost only once in his brief racing career. Every schoolboy knows by now that he was upset by Upset as a juvenile. An inexperienced starter sent the field away when Big Red was prancing sideways and Johnny Loftus never did get him unwound. He closed like a thunderbolt but finished a half length back.

Only once was he really pressed—if you want to disregard that Upset misadventure, as you should—and that was against the lightly weighted John P. Grier in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct. The big golden horse, whose coat seemed to shed fire in the sunlight, carried 126 pounds to his rival's 108. They broke together and they raced together, stride for stride, bobbing head alongside of bobbing head while screaming thousands watched amid mounting excitement.

At every furlong pole there was a gasp of incredulity. At every furlong pole Man o' War was setting a new record. And still he could not shake loose from John P. Grier. Into the homestretch they roared together and, suddenly, the dark head surged out in front of the one with the rich, reddish glow. Man o' War had met his master at long last. Or had he? Will Harbut was right. The "mostest" horse let go with a mighty blast to win by a length and a half. They said then that Big Red had broken the heart of the gallant and swift John P. Grier because the beaten colt never was as good again.

Tourists' Delight

When Samuel D. Riddle retired Big Red to stud after his 3-year-old campaign and after he'd set a then world money-winning record of almost a quarter of a million dollars, Man o' War brought his glamour with him. Not only did he never lose one iota of it but he even gained more as his fame as a stallion soared to unbelievable heights. At any rate his home at Faraway Farms just outside Lexington became a "must" for every visitor to Kentucky's Blue Grass country.

It was a visit that had to be unforgettable. Perhaps it seems a trifle silly and naïve for anyone to admit that he actually approached the stall of Man o' War with feelings of awe and humility. But that was the way this observer reacted. It was a genuine thrill to see him, that regal head lifted imperiously and that powerfully built body shimmering aristocratically in the sunlight.

The rays of the sun darted through the window over his stall and seemed to fondle the rich, red mane on his neck. He was big, too, at 16.2 hands, a heroic figure of a horse. Ah, Big Red. The nickname was obvious. And he was truly a king in his royal court, condescending to glance with soft brown eyes on the 2,000,000 hero worshippers who made, at least, a mental obeisance to his equine majesty.

If Man o' War appeared to sense that he was something above the common plane, the royal chamberlain, Will Harbut, was positive of it. If Old Will ever had a complaint, though, it was this—and sadly he said it—"He was born in Kentucky, he lives in Kentucky and he'll die in Kentucky." He'd sigh and add, "But he never raced in Kentucky." To a hardboot from the Blue Grass that was unforgivable.

And now Big Red is gone. It creates almost a feeling of personal loss, incomprehensible but true. However, Man o' War was no ordinary horse. His like may never be seen again.

ARCHBISHOP M. J. CURLEY

33 Md. Afro-American

Much has been written and said about the death in Baltimore last week of Archbishop Michael J. Curley.

Catholics throughout the world have lost a great leader Many of the eulogies about the late prelate emphasize his great interest in the field of education. Sat. 5-24-47

But while Archbishop Curley was gracious and a great friend of education, he was by no means as outspoken as Cardinal Gibbons, his predecessor, when it came to the matter of racial equality. Baltimore, Md.

From 1921 until his death last Friday, he made no effort either to erect more colleges and parochial schools for colored Catholics in the area or to suggest that Loyola College in Baltimore open its doors to colored Catholics.

There are some who say that he was responsible for the dropping of the color bar at Catholic University in Washington. Whether he was or not is not a matter of public record, but the record does show that his greatest efforts, whether intentional or not, served to perpetuate the segregated pattern which afflicts us all. Sat. 5-24-47

While his passing is to be regretted, it is a greater regret that in 26 years he did not avail himself of the opportunity to demonstrate a practical Christianity by lowering the un-Christ-like racial barriers in the field to which his greatest energies were devoted.

Death Claims Retired College President, 68

Defender
Chicago, Ill.
33
Sat. 11-1-47

WELLESLEY, Mass. — (ANP)— The Rev. Judson Lewis Cross, a minister of the Congregational Church and its successor, the Congregational Christian Church, since 1904, who was president of the church's college in Tougaloo, Miss., from 1935 until his retirement in May, died here October 20. His age was 68. Sat. 11-1-47

From 1927 until his appointment as president of Tougaloo College, Mr. Cross was secretary of home missions at Congregational House in Boston.

While he was president of Tougaloo College, enrollment at the institution rose to 324 students, and a dormitory for girls was added.

Mr. Cross was graduated in 1901 from Colorado College, Colorado Springs. He was graduated from Yale Divinity School in 1904 and ordained a Congregational minister. Journal and Guide Norfolk, Va.

He held pastorates at the Congregational Church, Trumbull, Connecticut, from 1904 to 1908; Pilgrim Church, Schnectady, New York, from 1908 to 1914, and Rollstone Church, Fitchburg, Mass., from 1914 to 1927. Norfolk, Va.

After the armistice in 1919, Mr. Cross was a member of the religious and educational mission with the AEF under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Sat. 11-1-47

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Florence Emily Isham Cross of Larchmont, New York; two daughters, Mrs. Vernon W. Lippard of New Orleans and Mrs. Charles R. Langmuir of Larchmont, and a son, Judson Bridgman Cross of Exeter, N. H.

HENRY FORD—INDUSTRIAL GENIUS OF THE AGE

Chicago, Ill. 33
Chicago Defender Sat. 4-19-47
Mich.

In the death of Henry Ford, America has lost its ablest and most colorful industrial mind. Colorful, not in the sense of gaudy display—for he was nc an ostentatious man—rather in the manner in which his innate power for organization and mass production reflected itself in the superlatively vast industrial empire he created.

While many may disagree with his economics and his social pre-conceptions, few will deny him a niche in the pages of history. Though he consecrated his inventive genius to the mechanical development of the automotive industry, he had time to peer into the world beyond his empire. Though his observation may reveal a puerile acquaintance with socratic teaching, for he had not the education from which he might have formed an integrated philosophy, he had nevertheless the characteristic bon mots and sturdiness of the man of the soil. He had compassion and a high sense of appreciation for those who had to struggle against relentless handicaps.

Sat. 4-19-47

True, he had a mechanical mind, but combined with it was a great human heart which prompted him to raise wages of 1914 above the prevailing rates of the time and produced a motor car that was within the reach of the common man and not a luxury reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of the rich and powerful. He did all this, he said, "as an act of social justice."

Sat. 4-19-47

He was fond of George Washington Carver and had extended him an invitation to carry on his experimental work in Detroit. He offered to build for him a special laboratory with all the requisite equipment for the successful prosecution of scientific research. But Carver, with unpardonable eccentricity, turned down this generous offer.

Those who believe in rugged individual determinism saw in Mr. Ford the embodiment of that spirit and a brilliant exemplification of the creative force of true Americanism. He gave modern economy the most vital lesson it could possibly receive, yet he was not an economist, not a philosopher but an industrial genius at the service of society. When the accounts are all audited, his contribution to the mechanical prowess of this age will remain as the triumph of an idea.

The Epic of Model T

PM New York N.Y. 4-9-47

At the turn of the century, in Detroit, an American mechanic who had spent most of his nearly 40 years tinkering with machines, made a decision in whose shadow we have all lived since. He broke with the men in his company who saw the newly emerging automobile as a luxury product to be made at high prices and high profits for the few. He decided on the mass-production of a car for the many, at low cost and with a slim margin of profit per unit on a large volume of production. Out of that decision came the epic of the Model T Ford, what has been called "the Tin Lizzie Revolution" which transformed American production methods, and set a new cultural pattern for an America on wheels.

33 Mich (Ford) Wed. 4-9-47

Our Perspective Of His Achievement

Henry Ford has never been one of my heroes. He was—on all the things that matter in our world of values—too ignorant, too gullible, too much of a social primitive. But now that his death gives us a chance to assess his total impact, it would be stupid to allow the memory of Ford's racist and reactionary views to distort our perspective on his achievements as a technician and an industrialist.

Ford's talent as a mechanic was in line with the great American tradition of the tool-makers and inventors—a tradition which includes Whitney and McCormick, the Wright brothers and Edison. In that area they were greater than he. But where he went beyond them was in his genius for going straight to the jugular on the question of how capitalist enterprise was to be organized.

His core-idea was mass-production. From that everything else in his economic methods flowed. To get mass-production you had to have a single and simple model with replaceable parts: hence Model T, imperishable and omnipresent; so standardized that you could get it in any color provided it was black, and could fix it in its frequent breakdowns by parts bought at the corner store or the cross-roads garage. Also to get mass-production, you had to have a high-speed production belt-line, where a man did a single operation and had to keep up with the tempo set by the gods of the machine. And to get men to do this, you had to pay them high wages (remember Ford's $5 a day when the prevailing rate was $2.34?), even though this meant a slim profit on a large volume. Wed. 4-9-47

Economic Concept Summed Up in Model T

Mass-production, standardization, high-speed belt-line, high wages, large volume: these were the elements of the economic concept summed up in Model T. For a time, in the years just before and just after World War I, they seemed just as indestructible and irresistible as Model T. There was the general feeling in the 20s that the problems of the prosperous economy and the good society had been solved by this "New Capitalism." The men who felt this were as naive in their way as Ford in his. The Great Depression wrote the epitaph of their hopes. For it proved that what one man might decide in a moment of insight was not the way of business enterprise as a whole. Businessmen *ought* to see that with high wages and low prices, they can do a bigger volume and get their products sold for a greater total profit. But as recent events have shown, their impulse when left to themselves and when given power over prices is to boost prices and profits per unit even if it dries up the golden well. President Truman has not yet learned that, but he will. Wed. 4-9-47

The Light That Failed

Thus, even in economic terms, Ford's philosophy was the light that failed in the history of capitalism. When Model T came to an end in 1927, and Ford came out with a smoother, slicker, and better-looking car, he lost his dominance and distinction in the automobile age. The others had caught up with him, and he no longer had the genius to strike out on new lines and forge ahead of them. Yet we cannot help looking back at the Age of the Tin Lizzie in an elegiac mood. There was something about her indomitable quality that caught the affection of the American people. She was crotchety and exasperating. There were others more beautiful than she. But there was an indomitable quality about her that made her not just another car but something of a folk-heroine in the American mind. PM New York N.Y.

Making Heroes Of Men on Top

The rest of Ford's story is too shabby and stupid to have even the quality of tragedy. In our culture we make heroes of the men who sit on top of a heap of money, and we pay attention not only to what they say in their field of competence, but to their wisdom on every other question in the world. Henry Ford was one of the victims of this strain in us. He came to see himself as a prophet on everything. His "Peace Ship" to Europe was a fantastic failure, yet what he brought back with him was even worse—the forged Protocols of the Elders of Zion, and the conviction that the root-cause of all evils was "the international Jew," who was at once a Communist and an international banker. His *Dearborn Independent* was largely the work of W. J. Cameron, and by 1926 Ford had to retract everything it had said about Jews: yet its work had been done, and the sewer of filth pouring out of it had poisoned enough minds from Argentina to China to make Ford a hero of the fascists. On another front, under the tutelage of Harry Bennett, he became a violent enemy of trade-unions.

This was Ford, brilliant in technology, a genius in organization, his mind a jungle of fear and ignorance and prejudice in social affairs. Can we perhaps find in him a mirror of the American problem today? 4-9-47 —MAX LERNER

Wed

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Motor Genius to Be Buried In Plot on Ford Family Farm

PM New York, N.Y. Wed. 4-9-47

Henry Ford, the industrial genius who fathered the modern idea of mass production, will be buried tomorrow in a humble little cemetery hard by the vast River Rouge Plant which symbolizes the might of the Ford Motor Co. The Addison Ford Cemetery, resting place of generations of Fords, is located on a part of what used to be the farm where Henry Ford was born 84 years ago.

Today, Ford's body lies in state in the recreation hall of Greenfield Village, which Ford developed as a museum of pre-industrial America. The public will be admitted to the hall and to services tomorrow in St. John's Episcopal Church, in downtown Detroit, but the burial service will be private. There will be no pallbearers.

The retired auto magnate died quietly of a cerebal hemorrhage following a day devoted to inspecting flood damage to his large estate. By chance, the flood had converted his modern home into a lamplit building heated by open fires, reminiscent of the farm home in which he was born.

The automobile industry conceded that Ford's passing will have little effect on the Ford Motor Co. The aging Ford saw to that more than a year ago when he stepped out leaving his 29-year-old grandson, Henry Ford II, in complete charge. It was assumed that the bulk of his personal fortune, estimated at upwards of $200,000,000, will go to his widow, Clara Bryant Ford, who is approaching 80. Wed. 4-9-47

Ford Couldn't Still Hate He Nurtured

PM New York N.Y. Wed. 4-9-47

Henry Ford is dead but the story of hate churned up by his long-defunct newspaper the Dearborn *Independent* still fouls up the atmosphere.

It was back in 1918 that Ford acquired the doddering *Independent* and put William J. Cameron in charge as editor. Cameron's sole purpose, it appeared, was to prove that the Jews were plotting to rule the world.

To this end, Cameron republished the long-exposed forgery, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which described in elaborate detail a fictitious plot by Jews to seize everything and everybody.

Cameron also busied himself distributing reprints of the *Protocols* and assembled reprints of anti-Semitic material from the *Independent* to make another hate pamphlet *The International Jew*. The name of Henry Ford was emblazoned on the covers for all to read.

His Repudiations Stop It

Sued for libel and threatened suits, Ford folded the *Independent* in 1922. He repudiated anti-Semitism while shifting the post of personal and soft-spoken voice Sunday Evening Radio Hour.

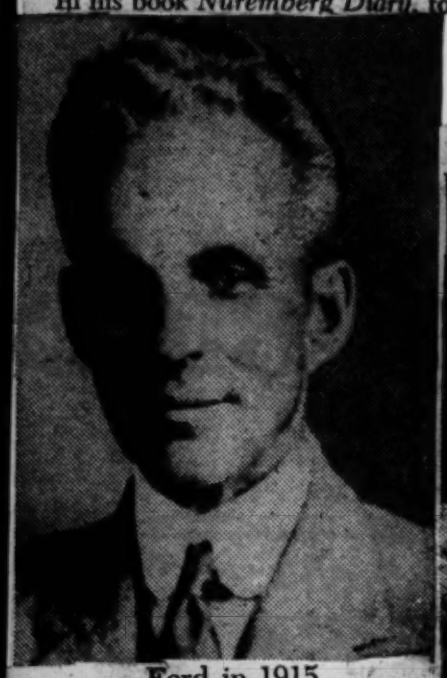
In Germany, *The International Jew* became by translation *The Eternal Jew* and made quite a hit with young Germans looking for someone to hate. Take Baldur von Schirach, leader of the Hitler Youth, who told his story recently

Ford has repudiated *The International Jew*. Since then Ford has repudiated anti-Semitism at least a score of times and disclaimed any interest in or sponsorship of either the *Protocols* or *The International Jew*, which continue to bob up in new editions here and abroad, still bearing the name of Henry Ford.

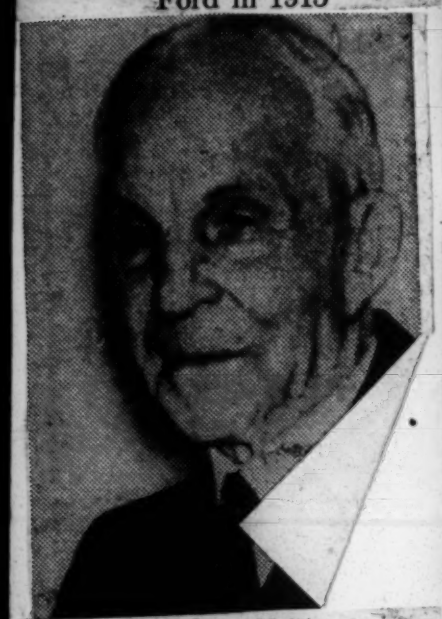
psychiatrist.

What a Nazi Had to Say

In his book *Nuremberg Diary*, to



Ford in 1915



Ford in 1945

be published next month by Knopf, Gilbert quotes the Nazi:

"...Someone made me read Henry Ford's *Eternal Jew* at the impressionable age of 17. You have no idea what a great influence this book had on the thinking of German youth who did not have the maturity to think for themselves... The younger generation looked with envy to the symbols of success and prosperity like Henry Ford, and if he said that the Jews were to blame, why naturally, we believed him." Wed. 4-9-47

Only last week, the Council Against Intolerance in America received a letter from a Ford Motor Co. official, regretting that *The International Jew* was in circulation again, under the sponsorship by Gerald L. K. Smith. The spokesman disavowed it again, adding that Henry Ford, Henry Ford II, the Ford Motor Co. and all members of the Ford family urged "all American citizens to combat any movement to foster prejudice against any group."

PAYING A FINAL TRIBUTE TO THEIR LATE BOSS

The Times, New York, N.Y. Thurs.

Old employes, dressed for work, passing bier of Henry Ford in Greenfield Village Recreation Hall yesterday at the hour of the funeral tomorrow.

4-10-47

75,000 PAY HOMAGE AT BIER OF FORD

Coffin Is Carried to Detroit for Funeral Today—All City to Halt in Silent Tribute

New York, N.Y.

By WALTER W. RUCH

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

DETROIT, April 9—More than 75,000 persons paid their respects to Henry Ford today as his body lay in state in the Recreation Hall in Greenfield Village. Thurs.

Only a wreath of lilies and a bank of ferns adorned the bronze coffin. The lower half was not opened. Mr. Ford's head rested upon a silk pillow, his hands folded over his waist. 4-10-47

At 10 P. M., the coffin was closed and the body was returned to Detroit in preparation for the funeral services in St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral at 2:30 P. M. tomorrow.

At times the throng in Greenfield Village reached out in lines a mile long. There were many who had never seen Mr. Ford, and there were many who had known him well.

While the living revered the dead, plans were being made for a State-wide tribute to Mr. Ford tomorrow.

Vehicles to Halt Briefly

It is expected that for at least one minute, from 2:30 until 2:31, every wheel of industry in Michigan would be stopped. Church bells throughout this city and many others in the State will toll a mournful recognition of Mr. Ford's greatness.

Every vehicle of the Detroit street railways will halt, as will virtually every other bus and taxi in the city. Motorists have been asked to pull to the curb in the sixty-second tribute.

Machines in the automotive industry and most of its affiliates will be stilled briefly. All Ford dealers, as well as every branch of the industrial system created by Mr. Ford will be closed for the day.

At the services tomorrow the Episcopal ritual for burial will be read by the Very Rev. Kirk B. O'Ferrall, Dean of the Cathedral.

He will be assisted by the Rev. Hedley G. Stacy of Christ Episcopal Church, Dearborn, where Mr. Ford was a communicant.

The Right Rev. Frank W. Creighton, Bishop of Michigan, is in the East and has not recovered sufficiently from an illness to officiate at the closing rites.

Burial to Be Private

Following the service, the funeral cortege will depart for the Addison Ford Cemetery where many of Mr. Ford's relatives are buried. There, adjoining the plots holding the bodies of his father and mother, his grave has been made ready.

Only immediate members of the family, led by the widow and Henry Ford II, grandson of the founder and president of the company, will attend the burial.

From every corner of the land men prominent in industry were arriving in Detroit tonight.

The widow, the former Clara Bryant, visited the bier this afternoon, accompanied by her brother, Roy Bryant. The Times

Soon after Mrs. Ford's visit, nine members of the Policy Committee of the Ford Motor Company appeared. They were Ernest R. Breech, executive vice president and vice presidents John S. Bugas, A. J. Browning, Lewis Crusoe, John R. Davis, William T. Gossett, Harold T. Youngren, Del Harder and M. L. Bricker.

Mrs. Mae Tabor, eighty-five years old, of Wayne, Mich., who attended school with Mr. Ford, was conveyed past the coffin in a wheel chair. New York, N.Y.

"Good bye, Henry. You were such a good boy," she was heard to whisper. 4-10-47

Bilbo Tricked His White Constituents

33 Wed. Atlanta Daily World Ga
Fri. 8-29-47

WRITER'S NOTE: The following information was disclosed to this writer by the late Alonzo B. Willis, editor and publisher of the Negro South. Mr. Willis, while on a fishing trip, the Summer of 1946, in Louisiana, with the writer, related confidentially the following information concerning the late Theodore G. Bilbo.

By JAMES B. LaFOURCHE

While fishing in a Louisiana bass-laden bayou the summer of '46 the late Mr. Willis and I, talked concerning many issues which we considered vital to the continued progress of the Negro here in America.

"Governor," said I familiarly," what's the news about Bilbo?"

Willis heaved a laugh filled with gusto, as he cried out "Jimmy, are you falling for that Bilbo junk, like the poor whites in Mississippi, and foolish Negroes everywhere?

"Man, Bilbo is laughing up his sleeves at the success he has made by fooling those crackers in Mississippi about 'white supremacy' and at the same time he's getting kicks out of having Negroes believe he's trying to have them sent back to Africa."

"Jimmy, Bilbo's sole concern is a job. And he sense me into seeing that way. When I told him that the Negroes throughout America did not live in Mississippi. His sole object was to deceive his political constituents by making them believe he was protecting them against Negro domination.

Tue 8-29-47

He said that he was surprised that the intelligent Negro dreaded being sent to Africa, when as a matter of fact, he should know better. Bilbo said that the whites of his state since the time of James K. Vardaman, had progessed little politically, but that the Negroes had made swift progress politically and educationally as well.

The informant further stated that Bilbo told him of an incident which happened during the time of Vardaman, who has been elected on a 'white supremacy' ticket. Willis said that Bilbo told him, that Vardaman had promised the white people of Mississippi, that if he were elected, the Negroes in their employ would not be permitted to leave their employees.

Vardaman was elected, and when certain Negroes left their places of employment, the employees went to Vardaman and complained. Said Vardaman to one lady:

"How much are you paying your cook? After replying to the answer Vardaman advised the lady to pay more to her help. Mine quit too, said the governor.

Mr. Willis had formerly published the Sepia Socialite, but suddenly seized upon an idea, that a magazine would be more profitable, if he could make it appeal to Southern Industrialists. He took a chance and to Andrew J. Higgins, nationally famed boat builder, went Willis and unfolded his program..

The plan worked, Mr. Higgins got interested and in turn interested many of his friends. Willis' magazine, the Negro South, made its bow and checks of all kinds flooded his office, from industrialists who backed the editor's program, advising Negro labor to stay South.

With a huge trailer, Willis toured the South. The trailer bearing such paintings as "You live in the South, boost the South," and "Let down your buckets where you are," captivated the white people of the rustic South. Here was 'another Booker T. Washington," thought some. Everywhere he received a cordial welcome.

CONTACTS BILBO

Known for his courage, Willis contacted Mr. Bilbo, and unfolded his views to the standard bearer of "white supremacy." And Mr. Bilbo at that time, disclosed to Willis what he later related to Managing Editor Leon L. Lewis, the only reporter whom Bilbo granted and interview as death neared.

Continuing his narrative of his discourse with Bilbo, Willis also told of an appointment made by Vardaman, of a Negro engineer, who two years ago, was holding that position at Alcorn College, Alcorn, Miss.

Tue. 8-29-47

The final analysis of Bilbo's strategy was, to presume on the ignorance of his rustic political constituents, and at the same time harrass as much as possible, the intelligentsia of the Negro race.

And, too it is quite evident, that what Willis said is true. A drunken can speaks a sober mans' thoughts so does a dying man usually commit himself truthfully.

When Bilbo told Lewis, "Ie believe Negroes should have that right (to vote) and in Mississippi, Too--when their main purpose is not to put me out of office,' he was doubt less telling the truth.

The Church's Besetting Sin

Daily World Atlanta, Ga. 33 Fri. 8-29-47

We once attended a forum discussion on the present day church and its program. A number of speakers, varying in viewpoints and opinions, came forth to point out what he or she considered the most acute problem. The church is stressing money too much, said one critic. Another said the church holds services too long and fails to sense the needs of members living in a changing world. But among the other was one given by a middle-aged woman who did not give her name but spoke her opinion in forceful and convincing terms. Atlanta, Ga. Miss. Bilbo

"I consider," she said, "deceit the church's greatest besetting sin. And by deceit I mean everything which the church pretends to do and fails to do as well as everything it pretends to say and believes and fails. For example, I am thinking particularly of the large number of false tributes which church people and especially ministers pay to the memory of the dead. Look at the elaborate but false glory we ascribe to the lives of citizens or church members who have gone on; men and women guilty of every imaginable sin during their lifetimes, only to come up to be honored as a saint. Such a thing, I contend, is the church's greatest besetting sin and I confess to you it is doing the cause of the Christian religion a grave damage. People simply become disgusted with that sort of insincerity," she concluded.

We were reminded of this forum testimony recently when we read the eulogy of the Rev. Wage Smith, pastor of the Juniper Baptist Church, who paying his final respects to the late Senator Bilbo, "The Man," he characterized as "one of America's greatest' men and surely Mississippi's greatest."

When young people sit back and hear such a tribute to such a notorious life, they are forced to ask, even if in silence, "what does it matter for a person to strive against the forces of evil and wrong-doing when the very church that pretends to preach against these vices comes forward to glorify everyone of them in death? Church people, too, more and more are asking the same questions. For they know if Bilbo was one of America's greatest men, then all we have taught about honesty, integrity and respect for human personality must be changed. All of the teaching we have done about good government in the classroom must be changed. And all we have taught concerning the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man must also be changed at once, or else we are going to wreck the Christian church with non-belief. Daily World Atlanta, Ga

The Montgomery Advertiser said of Mr. Bilbo: "We heard him in his last campaign suggest to Mississippi frecklenecks that they 'take care' of Negroes the night before the election, referring to Negroes as 'fried nigger meat.' And he said. "the frecklenecks slobbered it up—never stopping to consider that if they themselves were the minority and it was to the advantage of Bilbo, he would have made smirking discourse upon the delicacies of "fried freckleneck meat."

Such a man is termed one of America's greatest men, certainly Mississippi's greatest."

taking.

Contractors, who secured Bilbo's favors, made out checks to the church treasury. A Mississippi physician testified that Bilbo secured federal permission for a dope fiend to purchase narcotics—in exchange for $1,000 donated to the church. Bilbo admitted that $27,500 had been collected by him for "improvements" on the church, but be refused to account for over $26,000 of it.

The Rev. Wade Smith, Juniper Joshua completed the job as a freedom-warrior.

Bilbo led the small clique of white misers against the freed black slaves and the partially free poor whites of Mississippi. His power and his politics were based on the semi-slave status of over one-half of the state's population.

"Most" Bilbo attacks the modern

Bilbo's Pastor Sings Love About Bilbo's Corruption

Daily World Atlanta, Ga. 33 Fri. 8-29-47

By Abner W. Berry

Dead or alive Theodore G. Bilbo is a force for political and moral corruption. Juniper Grove Baptist Church, in whose yard Bilbo was buried last Sunday, is a minor monument, along with his graft-acquired "Dream House, Jr.," to his political skulduggery and bribe-

Grove pastor, must have known of these developments. But at Bilbo's bier he said:

"Never have I heard Senator Bilbo sound a low note concerning this church and its program. Many times have I received encouragement from him when the work began to slow down or lag. His heart and his life were in this church."

Jun. 8-25-47

TO HELP BILBO

There is some truth in the assertion that Bilbo's life was in the church. Events point to the fact that the church was built for the sole purpose of aiding the senator in his financial manipulations.

How much lower could one go on the scale of behaviour than use his house of worship (Bilbo was ordained a Baptist preacher in the same church) as an instrument to fleece one's government and people?

Bilbo was likened to Moses by Pastor Smith, and he prayed that the people of Mississippi would find a Joshua to replace him.

In my Sunday school days I learned that Moses led the Hebrews out of Egyptian slavery and that

Hebrews as "Kikes." "Moses" Bilbo inspired—and even ordered—physical attacks upon Negroes in Mississippi. The Mississippi "Moses," far from leading the oppressed, separated himself from the common people and chose to live in his moated castle, a gift from a conniving contractor whom he aided.

Verily, in death Bilbo's pastor seeks to subvert the Holy Bible and the people's morals even as the senator subverted the Constitution as he lived.

BILBO IS EULOGIZED AT SIMPLE FUNERAL

New York Times, N.Y. Sun. 8-24-47

Senator Buried in Churchyard —Farmers and Politicians Among the Mourners

POPLARVILLE, Miss., Aug. 23 (AP)—Amid peace and quiet which were in sharp contrast to the turbulence of his political career, Senator Theodore G. Bilbo was buried today in the churchyard of the Juniper Grove Baptist Church.

A throng of Mississippi farmers, political figures and business men as well as representatives of the State and National Government attended the simple ceremony.

Relatives of Mr. Bilbo and members of his Senatorial office force filled one side of the main part of the church. United States Senators and Representatives and elected officials of Mississippi filled the other. Sun. 8-24-47

The crowd overtaxed by far the seating capacity of the church and overflowed onto the nine acres of churchyard surrounding the edifice which Mr. Bilbo sponsored.

Loudspeakers carried the ceremony to those on the outside of the church.

The Rev. Wage Smith, pastor, referred to Senator Bilbo as "one of America's greatest men and surely Mississippi's greatest."

He told of Mr. Bilbo's interest in the Juniper Grove Baptist Church, the church in which the Senator was ordained as a Baptist preacher in 1898.

"Never have I heard Senator Bilbo sound a low note concerning this church and its program," he said. "Many times have I received encouragement from him when the work began to slow down or lag. His heart and life were in this church." Sun. 8-24-47

"God," the pastor continued, "had a Joshua ready to take Moses' place when Moses died, and he has a Joshua here to take the place of this Moses. We are to find him and follow him."

Even as the pastor called on his church to find a new Moses, persons in the crowd outside the church were asking one another who would take the Senator's place.

In their conversation the names of some fifteen to twenty men, well known in Mississippi politics, were mentioned as a possible successor to Mr. Bilbo in the United States Senate.

But mostly they agreed that no one would take the place of Mr. Bilbo as the head of one of the strongest political organizations Mississippi has ever known.

The organization, they said, had been tied in with too many other organizations to live now without its former leader.

Bilbo Heirs Request Estate Administrator

Montgomery Advertiser 3-3 Montgomery, Ala.

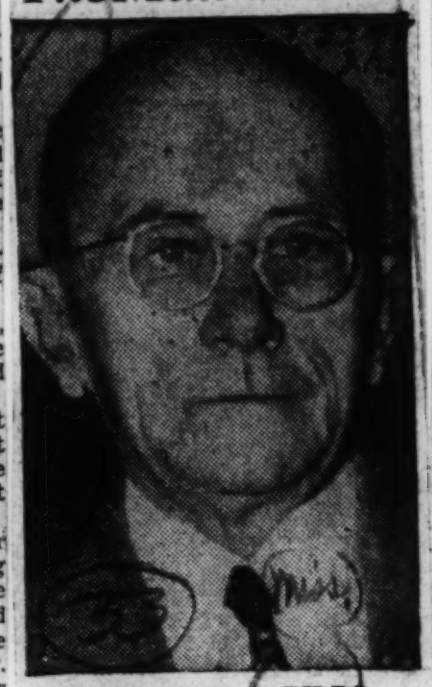
POPLARVILLE, MISS., Aug. 29.—(AP)—Heirs of Sen. Theodore G. (Bilbo,) who died last week have requested appointment of a receiver in chancery court to administer his estate.

The estate, estimated by the Memphis Commercial Appeal to be valued at more than $100,000, included the late senator's 27-room "Dream House" and 700 acres of farm land in Pearl River County. Sat. 8-30-47

A petition for appointment of an administrator was filed by Lieut. Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr., and Miss Jessie Bilbo, son and daughter of the senator.

It set forth that no valid will had been left by Bilbo.

The Man' Is Dead



THEODORE G. BILBO

Bilbo's Death Places Puzzle Before Senate

Montgomery Advertiser Ala. 8-22-47 2nd.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—(AP)—Even in death, Senator Theodore G. Bilbo (D), Mississippi, today provided Senate officials with problems.

Several hours after word of the senator's death in New Orleans had reached the capital, flags had not been lowered to half mast. This usually is done immediately when a member of Congress dies.

But W. T. Reed, deputy sergeant at arms, said that flags can be lowered and an official congressional delegation named to attend the funeral only after Senator Vand[illegible] (D) [illegible] has been [illegible] is pre[illegible] Senate [illegible] American De[illegible] Brazil.

Reed said that Senator Eastland (D), Mississippi, senators from other nearby states, and the Mississippi delegation in the House probably will be named to attend the funeral.

Under Senate rules, Bilbo's office staff will draw pay for two more months.

But how about the congressional custom of paying a year's salary, $12,500, to survivors of a member who dies in office? The Senate itself will have to decide that later.

FILIBUSTER KING BILBO IS DEAD

33 Chicago Defender

Death stepped in last week and silenced for eternity the raucous voice of the King of Filibuster and the Number One Negro hater — Senator Theodore Gilmore (Bilbo) from Poplarville, Mississippi. Chicago Sat. 8-30-47

The divine intervention in the career of the greatest mountebank America has produced in recent history, calls for hallelujah from the lips of a grateful people. A Baptist preacher who was never allowed to preach, this man Bilbo who was converted neither to Christianity nor to democracy and whose maladive tongue spewed the venom of race hate with an unexcelled satanic fervor and zest, was the devil's gift to Mississippians.

He was a cheat, a liar, a notorious member of the Knights of Soiled Sheets—the Ku Klux Klan, an implacable foe of the Negro people who once introduced a bill to ship them to Africa.

His inimitable sadism was at the height of its virulence when he argued against anti-lynch and anti-poll tax proposals.

The minority report of a special campaign investigating committee held that Bilbo violated the Hatch Act, prohibiting intimidation or coercion of voters, and the federal criminal code, prohibiting the denial of any federal rights because of race or color.

A bipartisan majority of the Senate War Investigating Committee declared its inquiry "clearly indicates that Senator Bilbo improperly used his high office as United States senator for his personal gain in his dealing with war contractors." This was not the first time Bilbo was accused of improper use of his office. During his first term in the Mississippi Senate, 1908 to 1912, charges of bribery were levelled against him.

This unrepentant sinner who even to the last hour tried his filibustering trick against death, may well carry on his anti-Negro campaign in the spirit world beyond. If he were to burn for a thousand years he would not expiate his sins.

We suggest this epitaph for his tombstone: Sat. 8-30-47

Here lies Theodore G. Bilbo
Whose foul mouth
Hastened him to Hell

For filibustering
Against the Negro.

Bilbo Is Dead in Mississippi

33 Atlanta, Ga.

Act Five, Scene Three, from play, Macbeth, by William Shakesp[illegible] —Macbeth speaking: 8-23-47 Sat. Atlanta, Ga.

". . . I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath, 8-23-47 Sat.
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not. . . ."

OLD BILBO

33 Afro-American Baltimore, Md.

August 1, news floated from New Orleans, that illness had finally conquered Sen. T. G. Bilbo, ex-Baptist preacher, Negrophobist and star of the Ku Klux Klan!

What a pity, was my cry,
Now gets down below!
I am sorry he had to die,
I'd like for him,
Two hundred years to live,
So we could pay him back,
For the talks he used to give.
The weather here hits
Its hottest blow,
But just think what Old Bilbo,

Sat. 8-9-47 —WENDELL P. DABNEY.

Books of the Times

Times, New York, N.Y.
Sun. 9-16-47

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

FOR every historical novel which is discussed in this space there are probably at least thirty or forty which are not noticed. Mass production has produced too standardized a product for criticism to be worth the time or effort. One doesn't criticize one toothbrush and compare it with a rival make. They are different in detail, but identical in purpose and over-all design. But it would be equally a violation of conscience and duty to ignore all historical novels. After all, many of the world's finest novels are historical. And at the present moment of literary history in this country they are undoubtedly our most popular variety of literature. So a reasonable compromise seems to be to try to select by divination and second sight the few which are most promising. And by sheer coincidence three such have been published within the last seven days.

The third is "Drums of Destiny," * by Peter Bourne. This huge chronicle of every imaginable variety of violence and rapine is the work of an English writer who is said to have spent ten years of labor in its writing. Although Mr. Bourne is English, he certainly knows the trends of American fashion. He evidently knows that short historical novels, no matter how fine, rarely achieve commercial success; that vast quantities of ill-digested history are essential; and that vast quantities of sensationalism to make the history go down easily are even more essential.

Sun. 9-16-47

The Story of a Gory, Cruel Period

This is a novel about the wars of the Negro slaves of Haiti to secure their emancipation and their liberty. Those wars were among the most bloody and generally frightful the world had known before the atrocities of our own century made those of all previous centuries seem trivial in comparison. As every reader of Kenneth Roberts' "Lydia Bailey" knows, there was an excess of melodrama in Haiti: a colonial aristocracy based upon the cruelest slavery and enjoying the most spectacular luxury; a bewildering maze of political factions with whites divided in three contending groups and the blacks equally torn by fratricidal strife; glamorous figures such as Pauline Bonaparte and heroic ones such as the great Negro Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Mr. Bourne has stirred all these ingredients into a peppery stew and it is only his misfortune that Mr. Roberts got there first. As a work of fiction "Drums of Destiny" is no more unbelievable than "Lydia Bailey," which is either praise or censure depending upon your opinion of the earlier book. It is just as gory; it seems to be just as careful in its historical data; and it is a lot more cheaply erotic. Mr. Bourne is not one to suggest when he can itemize. He itemizes with tasteless and vulgar enthusiasm in many needlessly offensive scenes in "Drums of Destiny."

The actual story which Mr. Bourne has contrived for his lurid excursion into "a black world at a fateful moment of history," as his publishers call it, concerns a young Scotch doctor who killed a man in a moment of jealous rage and had to skip the country. He skipped all the way to Haiti and arrived just in time to witness the original slave rebellion which began the long series of revolutions and civil wars which marked the years when Toussaint, Dessalines and Christophe waded through blood to glory. Duncan Stewart had no color prejudice and saved Negro lives as happily as white ones. So he soon was a social outcast, an official doctor to the Negro armies and a bosom friend of Christophe.

Sun. 9-16-47

Some Climaxes Almost Ludicrous

Duncan didn't miss a thing: saturnalian orgies, Voodoo sacrifices, massacre, torture, murder, war, conspiracy. He won himself a beautiful mulatto mistress "with a face like Helen of Troy and a body like Cleopatra's." But his long years spent happily in the arms of his Phebe, "that goddess among women," did not prevent his finding true love in the end with the girl he left behind him. Mr. Bourne has not spared a trick in his desire to let Duncan eat his cake and have it, too.

As far as its romance and most of its leading characters are concerned, "Drums of Destiny" is superficial and cannot be taken seriously. Some of the melodramatic climaxes of its plot are almost ludicrous. But in its fictional version of twenty-five years of Haitian history it is lively and moderately interesting. Mr. Bourne has had to telescope many events in small summaries and omit others; but the major story is here and it is a heroic story as well as a ghastly one.

His characterization of Christophe is also interesting, a much more convincing one than that of his fictional hero. As Mr. Bourne sees him, Christophe was a natural leader of men, a man who combined boldness with caution, business sense with patriotic devotion. As a young follower of Toussaint he was admirable. But when he succeeded Dessalines as sole ruler of the island and proclaimed himself a king he succumbed to the infection of power. The patriot became a cruel tyrant. The reasonable man became so unreasonable that he thought nothing of letting 30,000 persons perish in the labor of building his famous citadel upon a mountain peak.

"Drums of Destiny" is flawed with frequent spasms of lush verbiage. It has none of the merits of superior creative fiction. But its material is so spectacular that it should please the hordes of people who can never have enough of its popular, "nationally advertised" brand of entertainment.

Many Happy Returns

LINDEN ON THE SAUGUS BRANCH. by Elliot Paul (Random House; $3.50).

New Republic New Yorker
Mon. 9-4-47

HOW DEAR to Elliot Paul's heart are the scenes of his childhood, this book's 400 pages of fond recollections amply demonstrate. The scenes are laid in Linden, Massachusetts, at the turn of the twentieth century, "as obscure a little community as there was in the broad United States."

Linden was the "forgotten ward" of Malden, a Boston suburb on the Saugus branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It had neither old settlers, fine architecture nor famous citizens to distinguish it, and it customarily received Malden's second-best schoolteachers and horsecar drivers. Linden inhabitants, Paul implies, liked it that way. They asked nothing better than to be left alone to enjoy their own, bawdy humor at the Massasoit House bar, to practise their involved practical jokes, to watch the breeding of the notorious village bull, to pursue the local ladies, to eat elaborate New England meals and to keep their town as close as possible to its *status quo* of two-thirds middle-class Protestants, one-third "proletarian" Irish Catholics (discreetly isolated in their own community on the south side).

Linden was the kind of town in which Paul would like to see every child grow up, a town where "nearly everybody liked everybody else" and where, without the soap operas, popular magazines and movies of today, the people could give their full attention to the relentless digging-out of the details of their neighbors' private affairs.

Mon. 8-4-47

YET, by his own account, Linden did not always enjoy its happy obscurity. The battle over the Blue Laws —begun by the Linden Improvement Association to keep out Italians and Jews and turned against them by a shrewd young Boston lawyer—put the town on the front pages of the Boston papers, whence the news traveled, via Associated Press, north, south, east and west. Still the furor must have died down rapidly (although Paul's diverse, anecdotal account does not go into this), allowing Linden, for a few more years at least, to settle back into complacency.

Everybody in Linden really knew his place, enjoyed it and kept it. Although the townspeople protested an influx of "foreigners," a few representatives of different national strains were accepted into Linden life. Moe Selib, the Jewish tailor, was a popular tradesman and tactfully kept his household in Faulkner. Jeff Lee, the famed chef at the Massasoit House and the only Negro in town, was respected, and intelligent enough never to try to "marry anyone's sister." Mario Bacigalupo was the dean of the small Italian colony. Linden leaders went to considerable pains to avoid hurting his feelings when they carelessly overlooked him in taking up collections for new baseball uniforms, and considered him an ambassador of good will for his countrymen, even though they balked at a sizable invasion of those countrymen.

New Republic New York 24.
Mon. 9-4-47

Linden people were basically "good," Paul insists. They were always sorry later when one of their practical jokes went too deep and really hurt the victim. They did not advise a person in advance when they saw he was about to make a mistake, because they knew the results would be amusing to watch. They helped the poor and those in trouble. They fought the Rue du Chat Qui Pêche in Paris. They were good-naturedly. And they were all—at least in the author's memory—"characters."

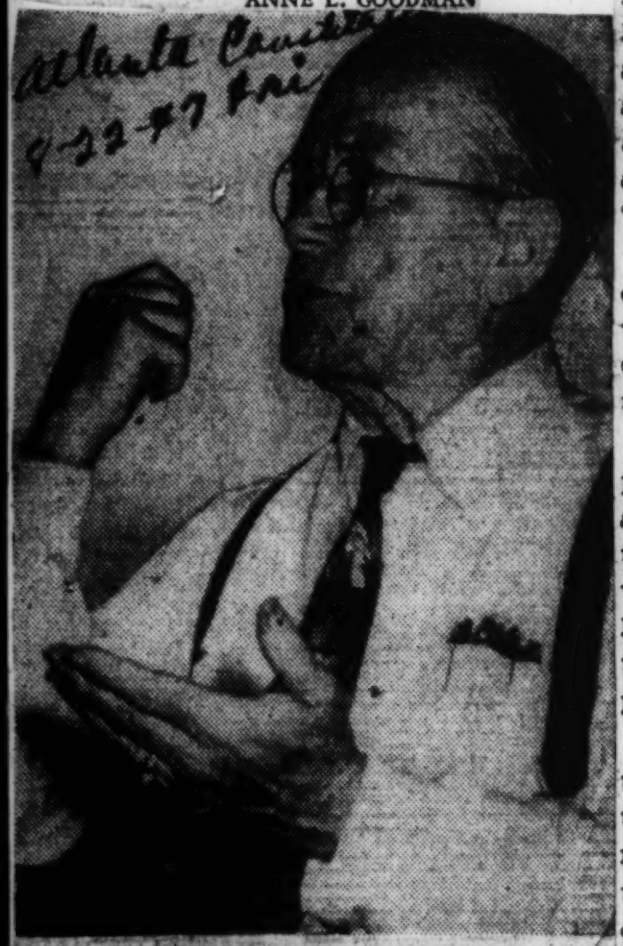
In addition to a few remarkable the boy that he was when he lived animals, Linden contained as rich and there but as the sophisticated observer complex a collection of human beings and writer he became. Except for a as any Paul was to discover later on few scenes of the boy Elliot struggling

precociously to grasp the adult implications of a situation, it is the author of *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* and *The Last Time I Saw Paris* who is observing, through a nostalgic haze, the Linden of the 1900's.

The book is written in a manner that almost but never quite suggests that Paul was to discover later on to do this as a deliberate joke. The

book is designed to follow no special course and many of the anecdotes seem so incidental that it is hard to tell where they end. One is occasionally startled, pages later, to find an earlier situation picked up again where it was dropped. Also, although it is quite as broad, Paul's humor is nowhere near so funny as Sterne's.

ANNE L. GOODMAN



THEODORE G. BILBO
Last of "Southern Triumvirate."

TWO CANCERS

"The Man" Bilbo, Mississippi's gift to the United States Senate, will take two cancers to the grave with him.

The second of the two is political. He was the nonpareil tormentor of the Black Man. He stood accused of gross graft.

He, using as foils the eastern publications, tormented and humiliated the Black Man as a means of winning ballots from the unthinking mass.

Probably no other demagogue ever went to such loathsome extremes. We heard him in his last campaign suggest to Mississippi frecklenecks that they "take care" of Negroes the night before elections.

We saw him sweating venom and wiping poison spittle from his mouth with a red handkerchief in a fetid beach pavilion, as, with malevolent relish, he spoke of "fried nigger meat."

And the frecklenecks, equally obscene by their enthralled attendance upon his vile geyser, sat beguiled as he exhibited to them Yankee magazines that were holding up Mississippi for shame in the name of "The Man" Bilbo. They slobbered it up — never stopping to consider that if they themselves were the minority and it was to the advantage of Bilbo, he would have made smirking discourse upon the delicacies of "fried freckleneck meat."

Bilbo was no fool. He was just an unconscionable, brilliant knave who knew what it took to make Mississippi elect him Governor and dispatch him three times to the United States Senate.

At last his acts were too much for the impregnable sense of fraternity among U. S. senators. A Republican Congress refused to seat Bilbo, he having been accused to violating the Constitution in intimidating Negroes and accepting bribes from contractors with the informality of a Luciano procurer.

But nothing so unrelievedly repugnant as this Bible Belt macaroni could have kept the suckers coming for so long. He was a man of learning, one who in season had taught Latin and mathemtics—a man who could, had he willed, tormented the helpless minority in the language of Cicero and measured the cubits of a lynch-hung corpse in the symbols of Euclid. He was scholar enough to write a treatise, tendentious but brilliant, on the ethnology of the Negro. He was a wit, an engaging Bourbon companion and an enterprising admirer of the ladies.

Then at last he began dying of cancer, which indifferently eats the good as the bad.

There were those who explained his viciousness in terms of a warped viewpoint. Probably not. It seems that he simply conducted himself as he did as a cold vote-getting method. For on his deathbed, he told a Negro editor that it was all a fraud—he really had good wishes for the Negro and thought he should enjoy full citizen rights when qualified.

at was the crowning mockery of his ...er—the mockery of those who responded to his vicious torments. He didn't, after all, agree with them.

Thus "The Man" Bilbo puts out his oar to sea. But as he recedes, let it be remembered that it was the people on the Mississippi shore who made him, and the like of him elsewhere, possible.

Bilbo Loses Last Race; Dies At 69

'The Man's' Last Chance To Regain Senate Seat Lost By Quick Death

Denied All Charges

He Maintained Innocence From Negro Intimidation, War Bribe Accusations

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Aug. 21. — (AP) — Death came today for "The Man" Bilbo, ending a two-weeks fight for his life and stilling his strident claims to a seat in the 80th Congress as Mississippi's senior senator. He was 69.

The vinegar-tongued, wizened politician, who won election in 1946 on a platform of "white supremacy," succumbed suddenly at Foundation Hospital. It was a swift reversal of an apparent improvement yesterday when Bilbo sat up and declared he was "feeling fine."

Physicians at Foundation Hospital gave "progressive heart failure" as the immediate cause of death. They said he had never rallied from an operation Monday for a blood clot on the lungs. The operation had been described as minor at the time, and consisted of tieing a vein to block the clot from the heart.

Bilbo's nurse said no members of his family were in the room at the time of death. In the hospital, however, were his son, Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr., an instructor in the command and general staff school at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Smith; and his secretary, Miss Mattie Foxworth.

He Was Determined

Center of bitter controversy, Theodore G. Bilbo maintained to the end his unqualified determination to take his seat in Washington. He denied charges that he had intimidated Negro voters in Mississippi's 1946 Democratic primary, and rejected allegations that he had accepted bribes from war contractors. Both accusations were made by Senate investigating committees.

"I am going back to Washington if I live," Bilbo said in February when he left Touro Infirmary after an operation in which part of his jawbone was removed.

"If I die my spirit will go back there and haunt the hell out of them," he commented, adding:

"But I'm figuring on living a hundred years."

He had entered Foundation Hospital August 7, suffering from a nerve inflammation which caused partial paralysis. But his health had been steadily failing since last January, when he returned to Mississippi for treatment without being allowed to take his seat. He had undergone one mouth operation for cancer at New Orleans in 1946, and returned for another in January, and for a third in June.

Admitted KKK Link

A master of scathing filibuster and a rough-and-tumble fighter in debate, Bilbo became a synonym for "white supremacy." He publicly acknowledged membership in the Ku Klux Klan, and introduced legislation in Congress to ship 13,000,000 American Negroes back to Africa. His anti-Negro views were summed up in a book which he published, entitled "Take Your Choice — Segregation or Mongrelization."

Bilbo's death means that Mississippi will elect two U. S. senators—a successor to Bilbo in a general election November 4, 1947, and a full-term senator in 1948 for the seat now held by James O. Eastland.

In Jackson, Miss., Gov. Fielding Wright praised Bilbo as a "long and faithful servant of the state" and expressed sorrow at his death. He declined immediate comment whether he would make an interim appointment as senator. Under Mississippi law, he may dispense with an appointment if Congress is not in session.

Although not a Bilbo ally, Wright supported Bilbo's claims to a Senate seat last winter, and

ducted by the Rev. John Nix, of Baton Rouge, La., former pastor of the Juniper Grove Church, who was given financial help by Bilbo in attending theological seminary.

Bilbo will be buried in the church cemetery.

of Senator Eastland, and construction of an artificial lake at Bilbo's "dream home" near Poplarville.

All contractors had been concerned with air field construction in Mississippi.

Bilbo's body will lie in state tomorrow at the senator's "dream house" at Poplarville, with a guard of honor of the Mississippi National Guard in attendance.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m., Saturday, at the Juniper Grove Baptist Church, of which the senator was chief benefactor.

The services are to be con-

...e war investigating ...so probed Bilbo's ac... the bi-partisan group ...t evidence "clearly ...t Senator Bilbo im... ...d his high office as a ...s senator for his per... ...n his dealings with ...tors."

...ittee accused him of ...ratuities or benefits" ...ween $57,089 to $88,- ...ing specifically the ...tomobile; a "loss," of ... contractor friend in ... of Bilbo's farm; a ... to help an opponent

Death Eclipses Career Of 'Supremacy' Champ

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21—(UP)—Sen. Theodore G. Bilbo, 69, Democrat, of Mississippi, stormy petrel of Southern politics for four decades, died Thursday at Foundation Hospital without realizing his dream of returning to Washington and winning his seat in the hostile Eightieth Congress.

The wiry little Bilbo, one of the most controversial political figures since the late Huey P. Long, died at 1:05 p. m. (CST) after a long and steadily losing fight against cancer and complications.

The ultimate cause of death was believed to have been a pulmonary embolism — a blood clot on the lungs. He was stricken with the embolism Sunday but although he rallied several times, each new seizure left him weaker.

Bilbo's death ended the last link of the "triumvirate" of Deep South State political bosses which had so often drawn the ire of more liberal sections of the country. The first to go was Long, victim of an assassin in 1935. Eugene Talmadge, Bilbo's counterpart in Georgia although he never reached Congress, died last December just before inauguration for a fourth term as Governor.

Ironically, Bilbo, whose tirades against Negroes probably won him more enemies than any of his other outspoken views, died with a gesture toward reconciliation with the race he had so often denounced.

In his last published interview, he defended his anti-Negro voting policies as political self-preservation. He gave the interview to a Negro editor, Leon L. Lewis, of the Negro South.

"I am honestly against the social intermingling of Negroes and whites" were Bilbo's last words for publication — uttered last Saturday. "But I hold nothing personal against Negroes as a race. God made them as they are and they should be proud of that God-given heritage as I am proud of mine."

Within hours after he made that softening statement, Bilbo was stricken with his mortal attack.

He had virtually dropped from public life after he left Washington last January in the midst of the stormy debate over whether he should be seated in the new Congress. The Republican majority had lined up almost solidly against him because of his white supremacy views and his dealings with war contractors.

The nature of his ilness—cancer of the mouth and lower jaw—silenced to a whisper the leather-lunged voice that had carried conviction from the stump in almost every Mississippi election since 1927.

From Washington, Bilbo went straignt to New Orleans where Dr. Alton Ochsner, world-known cancer specialist, cut away the diseased tissue and bone. Oschner planned to restore Bilbo's lower face by plastic surgery but Bilbo never again came out from under the bandages.

His last public appearance—and the only one since his departure from Washington—was last Spring at Poplarville when he dedicated the Juniper Grove Baptist Church hard by his palatial "Dream House" on the Pearl River.

Since that appearance his exact whereabouts had been a mystery until he showed up at Foundation Hospital, now operated by Ochsner, about two weeks ago. He was feverish and in pain from neuritis when he arrived and his condition had grown progressively worse.

After the embolism set in Sunday, a minor operation was performed Monday to tie off the affected vein and Bilbo rallied surprisingly — but only for a few hours.

Each succeeding bulletin for the last 24 hours had reported him growing "weaker" and when the end came early Thursday afternoon standing at Bilbo's bedside were his son, Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr.; his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Smith, and his closest confidante and Secretary, Mrs. Mattie Foxworth.

Bilbo's sumptuous gray Cadillac —which figured in the Senate investigation of his dealings with war contractors—was parked outside the hospital during the Senator's last illness.

When he left Washington in January Bilbo vowed that he would return and "fight like hell" for the seat that was denied him and to which he was elected in a stormy primary last Summer.

The Republicans had fought vigorously to prevent him from taking the oath because of charges he had made inflammatory speeches inciting his followers to violence against would-be Negro voters in the primary.

Before Congress convened a Senate Committee held hearings on the charges at Jackson, Miss. Bilbo testified personally and even then spoke in a hoarse whisper through his bandaged mouth. The nature of his illness was not then known.

In a subsequent hearing in Committee must exonerate him or condemn every white person in Mississippi. Under the laws of the State, he contended, the Negro did not have a right to vote in the Democratic Primary if he had not been in accord with the party for at least two years "so that let's out all of the Negroes."

In a subsequent hearing in Washington on the war contract deals, Bilbo was accused of accepting the bounty of wealthy Mississippi builders — including the gift of his Cadillac and materials and construction for the "dream house" in exchange for steering fat war jobs their way.

Bilbo was born in 1877 near Poplarville. He went to Vanderbilt and the University of Michigan, graduating as a lawyer. He won election to the Mississippi Senate in 1908 and was in politics for the rest of his life—as Lieutenant Governor, Governor and Senator.

After he divorced his wife to climax a turbulent domestic life he was regarded as having quite a way with the ladies and won the nickname "The Man." The tag "Theodore (The Man) Bilbo," followed him through a great part of his political life but in recent years had been dropped.

Death Doesn't Erase Evil

Atlanta Constitution
Atlanta, Ga.

When Theodore G. Bilbo died, the editorial comment in some of the newspapers showed an intellectual integrity that was highly commendable. They disdained to gloss over the glaring outrages that the dead politician had perpetrated against our democratic institutions and his own fellow citizens. They declined to take refuge in the mawkish sentiment that, in all circumstances, one must "speak kindly of the dead." They stood firmly on the proposition that, dead or alive, every man should be judged by his deeds.

However, it was not surprising to note that some readers of critical editorials pretended that, somehow, death had purged civic vices. In one such communication, a sickly-sentimental correspondent wrote "I was shocked and disgusted on reading your slurring, insulting editorial concerning Senator Bilbo's death. . . . a contemptible attack upon a man unable to defend himself." And then, so as to leave no doubt as to his own self-appraisement, he continued, "Contrary to your statement, Senator Bilbo had many friends and admirers all over the country, who, like myself, feel that his death is a tremendous loss to the United States." Another indulged in this bilge: ". . . speak kindly of the dead. . . . why not let death gently draw a curtain of kindness around the memory of this man who fought for those things he believed were right . . . His love for America and his hatred for all things communistic certainly did not appeal to the basest emotion." The same plea could be made for the witch burners of Salem.

Jus. 9-9-47

THERE CAN be no greater inducement to the leading of a straightforward life than the realization that "as a man sows, so shall he reap." The good lives that appear in the pages of history are of value in that degree in which they serve as an inspiration. It is equally true that ill-spent lives are helpful by reason of the bad examples they set.

If we should "let death gently draw the curtain of kindness around the memory of this man" then a revision should be undertaken at once of our history books. If the death of Senator Bilbo was "a tremendous loss to the United States," so were those of Benedict Arnold and of Albert B. Fall. Doubtless both were doing those things that they "believed were right." And how about Judas Iscariot? Probably he needed the "thirty pieces of silver" for which he sold his Master just as much as Senator Bilbo needed the money that he accepted from government contractors, to complete the building of his "dream house."

And then there was Thomas Torquemada, who confiscated the property and snuffed out the lives, by the most cruel methods, first, of the Moors of Spain and then of the Jews. At least he had the excuse of being a religious zealot, whereas the late Ku Klux Senator from Mississippi hated and persecuted Negroes for base political purposes.

AND, coming down further through the corridors of history we have Captain Kidd and Morgan the Pirate. Preceding them Ghengis Khan and Attila the Hun fought for those things that they "believed were right" even if in reaching their objectives they harrassed the land and indulged in wholesale rape and murder. And then there were Judge Jeffreys of the bloody assizes of England and Catherine de Medici of St. Barthol omew's Eve dishonor. This murderous twain loved their respective countries with the same passion that we are asked to believe that Mr. Bilbo loved his.

It may, perhaps, be considered ungenerous to point to the monstrous deeds of Mussolini and Hitler. It was pure poetry for the abnormal son of the abnormal Mussolini to drop death-dealing bombs on unarmed Ethiopian villages. Cold-blooded murders and purges became a commonplace in Italy under the latter monster, while Hitler put himself into a special classification for which the lexicographers have not yet found an apt word. But he loved Germany just as much as Bilbo ever loved America. His "hatred for all things communistic" was as torrid as that of the late Senator from Mississippi. Jus. 9-9-47

The pages of history redound with sickening recitals of man's bestiality to man, but according to such correspondents as I have quoted, no true assessment of the character of such as these should ever be written because "there is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us." Since we are exhorted to "speak kindly of the dead" perhaps we ought to burn the books that, by relating the excesses of brutal men, strengthen our determination that such things shall not happen again.

Down On

By NAT D. WILLIAMS

Atlanta Daily World

A man can "blow his top"
And take chances very risky;
But when you boil it down,
Ain't nothing "bad" but whiskey.

Atlanta Ga.

NO MORE BILBO

"The Man" from Mississippi is dead. He "shuffled off the mortal coil" last week, and fulfilled the predictions of many of his ill-wishers who were "pulling" that he should never return to the United States Senate. 8-26-47 Jusc

There's been so much said and written about the colorful champion of the white man's right to rule the earth . . . . especially this earth here in the United States, until there's little to be said here. As a matter of fact, it's a pretty fair bet to figure that if anything at all is said here, most folk don't feel they need to read it: Because, being a Negro I'm automatically expected to join in the National Negro funeral hymn for Bilbo whose basic words are

SEEING And SAYING

Atlanta Daily World
Atlanta, Ga.
Sun. 8-24-47

By Wm. A. FOWLKES

The Weeds

WHEN BILBO LEFT the Capitol in disgust last January, having been barred temporarily from his Senate seat, this writer was among those who prophetically said he'd never come back. It may sound like a BRAGGART thing, but when the late Eugene Talmadge ran roughshod (via the county unit system) over the forces of "more orderly government" in Georgia I was among those who predicted that Ol' Gene would never serve. I guess it was that element of hope that dwells on and on in the human breast that brought forth these predictions.

Nevertheless, I have seen it demonstrated time and time again during these times that the most "bodaciously" designing creatures among us usually pass when their bluff is called during or at the end of a strenuous fight. Sun. 8-24-47

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In the case of the late Governor Talmdage, the man had made the greatest and most strenuous campaign of his existence, and against the rights and protection of the "n---rs." He was virtually out if breath when the announcement came through that under Georgia's peculiar unit vote system, he had won. The campaign, at the expense of the "n--rs," already had brought forth a recurring ailment, according to news reports. Talmadge started at once for Mexico and California--virtually running from the fact of God, who must have been displeased at the castigations Talmadge made toward the Georgia minority and at the unnecessary trouble he was making for them in this otherwise bright land. The Florida sun and foremost doctors could do nothing for Ol' Gene and he died shortly before he was to take the gubernatorial chair and start his promised reign of ruination for Negroes, their hopes and aspirations.

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In the case of Bilbo, his time was up when the people got tired of his undemocratic ways and actions in the nation's highest legislative chambers. Caught on a technicality of accepting bribes to influence government contracts, Bilbo was done for, although his principal crime was against the Negro race which he neither spared time nor energy to retard. He must have dreamed up ill remarks against them, for whenever any piece of legislation came forward to better their condition in the South--Bilbo's South-"The Man" from Mississippi was there with a road block.... his cancerous mouth.

It hurt Bilbo to have to leave Washington, which had cringed and run from his flaunting, cutting comments. It hurt him unto death to think that the liberals the Republicans and the Negroes had garnered enough power to stop him cold at the Senate door and to leave him a Senator without portfolio.

—O—

There are sayings that righteousness and justice will prevail and that God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. I believe all this and more. I believe that God righteousness and justice will prevail if those who need him pick up the sword and shield he has provided in various forms on this "Good Earth" and fight their enemies to the finish.

Everything comes with difficulty and with the sweat of the brow with in this life. The underprivileged and second-rated might as well know that with the deaths of Talmadge and Bilbo, only two individuals departed this strand. There are many little Talmadges and Bilbos still living. Perhaps they are not as vocal as was Bilbo, or as daring as was Talmadge, but they possess the sinews of their models and their venomous souls. Sun. 8-24-47

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Ironically enough, Bilbo tried to repent his, "sins" toward Negroes shortly before death. Somehow I don't believe a man can repent all his sins, when a whole lifetime has been spent with murderous, literally and otherwise, in tent. Repentence, I think, is for those who make the casual mistakes. Bilbo must have known for years that he was wrong in opposing virtually every progressive movement and legislative attempt to aid the plight of the descendants of the former American slaves.

The pastureland of this life is made up out of the good grasses, the weeds and the poisonous plants which thrive, more or less, side by side. They all live and die, according to the seasons and according to the the abundance or scarcity of the substance of the soil. The strong weeds and the poisonous vines will overrun the grasses, if not weeded out by the hands and tools of wise men, or by nature. So it is with man kind which must weed out the human weeds and toxic plants. The natural falling out of one or two

"I'm glad that you're dead, you rascal you."

But it just happens that Mrs. Williams's oldest and darkest son (meaning me) doesn't feel exactly that way. I view the fact of Senator Bilbo's death with mixed feelings. My feelings consist of concern, some regret, some sense of compensation and a sense of anxiety.

* * * *

BILBO WAS USEFUL

Senator Bilbo was one of America's most useful men so far as the Negro in this country is concerned. He was a safety valve. He "blew off steam" for the type of white mean who has nothing in the world to stand on except his color. That type of white man, the "red-neck," knows deep down in his heart that he doesn't rate. He knows that he is being, and has been cheated, out of birth-right by his smarter white brothers. The only thing that makes him feel a little better..... that somewhat appeased him for a spell, is to have it pointed out to him that "there's a Negro in the wood-pile." He is glad to have the job of looking for that "wood-pile Negro" .....of course, when he finds such a hapless black, he can vent his spleen.... he can pour all the bitterness of his low economic status, of his personal inefficiency, of his class position, upon the head of the poor, unfortunate son of Ham. Such a white man can take a job that gives him some small authority over Negroes. And although the job may never amount to much, such a white man figures that he, himself, has made the grade. He has something to look down on and boss around. At least he "rates" something. 8-26-47 Sun

Sometimes he'll join a lynching party to assure himself that he's still "over" somebody. Sometimes he'll take the law in his hands and order all the Negroes off a given bus. Sometimes, he'll over step his authority and beat a pregnant Negro woman because she won't say "yes, Sir," to him. Then, sometimes, after "getting away" with such acts he'll feel benevolent toward some individual Negro, and go all out in acts of human kindness. All he absolutely demands is that he is assured that his position of being "over," at least somebody is secure. Bilbo gave such assurance to such white men. And his act and speech saved many a Negro's life. For, otherwise, lacking the assurance, the submerged white man would no doubt rise up in blind fury..... to assure himself of "superiority"..... and kill Negroes indiscriminately. We need another Bilbo.... a champion of white supremacy.... a man who can keep the submerged white man somewhat under control, by "blowing his top" for him. Most 'outspoken' Negroes do a similar job for the majority of colored folk. Most of us get a kick out of hearing some other Negro "cuss out" the white folk. It keeps a lot of us out of trouble. We can always say, "Well, he was the one what said it, Boss; I aint opened my mouth." Yep Bilbo was useful both to poor whites and to poor Negroes.

8-26-47 Sun

BILBO KNEW THE SCORE

Senator Bilbo was no fool about what he was doing. Thats' why he made it a point to grant his last public press conference to a Southern Negro journalist. He issued some thing of an apology to Negro America during his interview. He explained that he was thinking of prervation for both the white race and the Negro. His program called for sending the Negro to Africa. He wasn't the first notable American to advance such a thesis. Thomas Jefferson joined a society to help re colonize Negroes in Affica. James Monroe lent his name to the capital of the African nation which grew out of the idea..... Liberia. One of the most outstanding Negro leaders of the 20th century, Marcus Garvey, interested thousands of American Negroes in such a project, and raised money to carry it through. If Bilbo had spoken on any issue other than the Negro, he would have never made the political record he made in Mississippi:

The only draw-back to such an idea, is that the average Negro hereabouts subscribes to the promise that "we are here to stay." That's why so many of them got so mad at Bilbo and hated him so cordially. They helped put Garvey, another Negro, in jail for going around the country preaching such a program.

And yet, I feel the program is rather humane. It's better than the formula Hitler adopted toward the Jews of Germany. Hitler decided to exterminate them. He used gas chambers, starvation, persecution, and just plain murderous brutality. In Europe, even today, there's no program except extermination for Jews. Great Britain is currently taking the lead in the process. And what's so funny about the English program is that although the Jews are willing to "go back to Africa" or "Asia," or "Palestine" and fight for the privilege, the British are still shoving them around. They won't make any definite decision about the Jews. And their white American cousins are just as bad.

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BILBO WAS "FRANK"

And finally, it must be admitted that Senator Bilbo was frank about what he thought of Negroes as a group. Individually, I happen to know that the Senator liked Negroes. And many Negroes, in turn, liked him. I know several folk of color in Memphis who regret his passing. In my opinion the Senator was to be admired because he 'spoke his piece according to his lights." He made money cussing Negroes. He gained fame. The Negro was his greatest political tool. There are a lot of white men here and elsewhere who are "cashing in" on the issue just as Bilbo did. But they are hiding their hands. Bilbo was 'man' enough to call his shots. He "rates" with me for that. So, before you sing, think....Buddy.... about Bilbo's death.

33 1947

Mississippi (Bilbo)

WATCHING THE BIG PARADE

by Ralph Matthews

Afro-American

It disappointed me greatly to find that not one of our papers had a pleasant tribute to pay to the memory of the late Theodore Bilbo, the Mississippi Senator.

Most of the editorials I read were distinctly uncomplimentary. This is a very bad way to treat the dead and besides it is a reflection on the weekly press.

It simply proves that the bigger we get the more we take on the corruption of the white journals.

Counter to Nature

Then too, it runs counter to our whole nature. We have always been credited with being sweet natured, forgiving and kind, even to our enemies.

The history books are filled with human interest stories of how our Uncle Toms of the Civil War area slept outside the doors of their white mistresses to protect them from harm while their lords and masters were out fighting the damn Yankees to keep the Uncle Toms enslaved.

This was the true spirit of the African, according to history, and he dearly loved "Marse Boss" matters not how contemptible he was treated.

"Admirable Trait" Lost

Can it be that we have lost this admirable trait and that we are now capable of hating our enemies even beyond the grave?

The treatment accorded to the Honorable Mr. Bilbo by the majority of our press would certainly seem to indicate as much.

This is unfortunate. It seems that we are sinking to the level of the Westbrook Peglers, who have carried on a ceaseless campagin against the late President Roosevelt ever since he closed his eyes.

Just what Dr. Pegler hopes to accomplish by besmirching the memory of the honored dead is beyond me.

It has always been a sort of unwritten tradition that even though we fight a man while he is alive and kicking, death seems to create some mantle of virtue and we always try to find a pleasant word to pass on the late lamented. So should it be with Bilbo.

Bilbo An Asset?

Personally, I am sorry he was called to his reward. Bilbo was a distinct asset to our cause.

He personified all that was bad in the Dixie-Fascist mind and had the courage to express it. For this I pay him homage.

When Bilbo spoke, the whole world could hear and see through our professed democracy which Bilbo made transparent everytime he opened his mouth.

And Bilbo was a man of high principle, compared to many of his colleagues both North and South, who sat with him in the Senate.

While Bilbo talked, others in Congress and elsewhere kept quiet, but did us more dirt behind the scenes while giving us the Judas's kiss.

Baltimore, Md.

Worst Enemies

While Congress is supposed to be a debating society, our worst enemies are not those who talk and telegraph their punches, but those who profess to be honorable, upright and liberal but silently vote against every measure that is designed to advance our cause.

Bilbo was our true friend because he dared to say what the others were thinking. Today, we have no one to take his place, but his fellow Mississippian, John Rankin.

Sat.

Bilbo also did us another service. Because he dared to say exactly what he thought, we were able to rally and master enough unity to have him barred from his seat.

9-13-47

But those silent enemies who were astute enough to keep their mouths shut are firmly entrenched. Because we are inclined to listen more to what men say than what they do, it is difficult to convince people of how evil and wicked they are.

Bilboism Still Here

Let us not fool ourselves. The death of Bilbo has not brought the millenium.

Bilbo, the man, may be dead but Bilboism is still with us. We will miss Teddy. His was the voice of America stripped of its veneer. His voice was the naked truth. His voice will be missed.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—Larry Solomon, six years old, of New York City wears a big smile at the news which found similar joy in the hearts of millions as they learned last week of the death in New Orleans August 21, of Theodore Bilbo, "senator" from Mississippi and champion of intolerance.—Chick Solomon photo.

Here To Yonder

Langston Hughes

Chicago Defender

The Death Of Bilbo

SENATOR BILBO IS GONE. Within a few hours after the news of his death came over the radio, I saw gaily colored streamers pasted across the mirrors of a Harlem Italian owned bar announcing in holiday mood: BILBO IS DEAD! I gathered that at least two American minorities had teamed up to rejoice.

Chicago, Ill.

However, it is usually the custom to say something nice about the deceased, once dead, no matter how bad the person might have been in life. So instead of joining the Italian-Negro-Jewish-American jubilation that is taking place, I will mourn the old fighter from Mississippi who has recently departed this life. And I will say something good about him.

Sat. 8-31-47

Bilbo was by in-direction one of our greatest allies in our fight for political freedom in the United States. By his being so determined that Negroes should not vote in Mississippi, he simply made Negroes, not only in Mississippi but throughout the South, that much more **determined to vote.** By attacking us so crudely and rudely, he simply made us **fight back the harder.** By attempting legislation to send us back to Africa, he simply made us bent, bound, and determined **to stay here.** By attacking Italians and Jews, Bilbo simply helped the Negro by giving us **other allies** against him and his political philosophy.

Sat. 8-30-47

Made Them Fight Back

FUTURE HISTORIANS will probably conclude that Bilbo did the cause of democracy more good than harm for, by fighting so hard against democracy, he made many hitherto apathetic and sleeping friends of democracy wake up and fight back. By fighting so hard against the ballot for Negroes, Bilbo made thousands of Negroes who had never given the ballot a thought suddenly have a great hankering and longing to vote. By insisting that the ballot should be only for white folks, Bilbo made the ballot seem like something greatly to be desired by colored folks. After Bilbo's recent fight against the right to vote, more Negroes than ever before in history down South made up their minds to vote just to spite Bilbo. Thus was made easier the hard work of organizing Negro political clubs in the South.

There are those who called the late Mr. Bilbo a rat. Taken literally, there are always millions of rats around. And it would be sensible to rid our world of rats. But almost nobody pays any attention to rats as long as they stay in the alley and come out only at night. But when a rat comes in the house in broad daylight and jumps in the crib and bites a baby, then mama and papa get all heated up about rats and begin a campaign of extermination. Bilbo figuratively jumped up in the crib and bit the baby—and not just Mose, but Isadore and Giovanni, too. Given time, he might have started on Patrick. And he did not sneak around in the night to bite. Bilbo worked in broad daylight.

'Frank—And Loud'

Sat. 8-30-47

THEREIN LAY BILBO'S value to the democratic cause. He was frank—and loud. Some cartoonists pictured the late Mr. Bilbo as a snake. But at least he was a rattle snake. He gave warning of his intentions by making plenty of racket. He was not a silent snake in the grass striking your heel unawares. He gave you a chance to fight back by coming up hissing and shaking his own tail violently. He bared his fangs for all to see. Bilbo did not shout democracy out of one side of his mouth and spit Jim Crow out of the other. He stuck out his tongue for the world to observe how closely it resembled a swastika. He said he believed in white supremacy.

Mr. Bilbo did not say he loved Negroes and that all men are made in the image of God, then proceed to bar Negroes out of everything from church to cabaret. Mr. Bilbo quite frankly wanted us all out of the U.S.A. Mr. Bilbo did not give a paltry few thousands to Negro colleges while giving millions to white colleges. He did not give a few hand-picked Negroes "good" jobs while keeping the black masses all the way down the economic ladder. Bilbo did not give anything to Negro colleges and he did not believe in any Negroes having good jobs. He did not shadow-box. He tried his best to upper-cut in the clear.

That is what made Bilbo a good enemy—such a good enemy that he became an ally for democracy by furthering the democratic urge. That is why they forces that nobody else had as yet succeeded in awakening to battle for the democratic cause. The "good" white folks of the South who for years have been patting Negroes on the head and saying, "Now, now, Dr. So-and-So, be patient, it isn't time yet for you to vote. Here's a hundred dollar check for your Old Folks Home," those "good" white folks lulled to sleep by in his very fight against democratic decency, Bilbo made millions of people, black and white, realize for the first time the value of the true American heritage.

With A Grain Of Salt

"The Man" Bilbo Must Have Lived A Perfectly Miserable Life

By ARTHUR P. DAVIS

BILBO is dead! Journal and Guide

I have read the editorials on "The Man's" death in the principal Washington papers, and I have been struck with the severity of their judgment. Norfolk, Va.

The Scripps-Howard Washington News, under a "De Mortuis....." heading, said briefly and simply:

"The ex-Senator from Mississippi died yesterday.

"Maybe nature, in her infinite wisdom and mercy, ended the Bilbo case in a way that will leave the least scar."

The Washington Star, in a three-paragraph editorial, said among other things: Sat. 8-30-47

"The Bilbo issue has been compromised as only it could be—by his death..... There are few who will regret the outcome. He had many followers in his own state and few friends anywhere. He was a shrewd and unscrupulous demagogue, appealing to the basest emotions and capitalizing on frailties which he understood so well....."

* * * *

And the Washington Post in a maghificently penetrating editorial—one that I am certain will be reprinted by many other papers—dissected Bilbo as one would an insect in the laboratory. It said, in part:

"Perhaps the soundest judgment that can be made upon the life and times of Theodore G. Bilbo is that he was much too crude and too corrupt to have been a really dangerous demagogue....

But Bilbo's main concern, as his record in Mississippi shows, was the profits of office-holding, and he was content to take any line that seemed likely to promote his reelection. Even so, Bilbo's successes afford a valuable lesson in the weakness of democracy. Under no other system could such a charlatan have emerged from obscurity. And the danger is that it may yet produce a demagogue less cynical and more capable than he."

These editorials are a terrible indictment. In all other cases that I know, the metropolitan dailies have found something good to say about a man, who has been in public life as long and who was as well known as Bilbo, no matter how bad the record. For instance, there is a great deal that one could place on the credit side of the ledger for even Hitler and Mussolini. They did build up their own countries. But Bilbo never did anything really constructive—not even for his native state. Sat. 8-30-47

Bilbo's great fault (or sin, if you will), it seems to me, was selfishness. In all of that race-baiting, white supremacy business, Bilbo was simply advancing the personal interests of "The Man." He didn't really believe in it for the simple reason that inordinately selfish men never believe in anything other than themselves.

* * * *

All men, I know, are selfish, but some are aware of this human shortcoming, fight against it, and, in spite of it, do good for their fellow-man. But selfishness with Bilbo was an overwhelming passion that blotted out all other motives. As the Washington Post has pointed out, it was this selfishness that prevented Bilbo from becoming a really dangerous demagogue like Huey Long. If Bilbo could have feathered his nest better by becoming the head of the NAACP, he would gladly have switched jobs and would have been just as ardently and vociferously pro-Negro as he had formerly been anti. He was that kind. He had no beliefs and convictions except those which promoted his own well-being.

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Bilbo's last interview with Leon S. Lewis, the managing editor of the Negro South, was an unconsciously honest revelation of his character. When Lewis asked if he believed Negroes should have "indiscriminate use of the ballot," Bilbo's answer ran true to form.

"Yes," he said, "I believe Negroes should have that right, and in Mississippi too, when their main purpose is not to put me out of office...." Journal and Guide

These were the last words in the infamous racial fight which he had waged through all of his sixty-nine years; and the emphasis here, as in everything he did, is on selfish personal interest.

I feel sorry for Bilbo. With such an outlook, he must have had a perfectly miserable life. Norfolk, Va.

DREAM HOUSES

Death Always Mocks The Grandiose Plans Of Wicked Men

By JOSEPH D. BIBB

Pittsburgh Courier

(The views expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier.—The Editors.)

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE late Senator Bilbo built a beautiful home for himself in the delta of his beloved Mississippi, and in that fantastic sanctuary planned to spend "his reclining years." But fate and destiny cruelly mocked his schemes, just as they foiled Governor Talmadge of Georgia.

Mr. Bibb

Both of these wicked men were cut down as "green bay" trees, in the zenith of their glory, and in the flower of their success. And again we quote from Holy Writ, "the ways of the wicked prosper for but a season."

Columnist P. L. Prattis, intelligently and philosophically, inquired some months ago, when I wrote in similar vein, if the good were not cut down too at the height of their glory? He pondered the passing of Willkie and Roosevelt, when it was reported that Talmadge and Bilbo were doomed to die.

Sat. 9-13-47

THE OLD ENGLISH morality play "Everyman," depicted the dead as being able to carry only their good deeds with them beyond the grave. Whether that be true we do not know, but we do know that the real purpose of life appears to be making the world better by having lived in it.

Lincoln admitted that his task was unfinished. No doubt Wendell Willkie and Franklin Roosevelt would have felt likewise, but both devised and bequeathed most valuable heritages to society and to civilization. But Bilbo and Talmadge brought travail, sorrow and human suffering to humankind and if they are permitted to dream beyond the veil, their dreams must be troubled and disturbed.

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NO LONGER does the little man with the flaming red tie parade before the Senate. No longer does he fashion and aim his shafts and darts at the hearts of lowly, struggling people. His raucous voice has been forever stilled. While he lived he did not preach brotherly love, nor the fatherhood of God.

He did not exhort the people to "love one another." He pronounced the doctrines of hate friction and exploitation. The record reveals that he was a man of wicked ways, but he was cut down like Talmadge, without opportunity to spend his reclining days in his dream palace.

Violent suffering deaths marked the end of Bilbo, Talmadge, Hitler, Mussolini and Napoleon. Lincoln, Roosevelt and Willkie suddenly crossed the "great divide," but hushed dignity and reverence accompanied their deaths.

But the ways of the wicked are different, even in death. Very few sincere tears are shed for them. They are not deeply mourned. Their memories are cherished only by a few. They will soon be forgotten. Their "dream houses" marked their frustations and only brought reminders of evil deeds. Bilbo's dream house stands as a mockery to his plans.

* * *

OTHERS HAVE queried, like Prattis, if the wicked do not prosper and if they do not gather much pleasure and happiness out of their iniquities? Robert Hitchens wrote in the Garden of Allah "None but God and I Know What's In My Heart." We have observed the wicked clothed with power and surfeited with luxury and riches. But we have found them to be the most miserable of men. Sat. 9-13-47

In their hearts there were remorse and bitterness. They knew that they were hated and reviled. They realized the emptiness and futility associated with the mad acquisition of wealth. They found out that those who build up for themselves treasures on earth must leave them there. They came into this world with nothing and they take nothing away.

* * *

THERE IS NOTHING inspiring to be found in Bilbo's dream house. He put nothing enduring there. His ways perish, while the works of the good live on.

How much better for the world if Senator Bilbo had utilized his multiple talents in promoting hope, peace and understanding between men. How much better if he had eschewed the Ku Klux Klan and adhered closer to the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount.

If dream houses are to be enjoyed during the reclining years of life, it appears that good deeds must be stored therein. Bilbo was mocked in death. We do not rejoice, but we do not stop and postulate.

BILBO'S WILL IS FOUND IN MASONIC TEMPLE

33 New York, N.Y.

HATTIESBURG, Miss., Sept. 3 (AP)—Luther A. Smith, sovereign grand inspector general of Scottish Rite Masonic bodies, said today that a will by the late Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, Democrat, of Mississippi, had been found in the Scottish Temple here. It was dated June 10, 1925. Thurs. 9-4-47

Mr. Smith said the document left all of Mr. Bilbo's property to his wife, from whom he later was divorced; his son, Lieut. Col. Theo G. Bilbo Jr., and his daughter, Jessie Bilbo.

Smith described the will as bona fide. He said it was executed and filed in accordance with a requirement of those who enter certain degrees of Scottish Rite Masonry.

It was the first disclosure that Mr. Bilbo left a will. A later document was voided when the Senator tore his signature from the paper.

Last Saturday, Chancellor Lester Clark appointed Norman C. Rouse, chancery clerk of Pearl River County, as administrator of Mr. Bilbo's estate.

Mr. Smith has sent the will to Mr. Rouse.

The Scottish Rite official said that under the terms of the old will the wife, the son and daughter each would get one-third of Mr. Bilbo's estate.

The estate has been estimated to be valued at as much as $100,000.

Mr. Bilbo died at New Orleans on Aug. 21. Thurs. 9-4-47

Mr. Smith was one witness to the 1925 will. The others were T. F. Dreyfus, Hattiesburg industrialist, and J. E. Gray, then secretary of Hattiesburg Scottish Rite bodies.

EVEN IF WE WERE FOLLOWERS OF THE *nil nisi bonum* school of obituary writers—and we are not—we would be hard put to find a kinder word for Theodore G. Bilbo than the classic observation that he was not always as bad as he was sometimes. All that prevented the Mississippi Senator from becoming a national menace rather than a national nuisance was a personal corruption so flagrant that the Senate of his own state once pronounced him unfit "to sit with honest, upright men." A self-seeking opportunist of the most cynical variety, Bilbo was not even loyal to the degenerate code that he proclaimed. As rabidly anti-Catholic as any other member of the Ku Klux Klan—and he proudly flaunted his membership—he nevertheless campaigned for Al Smith in 1928 in the hope of political preference. So, too, he voted with the Administration in the early days of the New Deal, although the whole Roosevelt program must have been poison to a man who could seriously propose deporting every American Negro to Africa, who could address citizens by mail as "Dear Dago" and "Dear Kike," and who could call on "every red-blooded American" to get out on the night before election and "see that no nigger votes." With the Senate rid of Bilbo the country may at least hope that Mississippi will not give his seat to a demagogue far shrewder, less vulnerable, and quite as dangerous. We do mean John Rankin.

Earl Conrad

Yesterday And Today

Scoop: Spirit Message from the Late Sen. (Bilbo)

MY DEAR MISSISSIPPI FRIENDS:

IT IS VERY HOT here, I regret to say. That is a disappointment as, having spent most of my life in Mississippi, the warm state of the mocking bird, and some years in Washington, where it is also hot, I had hoped to reach a cool haven at least but a damned Yankee, furriner, nigger communist named St. Peter tripped me up.

And just because I was upholding the Southern traditions, too. I had managed to get as far as the Pearly Gates but this here Peter gets a hold of me and starts asking questions just as if he was a member of Brother Rankin's committee and when I told him I'd prefer to be off to my side a bit up there and not have any contact with any damnyankees or black bastards, kikes and dagoes, he ups and says, "Not here, brother," and he hands me a pass and says, "Take the elevator."

So here I am Down Here writing a few postcards to friends back to Washington. Only trouble is, everything melts here almost as fast as you touch it—letters, pens, stamps, the whole caboodle just melts, and candidly, my rear end is a little scorched now from some danged infernal hot plate which the Fellow down here says I need to fry in for awhile before I'll be done.

Gets a 'Going Over'

THIS HERE PETER, who I just won't dignify by calling St. Peter, gives me quite a going-over.

I was standing there sweating, for you have to work like the devil to get Up There anyway, and wanting to get inside where it all looked nice and cool when he ups and asks me, "Just what did you do to earn your passage into my camp?"

"Well, Sir," I says, "I certainly did all I could. I kept them niggers in their places and saw to it that there wasn't nobody in my state going to vote any other way than a good white man should vote, and when I left there things were just about that way. I also got a few digs in against them radicals bothering around with our State and told off those polacks and dagoes in a couple of smart talks I had up there in the Senate. Certainly caused quite a commotion and made lots of friends for me and helped keep America pure and safe and one hundred per cent. Now that's what I aim to do Up Here if I may be permitted to bring my program along with me. You know we Southerners make it a point to bring our program and way of living wherever we go. Why just take that Denmark situation where my white Baptist brethren arranged for the black Baptists brethren to be kept out of the Denmark hotels and restaurants and things. Now that's the way to do things: stay in there gunning and a-fighting. I'd rather imagine some things may have gone to seed and pot around here and if you'd just kind of let me look into the situation I'm pretty sure I could make a few recommendations and clean some things up."

Well, friends, this here Peter guy listens to me and asks me if I like hot cakes. I kind of wondered what he meant for an instant and thought I better play safe, so I says I did not. Then he says I better develop a taste for them.

Matches or Lighter

THEN HE ASKS ME whether I carry matches or a cigarette lighter. I told him I carried a cigarette lighter. So he hands me a great big pack of three-inch long matches and says, "You better carry these and start getting used to scorch your fingers occasionally."

Then the damned radical yankee asks me if I like lots of blankets at night, and I said no I didn't. So he outfits me with a half dozen slabs of asbestos and then he says, "Now you're all fixed and I think we can find room for you in one of our lower stories.'

Never made a damned bit of explanation.

Just put me down here where there ain't no mockingbirds, no fellow Southerners, no members of the Un-American Committees, no mint juleps, no darkies to run my errands, no damnyankees to swear at, no commies to run out of the state. Just ain't nothing. Nothing worth while at all, it seems.

So what I'm writing about is to see whether I got any real friends out there who'll try to get me out. Now if some of my friends in Tupelo will just make contact with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and ask for better accomodations for me I just think Mr. Ecker and his associates will find something for me more suitable to my temperament.

Aw, what the hell's the use of my kidding myself. I know this letter will be burned to a crisp before anybody sees it.

Hotcha,
SENATOR THEODORE BILBO.

Dustin' off the NEWS

By LUCIUS C. HARPER

IT SHOULD BE HARD TO PRODUCE ANOTHER BILBO

WHEN THEODORE "The Rascal" Bilbo died recently under the unholy mantle of a discredited U.S. senator his obituary, no doubt, was read with much elation by many of his colleagues in the national law-making body. Minority groups, mostly the objects of "The Rascal's" attacks, were not alone in the cheering section. Bilbo's death was rather timely for many of the two-faced senators—from both North and South — who served with him, and also SERVED him.

Lucius Harper

Being a master crook in the art of politics, Bilbo knew just how to get enough "inside scandal" on a fellow senator to keep him in line for the Bilbo purpose. That was the secret of his success in Washington, and elsewhere for that matter. That was the reason he could villify with unbelievable brassness any race he chose, and without fear of condemnation or retaliatory tactics from those who sat there as crooked and deceitful as Bilbo, but not as game and fearless.

You will recall that it was a newly elected senator, Glenn Taylor of Iowa, who launched the objection to Bilbo's presence in the senate. The sins of corporate exploitation were not hounding him; he could speak with a free-will against any demagogue who was attempting to stifle free government in America, and he did, and that is why Bilbo was driven from the senate in disgrace. Even at that, those who were in Bilbo's evil clutches hesitated to give him the full gate. They managed to use their influence to keep him on the payroll, probably in fear he would "talk" about some other unusual conducts of senators and the "lid would blow off." Bilbo hinted as much when he was under-fire, and some hasty conferences were called in Washington hotels at midnight in his behalf. In this "pot can't call skillet black," confab, Bilbo forced his colleagues in crooked politics to "let him down easy" if they could do no better for the time being, so the compromise kept "The Rascal" with his hands in the U.S. taxpayers' pocketbook. He was just that sort of a scoundrel. He was dangerous so long as a spark of life was left; he thrived on slime and trickery, and when he died his colleagues' fears were at end, and they cheered, even as you and I.

IN SERVING HIS own selfish purposes Bilbo must be given credit for awakening race consciousness in Negroes. Although far from his intentions, he developed a universal fight-back-spirit in the race. He brought out all the weaknesses in the so-called "liberal whites," and "friends of the race," through his bombardments of racial issues. We found out "where they actually stood" when we called upon them to answer Bilbo in our behalf and openly attack his philosophy of white supremacy. Northern senators elected in districts thickly populated by Negroes failed to protect us against his wrath. Only those branded as "Communists and Radicals" took the field in our behalf and forced his walk in dishonor and disgrace from the United States senate; then the "liberals" and "friends of the race" jumped on the bandwagon. Those who make a living out of politics should surely take this into account: ask "their senators" in the next election, "How did you protect me against Bilboism?"

Bilbo did not grow up overnight. He was the product of many years' effort. He came on the scene shortly after the dawn of the Twentieth Century. For over forty years he was in public life. He was distinct from all the demagogues whose puckish shadows have fallen on the poverty of the South. He fitted no common category, no recognized parallel. He was a master at rascality, home and abroad. Vardaman, Tillman, Blease and Heflin did possess some moral scruples. Bilbo had none. He invited scandal to keep his name alive. He had unbounded faith in his Number One political maxim: "The voters will always forget."

He will not be reproduced under similar circumstances. Time and education overtook him. Bilbo served only ten days in jail during his scandalous career; even a Mississippi politician today who would style his public career by the Bilbo pattern would soon find himself in prison for ten years. Who ruined the little orphan girl at Bilbo's boarding school at Wiggins, Miss., where Bilbo, as a young widower taught and directed, is yet unexplained, but Bilbo fled the state. In a political campaign for governor Bilbo's former partner in the school venture began to "talk." Bilbo soon silenced him by appointing him State Superintendent of Education. Hence, an unwed mother, an orphan girl, brought Bilbo into public print, and this scandal aided by numerous others made him Mississippi's leading political figure. Chicago Defender

HIS PRIVATE LIFE reads like that of an habitual criminal: caught with unregistered U.S. money; confessed taking a bribe; confessed to lodging in a house of prostitution, a colored woman's bordello; asked to resign from the Mississippi legislature because of his "established bad character"; interceded in a notorious rape case to shield his political ally; branded by his wife as an "associate of low, lewd women," and finally charged by the United States senate with using his influence to aid a drug addict. Bilbo will be the last to gain political fame through such slime. Mississippi may change "clowns" in the U. S. senate, but it is not so low in character today as it was when Bilbo first became a politician.

fired the presidents of three of the State's higher schools and hired instead a real estate salesman, a power company press agent, and a former public stenographer.

"The discharge of 199 faculty members followed to make jobs for Bilbo's jackals, whereupon Mississippi's colleges lost their accreditation. When he was sent to the Senate 13 years ago by five per cent of the potential voters of Mississippi, he stood for lynching, for the poll tax, for deportation of America's entire Negro population and for everything vicious in American life. He answered letters from protesting citizen with such salutations as 'Dear Nigger,' 'Dear Dago' and 'Dear Kike.' When toward the end of his life, he needed medical treatment, he was admitted into Touro Hospital, founded by Judah Touro, a Jew.

"His contribution to Christian theology is this: "God created the whites. I do not know who created the blacks. Surely the devil created the mongrels.' The ancient Romans coined the gracious phrase 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' or 'Of the dead say nothing but good.' The Romans would have made an exception had they known such a one as Bilbo."

THE POINT

— By —
Gordon B. Hancock

Journal and Guide

Editorial In St. Louis Post-Dispatch Excoriating Late Senator Bilbo Cited To Show South Divided on Race Issue Holding Hope For Future

Norfolk, Va.

THE DEATH OF Bilbo took place while I was vacationing in sizzling St. Louis. Negroes in Missouri as Negroes everywhere looked upon the passing of Bilbo as a definite "break." When Gene Talmadge bowed out, the joy of Negroes was just a bit restrained; but when Bilbo died, there was open rejoicing among Negroes everywhere.

A woman in St. Louis heard of Bilbo's death over the radio and phoned her husband on the job that she had "good news" for him. Upon being asked what was the nature of the good news, she joyfully replied, "Bilbo is dead." Her husband, too, rejoiced. Sat. 9.21.47

I was sitting upon my aunt's porch the same afternoon and three young Negroes passed, rejoicing over Bilbo's passing. One said rather seriously, "Man, I wish I was a preacher; I would love to preach old Bibo's funeral." Another asked what would you say "Big Boy?" The latter replied "I would take my text from the Scripture which says, 'In hell he lifted up his eyes.'"

* * * *

But it remained for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, one of the greatest of the mid-west dailies, to excoriate the dead Bilbo. In a scathing editorial captioned "The Slimies' Demagogue," the editor wrote as follows:

"We couldn't say anything good about Bilbo alive. We can't say anything good about Bilbo dead. He was a crook. As a Mississippi State Senator, he accepted a bribe to change his vote on an issue, and the State Senate pronounced him 'unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body.' He was the slimiest demagogue that ever came out of the South, and that's saying a mouthful. Even after the bitter castigation by the Mississippi Senate, he was able to get back into public office time after time. This was because he appealed to the lowest instincts and the most violent prejudices of the Mississippi red-necks.

"These boobs made him governor and, at the end of his two terms, Mississippi has $11,500,000 in debt and only $1326.27 in the State Treasury. The clear inference was that the crook had robbed Mississippi blind. He nearly ruined Mississippi's education system. He

Mississippi (Bilbo)

BILBO DEAD AT 69 OF HEART AILMENT

N.Y. Times 8-22-47 2 ri.

Senator-elect Was Not Seated —A Defender of Supremacy of Whites Over Negroes

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21—Senator-elect Theodore G. Bilbo, champion of white supremacy, died at 1:05 P. M. today. His age was 69.

[It is believed that no successor to Mr. Bilbo will be appointed by the Governor of Mississippi, inasmuch as Congress is not in session and a special election is required by state law this fall.]

Mr. Bilbo, who had undergone three operations for a cancerous condition of the mouth since last summer, had been seriously ill at Touro Infirmary Hospital since Sunday. He had undergone an operation on Sunday for the removal of a blood clot.

Officials of the hospital attributed his death to "a progressive heart failure."

Several weeks before his death, Mr. Bilbo told Leon P. Lewis, editor of "Negro South," in an interview that, "although I am honestly against the social intermingling of Negroes and whites, I hold nothing personal against the Negroes as a race."

"God made them as they are, and they should be proud of their God-given heritage, just as I am proud of mine," he added.

Told of Pride in Negroes

In the interview from his hospital bed, Mr. Bilbo said that he urged Negroes to be "interested in their own progress," and stated that he was proud of the advances which Negroes have made in Mississippi. 8-22-47 2 ri.

Hospital attachés reported this morning that the Senator had spent a restless night and had had a light breakfast. By midmorning his condition became weaker and at noon it was said that he had "taken a turn for the worse."

Outside the corridor as death came were his son, Col. Theodore G. Bilbo Jr., stationed at eKesler Field, Miss., and his daughter, Mrs. Jessie W. Smith.

Miss Mattie Foxworth, his personal secretary for many years, was also at the hospital at the time of the death.

Mr. Bilbo is survived, in addition to his son and daughter, by his second wife, the former Linda Gaddy, kingmaker of Mississippi politics.

Once atop the heap in Mississippi, there were few important races in which Bilbo did not take part — sometimes publicly, other times secretly when his influence would have been unseen, save for the fine Bilboesque touches he added from behind the scenes.

Red Galluses, Too 33

Over the nation Bilbo was known for his campaign for a white supremacy, for his political trademarks of a loud, red necktie, a diamond studded horseshoe tiepin, and red galluses. 8-22-47

But in Mississippi he was known as a man whose character and beliefs were a strange mixture. Cold-blooded in his political actions, he was a man of personal kindness. Loud, profane and sometimes bordering on the indecent in his stump speeches, he was quiet, gentlemanly, and cultured at home. His principal appeal was to the "red necks," or less educated white people of his state, yet Bilbo was a man of good education, possessed of a wide fund of general information, familiar with the classics as well as modern best sellers. 8-22-47 2 ri.

When Bilbo first decided upon a political career, he concluded he could not succeed unless he had education—at least more education than the people whose votes he would solicit.

With little money, he worked his way through three colleges—Peabody Institute and Vanderbilt (in the South) and the University of Michigan (in the North). Then he was ready to begin his upward climb.

In 1907 he ran for the State Senate and was elected by a vote of three to one. During that term he gained his first state-wide attention, when he was charged with having accepted a bribe in a secret caucus. When tried, by the Senate, he was exonerated, winning by one vote—a vote Frank (Peachtree) Harper, perennial candidate for one office or another, claims he cast. 8-22-47

He Won Again 2 ri

He ran for lieutenant governor (president of the Senate) and was elected. That was in 1911. Four years later he ran for governor and again was successful.

He lost his first district race a few years later when he ran for Congress and suffered his first state-wide defeat when he ran for governor against Henry Whitfield, president of Mississippi State College for Women.

But in 1927 he hit the glory trail again and was elected governor a second time. Again his election came after what most persons would consider adverse publicity. Bilbo made his announcement as a candidate from a jail where he was incarcerated for contempt of court when he refused to appear in court to testify against Governor Lee Russell, a former foe.

Bilbo was first elected to the United States Senate in 1934. His opponent was Sen. Hubert D. Stephens. Bilbo attributed his success to his possession of a stenographic copy of a speech he said Stephens made in the Senate, castigating Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The speech, Bilbo said, was made on the closing night of Congress. It was so scurrilous, he said, that by tacit agreement it was omitted from the congressional record. News reports did not mention it and the "home folks" knew nothing of it.

"I kept a copy of that speech in my brief case," Bilbo said. "But I sent another copy to Stephens. He didn't dare say anything bad about me from the stump."

In 1940 Bilbo was re-nominated to the Senate in a race with former Gov. Hugh L. White. In 1946 he was again renominated and re-elected after a campaign in which Bilbo stressed white supremacy more than in any other.

His tactics in this campaign were later the subject of a senatorial investigation but moves to refuse him his Senate seat were based more on a subsequent investigation of his relations with war contracts. 8-22-47 2 ri

Bilbo was temporarily denied his seat but obtained a compromise which allowed him to draw his salary and allowances until such time as his health would permit him to fight his battle to the finish.

He still had an ace in the hole. Gov. Fielding L. Wright, long a Bilbo foe, announced he would appoint Bilbo senator from Mississippi if the Senate unseated him without a hearing or because of his campaign tactics.

"The man" came home to his "dream house" at Poplarville, Miss.—home to the comfort he planned 40 years ago. But soon he had to undergo surgery for a cancerous condition of his mouth. Much of his jaw was removed to arrest the spread of the malignant growth and Bilbo was never able to return to Washington to take up the fight for his Senate seat.

Bilbo

Black Dispatch, Okla. City, Okla. 33 mis.

Self preservation is the first law of nature, and this applies just as much to one's spiritual and material well being as it does to protection of the physical self. Humanity fights for life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness. Sat. 8-30-47

With this in mind, Negroes in America cannot honestly say they sorrow in the demise last week of Theodore G. Bilbo, a man who for many years in the powerful position as United States Senator spread fear in the hearts of millions of black Americans as to the permanent security of their citizenship and the general guarantees of American society.

But Bilbo was more than an individual. He was a vile political creature spawned in the environment of Mississippi's gutters. It is reasonable to suppose that what he espoused in Congress for many years is fairly representative of the thinking of the average Mississippian, and that in the selection of Bilbo's successor there is danger of elevation to the Congress of another overbeaing, dominating, loathsome character who will endeavor to force the morbidity of Dixie sectionalism upon the nation.

In this statement we would not have our readers to feel that there are not some fine, liberal, liberty-loving white people down in Mississippi. One could not know Hodding Carter, editor of the "Delta Democrat Times," and read his "Winds of Fear," without knowing that God still has righteous sentinels standing guard over justice, liberty and brotherhood in the midst of vicious demagogues and lynchers. We recall sometime ago in Atlanta, while attending a board meeting of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, we listened to one of the finest speeches on civil rights and functioning democracy we have ever heard, as it fell from the lips of a native white Mississippian.

But Bilbo, the hell-raiser, and his counterpart, Congressman Rankin, who still has life and vigor, represent in a large measure the sentiment in Mississippi that the constitution of the United States should be set aside. They represent the rebellious South that still feels aggrieved that Abraham Lincoln set the Negro free, and that the government, through the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments gave the millions of Negroes in this country constitutional freedom. These rebels are still, in violation of their oaths as citizens, attempting to circumvent, evade and set aside the civil liberties of the blacks. Sat. 8-30-47

There is grave danger because of this diseased, cancerous growth in the Mississippi community that another panderer to unreasoning passions will be elevated to office. We buried Bilbo this week from the Juniper Grove Baptist church, but we did not bury with him the infamous and detestable spirit extant around Juniper Grove that makes places in public life for demagogues such as the man who was denied a seat in the Senate because of his malfeasance in office.

Race prejudice is so rampant down in the "Bible Belt" that men and women who vote do not take time to develop the wisdom of folk in the cattle country. You know out west for many years the slogan has always been "kill a cattle thief wherever you find him, for if he rustles the other fellow's cattle he'll rustle mine." Many times we honestly believe dishonest men are elected to office down in the Southland, whose positive intention is to rob the total community, but they hide their real and criminal intentions under a popular banner. They wave the American flag while at the same time shout "Nigger!" There is no other way to understand

in the body in 1946 to spew this foul man, root and
from the greatest deliberative body on earth.
bo was the embodiment and the symbol of all that is
and uncivilized in jim crow, disfranchisement, segre-
and lynching. He even advocated action by the mob
his last campaign for the Senate. He advised his
and supporters to ignore the constitution, and he was
ionably the type of character such as Hitler, who may
ay destroy this nation. Someone has previously said
Bilbo w
Sat. 8-30-47
the peculiar phenomena allowing Bilbo to get away with open courage in t
larceny down in his home state, and still carry a popular fol-branch, from
lowing.
Well, man appoints and God disappoints. Bilbo, even vicious and
while lying on his hospital bed, is reported to have uttered gation and l
oaths and said he would return to Congress. He had planned during his
to return next term and demand his place in that high legis friends and
lative tribunal. It will ever remain a blot upon the escutcheon unquestional
of the Senate to remember that there was not enough moral some day de

that if Fascism ever invades the United States it will anchor itself first in the former slave states of the South. Huey Long was almost a Hitler and Bilbo was of the same stripe and mold.

Well, 13,000,000 blacks are still here, even though the late Senator Bilbo futilly introduced congressional bills to ship them all back to Africa. Instead, God has shipped "The Man" somewhere, heaven knows. We feel in death just as we felt in life, only pity for such a hateful, detestable creature. May God have mercy on his soul.

As Bilbo Was To Them

33

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Montgomery Ala. Advertiser

We couldn't say anything good about Bilbo alive. We can't say anything good about Bilbo dead. Tues. 8-26-47

He was a crook. As a Mississippi State senator, he accepted a bribe to change his vote on an issue, and the State Senate pronounced him "unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body."

He was the slimiest demagogue that ever came out of the South, and that's saying a mouthful. Even after the bitter castigation by the Mississippi Senate, he was able to get back into public office time after time. This was because he appealed to the lowest instincts and most violent prejudices of the Mississippi red-necks. Tues. 8-26-47

These boobs made him governor and, at the end of his two terms, Mississippi had $11,500,000 in debts and only $1,326.27 in the State Treasury. The clear inference was that the crook had robbed Mississippi blind. He nearly ruined Mississippi's educational system. He fired the presidents of three of the State's higher schools, and hired instead a real estate salesman, a power company press agent and a former public stenographer. The discharge of '19 faculty members followed to make jobs for Bilbo's packals, whereupon Mississippi's colleges lost their accreditation.

When he was sent to the Senate 13 years ago by five per cent of the potential voters of Mississippi, he stood for lynching, for the poll tax, for deportation of America's entire Negro population and for everything vicious in American life. He answered letters from protesting citizens with such salutations as, "Dear Nigger," "Dear Dago" and "Dear Kike." When toward the end of his life, he needed medical treatment, he was admitted into Touro Hospital, founded by Judah Touro, a Jew.

Bilbo referred to himself as "the Mussolini of Mississippi." He described his own talents in this wise—"a man of titanic energy and of dynamic driving power, a wonder in sustained power of endurance and a marvel of intellectual brilliance." His contribution to Christian theology is this: "God created the whites. I know not who created the blacks. Surely the devils created the mongrels." Tues. 8-26-47

The ancient Romans coined the gracious phrase, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," or "Of the dead (say) nothing but good." The Romans would have made an exception if they had known such a one as Bilbo.

Detroit Free Press

Theodore Bilbo, the inexpressibly foul bigot of Mississippi, is dead and the people sigh with relief. Even those of Mississippi. To the credit of that State the voters repudiated him and kicked him out as a grafter and an all-around corruptionist. But he was rehabilitated and put back into power by President Franklin D. Roosevelt who gave him the softest of all boondoggling jobs, as the head of a government printing bureau, created to keep track of FDR's publicity.

This is only one of the many strange contradictions of the Roosevelt reign over which historians will ponder: The most violent apostle of racial hate in the United States being politically resurrected by an administration which pretended to be the great friend of the Negro.

Louisville Times

Montgomery Advertiser 8/2.

A few days before his death, Senator Bilbo received a Negro editor for an interview and said he did not dislike Negroes, or oppose their voting, but that he fought to hold his job. Tues. 8-26-47

Had he lived in New England before the sixties he might have been a powerful abolitionist. Had someone given him a job at $12,000 a year as the public relations man for an interracial organization in 1900 he might have crusaded for racial equality as lustily as Wayne B. Wheeler fought licensed sale of liquor.

But if there is nothing to admire in the public-career-aims of Mr. Bilbo there is much to admire in such vigor and ability as he showed in politics, and in the jaunty courage he revealed during his tragical illness.

"The strangest, most colorful, most powerful" career in Mississippi politics ends a generation after Pitchfork Ben Tillman advocated lynching in ringing speeches in the State Senate which were approved in South Carolina. Tues. 8-26-47

Mississippi made "The Man."

Many observers who had no patience with Mr. Bilbo's political objectives, no respect for him as his public life revealed him, will be glad that death was kind to a game fighter in that it took him quickly when he still was game.

Bilbo Passes On

33

Nashville, Tenn. Banner

The attempt to educate Theodore Bilbo in science and the classics and to pile on top of same knowledge of the Bible failed miserably. He died last week and went to his "reward" bereft either of education or religion in sufficient quantities to make his "reward" anything a sensible person could covet.

Bilbo, very probably, was conscious of the fact that he was about to give up the ghost when he called in a colored newsman and gave him the why and wherefore of the peculiar strategy Bilbo had adopted as a means to provide for himself fame and fortune. He confessed he had nothing against the colored man; just found him a convenience on which he could ride into political office. He used that convenience effectively in Mississippi, where the level of intelligence is lower than in any other state of the union. The inference that can be drawn from Bilbo's death-bed confessions, and other evidence, is that you can get more votes by lambasting the defenseless Negro of that state than on account of anything else you can say and it makes no difference how little deserving the race-baiting orator might be.

Other evidence of Bilbo having had the right formula for political success in Mississippi is found in the fact that Vardaman and others in their day used the same hobby horse Bilbo used and at present Eastland, the other "distinguished" senator from Mississippi shows himself to be just as unenlightened as Bilbo. Tri. 8-29-47

It shocked Bilbo, and probably hastened his death, when the 80th Congress put the skids under him and bounced him out of Washington. He never had a chance to regain the seat to which he was elected. Eminent Senator Robert A. Taft had denounced Bilbo as being a disgrace to the United States Senate. Taft followed that denunciation with a determined effort to thwart the attempt of Mississippi to foist Bilbo on the Senate of the United States.

It is our contention that had the senate of the 80th Congress done nothing else it would deserve lasting acclaim for refusing to seat Theodore Bilbo. The South, even Mississippi thereof, has much better material than the late Bilbo out of which to make a United States Senator. The hope is that Bilbo's last days, as well as his unprofitable life as a public official will mark the end of an epoch; that in the future, men of culture and men of merit will be sent to Washington to make the laws of this great nation. No "fellow-traveler of Bilbo ought to be named as his successor and those fellow-travelers of the late ex-senator should be taken care of by the voters of the South.

Stirred by Editorial on Bilbo

Courier-Journal Louisville, Ky.

In The Courier-Journal you call a dead man, Senator Theodore Bilbo, an object of contempt. By this action you make yourself an object of contempt. The names of nine men appear on your masthead, and I wonder which one of them could have been so unkind as to discredit this man? This man is in the hands of the Creator and knows nothing of your unkind words. His sons and daughters may never know of your words. But the Creator, who knows the minds of all men, who calls in neither attorneys nor soothsayers, does not need your comments.

The press often convicts people before trial, prejudices juries, and manufactures evidence for sensational stories to such an extent that people wonder if freedom of the press is justified. I saw the account of Bilbo's death from the Associated Press. I don't know who wrote it, but he did not take it upon himself to judge Bilbo. Even Jesus Christ was not so hard on those who betrayed Him and condemned Him.

I am not an admirer of Bilbo, but I cannot sit idle and see an outside paper follow him to the tomb. I am for States' rights, and feel that it is only proper for outside papers only to publish such articles on the subject as were carried in the papers of his own State. I have been in Washington six times when Congress was in session, and I have seen other Southerners in filibuster, in order to insure States' rights. Bilbo had not had a trial, and had not been convicted of any crime. It is bad enough to fuss and condemn our own State people who happen to succeed in political contests against your wishes, but you should have respect for the rights of people in other States. They will have a better feeling for Kentuckians.

T. O. TURNER.

Murray, Ky. 8-27-47 ltr

Son, Daughter To Get Estate Of Sen. Bilbo

Columbia, S.C. Record 33

Fri. 8-29-47

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 29—(UP)—The Memphis Commercial-Appeal said today in a copyrighted article from Jackson, Miss., that the late Sen. Theodore Bilbo's estate of more than $100,000 will be shared equally by his son and daughter by two marriages.

Bilbo left no insurance. His cash totals $3,000 it was said.

Bilbo died intestate last week. Therefore the newspaper said, Mrs. Jessie Bilbo Smith, daughter by his first marriage, and Lt. Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr., regular army officer and son by his second marriage will be beneficiaries of the Mississippi senator's estate.

Bilbo left no legal widow. His first wife died and his second wife, Mrs. Linda Gaddy Bilbo, received a full settlement when they were divorced in 1938. Fri. 8-29-47

Bilbo's estate includes the palatial 27-room "Dream House" at Poplarville, Miss., and 700 acres of farmlands in Pearl River county.

Ellender Bitter Over Bilbo Foes

Atlanta Daily World 33 Ga.

Fri. 8-29-47

RAWLINS, Wyo.—(NNPA)—Senator Allen J. Ellender, Democratic, of Louisiana, heir to the spot occupied by the late Theodore (The Man) Bilbo as the No. 1 advocate of white supremacy, was bitter in his criticism last Friday of Bilbo's critics.

Ellender, who was on his way to Alaska to investigate the pulp wood situation, charged that the turning back of Bilbo at the Senate door last January was purely political. He said it was done at the instance of a "bunch of miserable Negro groups who were very anxious to get rid of him (Bilbo) because of his opposition to anti-poll tax, anti-lynching and other legislation of that character."

Ellender, who had defeated Bilbo's intimidation of colored voters in the 1946 Mississippi Democratic primary campaign, declared some of his Senate colestates of being "scared of their own shadows in the face of pressure groups."

Legal Bilbo Will Found By Masons

Montgomery Ala.

HATTIESBURG, MISS., Sept. 3.—(AP)—A 22-year-old will came as a surprise. No will was filed Saturday when Chancellor

Lester Clark appointed Chancery Clerk Norman C. Rouse as administrator of the estate.

A few months ago Bilbo, who died Aug. 21, tore his signature from a will which was drawn within recent years, and thus invalidated the instrument.

Luther A. Smith, sovereign grand inspector general of Scottish Rite Masonic bodies, disclosed that the 1925 will was found in the lodge building. He said that Bilbo drew up the will at the time he advanced into a higher degree of masonry in accordance with Scottish Rite requirements.

Smith said the will is a bona fida legal document.

BATTLE ROYAL SEEN FOR BILBO'S SEAT

N.Y. Times, N.Y.

Candidates Silent Until After Funeral Today, but Rankin Indicates He Will Run

Sat. 8-23-47

By FELIX BELAIR Jr.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

JACKSON, Miss., Aug. 22 — A political battle royal in which the number of probable contestants increased almost hourly was shaping up today around Mississippi's United States Senate seat left vacant by the death of Theodore G. Bilbo.

Although most of the prospective candidates followed the example of Gov. Fielding Wright and refused to talk politics pending the late Senator's burial tomorrow at Poplarville, observers were forecasting the most wide-open and spirited election campaign since the days of the colorful J. K. Vardaman.

The possibility that "white supremacy" might again become an open issue in Mississippi politics was injected into the muddled picture when Representative John E. Rankin indicated at Columbus late today that he would announce his candidacy after the burial of Senator Bilbo. Sat. 8-23-47

Refuses to Name Successor

Intimates of Governor Wright made it clear that he has no intention of appointing a successor to Senator Bilbo for the interim period until the next election on Nov. 4. Mississippi law provides that when a Senatorial vacancy occurs in a year in which a general election is scheduled a special election to name a successor must be held concurrently with the general state election.

N.Y. Times, N.Y. 1-23-47 Sat.

No primary contest is provided for as in regular state elections and the candidate receiving a plurality, and not necessarily a majority of the votes cast, will be declared the winner. To get his name listed on the ballot, a candidate must have the signatures of fifty voters in each county on petitions filed with the County Election Commissioner.

Until the elected successor takes office, the Senate seat could be filled by interim appointments. However, Governor Wright has confided to friends, that only the people of Mississippi by election will determine a successor to Senator Bilbo. In the face of the Senate's refusal to seat Mr. Bilbo, Governor Wright had announced his intention to reappoint him, should the decision become final.

Until Representative Rankin's statement late today it had been the concensus that the "white supremacy" issue would not again become an open issue in the campaign. Officials and observers at the state capital at Jackson were agreed in conversations with the writer that the question would arise only if injected from outside the state.

Outside Action Deplored

The issue never would have gained such campaign prominence last year had not the question of Negro disenfranchisement been charged by self-styled champions of civel liberties north of the Mason Dixon Line, in the opinion of Mississippi obesrvers. They agreed that such charges of intollerance produced the same effect throughout the state as did President Roosevelt's 1938 attempt to "purge" southern senators out of sympathy with New Deal plans.

However, Representative Rankin is recognized throughout the state as the only politician who can "out-Bilbo Senator Bilbo." Recallin the late senator's record plurality in last year's election and Mr. Rankin's own adoption of "white supremacy" as the chief issue in the campaign, observers discarded all calculations made before the Mississippian's statement.

"Terriffic pressure is being brought to bear on me to run for the position left vacant by the death of Senator Bilbo," said Mr Rankin. Sat. 8-23-47

"But I have declined to make any statement whatsoever until after the fueral tomorrow. I will make known my plans at that time."

At least a dozen more or less prominent political leaders of Mississippi figured in the speculation over a successor to Senator Bilbo, among them, former Gov. Hugh White, Representative William Colmer and State Circuit Court Judge John Stenis. But virtually every candidate who ever stood for election had been included in the range of conjecture before the day was ended.

Governor Is Not Excluded

Because of his official silence on the subject Governor Wright himself was not entirely excluded as a possible candidate although associates said he was determined to serve out his regular four-year term which began in January. Having served as Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Wright was the winner of the gubernatorial nomination against a primary field of five candidates.

Tom Q. Ellis, veteran state supreme court clerk, who ran second to Senator Bilbo in last year's primary run-off was considered another sure candidate in the November election. His supporters said of him at the time that he was a strong "white supremacy" advocate but wanted the issue handled on a "dignified basis."

Still others were Forrest Jackson, well-known attorney and long a loyal supporter of Senator Bilbo who defended him during Senate committee hearings on charges of accepting gratuities from Missis-

sippi war contractors, and Paul Johnson, son of a former governor who ran second to Governor Wright in the recent gubernatorial primary. Sat. 8-23-47

Walter Sillers, Speaker of the State Legislature, also was considered a likely candidate although he comes from the same Mississippi Delta section as Senator Eastland and was considered thus handicapped unless the present Senator made known a determination to retire on completion of his term next year.

Dennis Murphree, former Lieutenant Governor; Ross Barnett, prominent Jackson attorney, and J. Oliver Emerich, McCombs, Miss., publisher and member of the State Board of Higher Education, completed the list of those considered serious contenders to succeed Senator Bilbo.

Most political observers were of the opinion that former Governor White would have an advantage in any such grouping of candidates. However, he is not in robust health and it is doubted that he could be persuaded to relinquish direction of a profitable lumber business to go to Washington.

Senate Delegation Named

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22 (AP)— Flags at the Capitol were flown at half-staff today because of the death of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo an da committee of six Senators was named to attend the funeral.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican, of Michigan, presiding officer of the Senate, authorized appointment of the funeral delegation in a cable message from Rio de Janeiro, where he is attending the Inter-American Conference.

The Senators appointed are James O. Eastland, Democrat, of Mississippi; Kenneth McKKellar, Democrat, of Tennessee; Lister Hill, Democrat, of Alabama; John H. Overton, Democrat, of Louisiana; Richard B. Russell, Democrat, of Georgia, and Olin D. Johnston, Democrat, of South Carolina.

The seven Mississippi House members, headed by the dean of the delegation, Representative John E. Rankin, Democrat, of Mississippi, were appointed to represent that body.

Body Lies in State

POPLARVILLE, Miss., Aug. 22 (AP)—The body of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, who died in New Orleans yesterday, lay in state tonight in his "dreamhouse" here, where he had planned to spend his declining years.

The funeral cortege left New Orleans at noon and was met at Pearl River by a Mississippi highway patrol escort. At Poplarville a contingent of Mississippi National Guardsmen joined the procession, serving as a guard of honor.

Accompanying the cortege were the Senator's son, Lieut. Col. Theodore G. Bilbo Jr. and daughter, Miss Jessie Bilbo.

At the "dreamhouse" guardsmen took up their stations at each end of the bier as the coffin was opened and a small assemblage filed past.

The Senator was dressed much as he had been customarily in life, in a conservative blue suit with a red necktie held in place by a diamond-studded horseshoe stickpin. Across the

"dreamhouse" workmen were busy erecting a temporary above-ground vault in which the Senator's body is to lie until a mausoleum can be constructed.

The body will be removed to Juniper Grove Baptist Church at 9 A. M. tomorrow.

There it will lie in state until 2 P. M. when funeral services will be conducted by the Rev. D. W.

The Repentance Of Bilbo

33

It has been said that the "rattle of death makes all men brothers." And this was the case with the late Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi as it has been time and again, before.

On his death bed in a New Orleans hospital, Bilbo whose strident shouts for white supremacy did much to continue an unwarranted persecution of the South, summoned Leon L. Lewis managing editor of the magazine, The Negro South, and in an interview, one initiated by the Mississippian, set forth his views of Negroes and other interests of "The Man," which stand now as a sort of "death bed confession" or even repentance.

Columbia, S.C. "Light House" Sun. 8-31-47

Bilbo's views as set forth by Mr. Lewis, who certainly would not have reason to temper them, while not perhaps entirely acceptable by Negroes, were not different from the views of the majority of "southern liberals." He opposed intermingling, thought the Negro lacked in cultural attainment, was duped by "adverse propaganda" and might be happier back in Africa, a view he has propounded (and with some "Negro" approval) for years.

On the other hand, note these quotes from the ex-senator: "I don't hate your people, nor did I deliberately fight their progress. . .I hold nothing personally against Negroes as a race; God made them as they are and they should be proud of the God-given heritage. . .I believe Negroes should be allowed indiscriminate use of the ballot and in Mississippi, too, (when their main purpose is not to put me out of office). . ." Sun. 8-31-47.

Bilbo explained his belaboring Negroes in much the same fashion other southern officeholders find escape. Politics. The inference is that were the Negroes voting there would be fewer Bilbos and intolerants.

Such was the death-bed confession or repentance of Theodore G. Bilbo. Is it in truth? We have no way of knowing now to which place he went.

THE GOVERNOR'S MOVE

AN EDITORIAL

33 Daily Worker - New York Fri. 8-22-47

It is not customary to speak ill of the dead. But Theodore (The Man) Bilbo did more than almost any other man to disgrace the state of his birth, the United States Senate and America.

His death now gives Governor Fielding L. Wright, of Mississippi, a chance to make up for the vast evil this man has done.

The country will be watching to see the type of man the Governor names to serve out Bilbo's unexpired term in the Senate.

Nation-Wide Rejoicing Follows Bilbo's Death

Afro-American Baltimore, Md.

Sat. 8-30-47

NEW ORLEANS—A 40-year career of hatred of minorities based on a "white supremacy" theory ended here Thursday at 1:05 p.m. (CST) with the death of Theodore G. (Runt) Bilbo of Mississippi, whose election to the Senate for a third term was rejected by the Afro-American

Upper House at the opening of the 80th Congress.

Writer of one of the most infamous chapters in U.S. history, Bilbo died of cancer an complications at Foundation Hospital after a 2-week fight to stave off death. He would have been 70 years old on Oct. 13.

The most outspoken advocate of white supremacy, Bilbo brought on his political downfall by advocating physical violence against colored would-be voters in the Mississippi Democratic primary of 1947.

Baltimore, Md.

It was speeches made prior to that election, and evidence that he had also engaged in was profiteering, that caused his fellow Senators to refuse to seat him until a full investigation could be made. They let him off temporarily to have further treatments for cancer of the law.

Sat. 8-30-47

A Deathbed Convert?

Almost reversing himself, Bilbo (The Man) on his deathbed told Leon L. Lewis, editor of the Negro South, "I hold nothing personal against colored people as a race."

When Lewis, called in after Bilbo had refused to see other reporters, asked the Senator-elect whether he believed in the right of all men to vote, Bilbo said:

"I believe colored people should have that right, and in Mississippi, too—when their main purpose is not to put me out of office and when they won't try to besmirch the reputation of my State.'

Still Against Social Equality

His turnabout, however, did not change his attitude on social equality. In fact, he told Lewis, "I am honestly against the social intermingling of colored and white people."

Bilbo, who admitted publicly that he had joined the Ku Klux Klan, in an effort to perpetuate his ideology, last year published a book entitled, "Take Your Choice—Segregation, or Mongrelization."

'Back to Africa' Advocate

A backwoodsman (he was born in a poor county farm near Poplarville, Miss.), Bilbo once introduced a bill in Congress recommending that the country's 13 million colored persons be shipped to Africa.

Later, in 1944, as Chairman of the Senate District Committee and "Mayor of Washington," he suggested that the 20 thousand alley dwellers i nthe nation's capital be shipped either to farms or to Africa.

Although Bilbo concentrated on attacking colored Americans, he did not leave the other minority groups alone.

Fear Evidence Toward End

Realizing his approaching downfall as attacks began pouring in upon him from people of all races, even the bigoted whites from his own section of the country, Bilbo became more and more vituperous and bitter.

And He Was a Philanderer Too

One series of counter-attacks brought forth the infamous groups of "Dear Dago" and "Dear Kike" letters. Condemned widely for his use of the epithets, Bilbo cowardly tried to explain that he meant no insult, but his protestations were in vain.

The man who couldnt get along with decent Americans couldn't get along with his second wife either. (His first had died after the birth of a child).

Sued for divorce on the grounds of "cruel and inhuman treatment," the second Mrs. Bilbo branded her husband as a philanderer, saying, "So many times he has lived with someone else—for a year—and returned."

The Senator got the divorce he requested but he had to settle $20,750 on his wife.

Honored by His "Equals"

The sentiment of the country was evidenced at his funeral on Saturday.

His body did lie in state and Senate and House delegations were present at the final rites, but the choice of those sent indicated perhaps more than anything that it was good riddance.

Not one Northerner was insulted by being asked to attend from the Senate. The group included only the following six Southerners:

Senators Eastland of Mississippi, McKellar of Tennessee, Hill of Alabama, Overton of Louisiana, Russell of Georgia, and Johnston of South Carolina.

In Line For Seat

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sat. 8-30-47

WASHINGTON — Will the malignant, race-baiting Senator Theodore Bilbo be succeeded by the notorious, Negro-hating Representative John E. Rankin?

This is the crucial question that has been sweeping the Nation following the death of the prejudice-dwarfed Mississippi Senator, and the announcement Saturday that his partner-in-hate, Representative Rankin, would be a candidate for the vacated senatorial seat.

Meanwhile, close observers of Mississippi's muddled political picture felt assured that Governor Fielding L. Wright would not appoint a successor to Bilbo for the interim period between now and the next election, Nov. 4. At that time a wide open battle for the Senatorial seat is expected, with the white supremacy bugaboo probably looming again as a factor, and Rankin as its most notorious champion.

Courier

Under the law, a special election to name a Senatorial successor must be held concurrently with the general State election, when such a vacancy occurs in a general election year.

Governor May Appoint Self

The Courier Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW YORK—Contacted by long distance telephone at his residence in Jackson, Mich., Sunday, Governor Fielding L. Wright told James E. Boyack, Courier correspondent, that he would not announce his decision on the replacement of Bilbo until after the Mississippi Senator's remains had been interred.

Sat. 8-30-47

The Governor said that he could appoint a successor immediately, or by default allow an open race for the vacancy in the general elections on Nov. 4.

Mr. Boyack, however, stated that he had learned from unconfirmed sources that Governor Wright was considering appointing himself to serve the five remaining years of Bilbo's term.

Rankin

"FEW REGRETS"

Pittsburgh Courier

Meanwhile, as Bilbo's remains were buried in Poplarville Saturday, the Washington Evening Star reflected the sentiment of America's advocates of real democracy in its editorial comment which said:

Sat. 8-30-47

"There are few who will regret the outcome (of his gamble with his life.) He was a shrewd and unscrupulous demagogue, appealing to the basest emotions . . . The things for which he stood have not received the formal repudiation which Senate action would have carried . . ."

33

SENATE JUST WAITED

The U. S. Senate played a waiting game in the Bilbo controversy, believing that death would play its trump-filled hand. And the Grim Reaper, always ready and eager to gamble, moved relentlessly in and removed the cancerous menace of "The Man" from the roster of the Nation's highest law-making body!

The Courier

The passing of the bias-spreading Mississippi Senator last week relieved the Republican Senate of the obligation to take definite action to expell Bilbo from Senatorial membership.

Pittsburgh Courier

CRUSADE RECALLED

Thus, too, when death stepped in, it made The Pittsburgh Courier's now-famous and prophetic campaign statement: "Bilbo Must Go!" come true!

Sat. 8-30-47

Coming on the crest of a wave of resentment created by The Pittsburgh Courier's intensive crusade to remove the insidious menace of Bilbo from the halls of the U. S. Congress, the Senate refused to seat the Mississippi Senator last January. But it failed to push its case against "The Man," even in the face of damaging evidence.

Instead, the Senate decided to take the gamble that death would remove the problem.

HATE POISONED

Bilbo's record was as consistently anti-liberal as well as anti-Negro. This proves that it is impossible to have the interests of the white electorate at heart so long as the mind is poisoned and perverted by hatred of the Negro constituency.

The Courier

In the last Congress in which he served—the seventy-ninth—the Mississippi Senator voted against every effort to retain the FEPC, as was to be expected, but he also voted against price control, the Patman Housing Act, the minimum wage proposal, the emergency employment act, the British loan, the confirmation of Aubrey Williams as director of the Rural Electrification Agency, and the measure to extend war powers.

Indoctrinated in the philosophy of telling Negroes what to do, Bilbo, when he became chairman of the Senate District Commission, boasted that he was "Mayor of Washington" and told District residents that, although they wanted to vote, he knew the vote was not good for them.

Pittsburgh Pa.

The lesson is obvious. A system which permits public servants to exploit racial hatreds and to become demagogic is as dangerous to white Americans as it is to Negro Americans.

Sat. 8-30-47

A Bilbo Memoir

Montgomery Advertiser Ala.

Wed. 9-3-47 FREDERICK SULLENS In The Jackson Daily News

This writer opposed the political ambitions of Senator Bilbo for 40 years, and wrote many salty and stinging things concerning him, yet was always on civil speaking terms with "The Man." In fact, Bilbo would not permit it to be otherwise. It seems that he regarded publicity in Mississippi's Greatest Newspaper as mighty important, even when it was unfavorable. This writer made many visits to Washington during the Roosevelt regime and was always given a cordial welcome in Bilbo's office. In fact, if this writer visited Washington and failed to call on Bilbo he felt much offended. This writer once asked Bilbo: "Why-in-the-hell don't you get mad about what I write about you?" To which he replied: "I never let political differences interfere with personal friendships."

This writer once asked Bilbo why he always wore a red necktie and red suspenders, accompanying the query with the suggestion that both were in violation of the sartorial code for a well-dressed man. With an impudent smile on his face he replied: "The red suspenders keep up my pants and the red necktie helps to keep up my courage." And that may have been a truth spoken in jest.

During the closing years of his life the name of Bilbo became almost synonymous with white supremacy in the South. This was because of his bitter opposition and marathon-like filibustering against anti-poll tax, anti-lynching and FEPC legislation proposed in Congress. Other Southern senators felt the same way on those subjects, of course, but Bilbo's pugnacity and ability to talk almost without limit put him in the forefront. And, incidentally, it was because of his advocacy of white supmeracy measures that he easily defeated several opponents in the Democratic primary last year. Thousands of the votes cast for him were those of men and women who had always opposed his previous fights for office.

Theodore Bilbo Passes

Columbia Record Columbia, S.C.

The death of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, who made himself the champion of white supremacy to win re-election to the United States Senate, settles the Bilbo issue.

33 Fri. 8-22-47

When the Congress met opposition developed to the seating of Senator Bilbo and something of a filibuster resulted, preventing any action. As a

turn to fight it out with the Republicans for his [illegible] seat. Fri. 8-22-47

But he never did and yesterday at New Orleans not made the mistake of giving him too much am[illegible] been defeated last year If his Northern critics had

Bilbo was paid his regular Senate salary for not [illegible] munition for his demagogic appeals to the Mi[illegible] this age, when even the [illegible] serving. He left Washington to go to New Or[illegible] death came to him. He did not belong to th[illegible] ans for an operation for cancer, vowing to re[illegible] people of Mississippi are b[illegible] sissippi voters. Columbia Record Columbia, S.C.

Now Mississippi has the opportunity to name another Senator who can reflect honor not discredit upon the state and the South.

The Man's Mantle

Millions of this generation Americans must have read the flash from New Orleans with a sigh of relief. Many undoubtedly murmured, "'The Man' is Dead—may *we* rest in peace." P. PA. Nov 44

The recent Sen. Theo G. Bilbo now lies alone at last in the protective shadow of the Juniper Grove Baptist Church. The vituperative rhetoric, the link-sausage epithets for which he was known in life, had been diminishing in the public ear ever since the U. S. Senate deprived him of its sounding board and banished him to his "Dream House," a remittance man on the bounty of the Federal taxpayer. There is, indeed, a lull, a quiet that is not the absence of sound, but one of peculiarly rasping sound, on the native scene. "The Man" has gone over Jordan to see how far the color line extends. Mon. 8-25-47

Perry

Six Candidates To Succeed Bilbo

Whether the ragged banner of the bloody shirt fell with him, will rest with him, or soon will rise again, the next wind that blows from Mississippi should tell. Already, every oracle from the Delta to the hills knows that the new Senator from Mississippi will be one of the six men named below, whose candidacies may be announced any minute:

¶ Paul B. Johnson, Jr., Hattiesburg attorney, runner-up in this Summer's primary in which Gov. Wright won the nomination to succeed himself.

¶ Tom Q. Ellis, clerk of the Mississippi Supreme Court, second to Bilbo in the Senatorial election last year.

¶ Judge Julian Alexander of the State Supreme Court.

¶ Circuit Judge John Stennis.

¶ First District Rep. John E. Rankin.

¶ Sixth District Rep. W. M. Colmer.

The names stand in the order of their probable strength at the polls in the November election. Johnson is the son of a governor who died in office. Ellis is a good after-dinner speaker, not so wise politically. The two jurists are men of middle age and conservative bent whose previous campaigns have afforded small indication of their attitudes toward the great questions of the times. Colmer is a dreary Russophobe who, having once interviewed Stalin, is given to "expert" statements as wild as they come. Rankin is Rankin—with less sex appeal outside his own district than might be supposed.

The six men differ in degrees of conservatism. The common denominator of them all will be the manner in which each seeks to tug upon himself a larger corner of "The Man's" mantle than the next.

Actually, the People Never Elected Bilbo

It will be said that this aping of the Bilbo flavor proceeds from a knowledgeable contest for the favor of "the people;" just as in a hundred careless Bilbo obits it has been said that "whatever his faults, the people of Mississippi always elected and re-elected him." Mon. 8-25-47

The truth is, of course, that the people of Mississippi have never voted for anybody for any office; just as—thanks to Bilbo's filibusters and the pusillanimousness of the U. S. Senate in the past (I hope it is past)—they will not have a voice in the choice of his successor.

The rising candidates will clutch for "The Man's" mantle—tie ribbons on his "white supremacy" jokes—because, in the most politically backward of the poll-tax states, the way to get elected is to pander to the sorriest prejudices of the rump electorate—as Bilbo showed them. That—the poll tax, and the premium on racial animus as an election technique—is "The Man's" legacy to his state.

And I record it merely as a caution: in order that—if the next Senatorial voice from Mississippi turns out to be no improvement over the one nature has stilled—the people of that state by and large, who will not even be consulted, may not be blamed.

SUCCESSOR TO BILBO

Record Columbia, S. C. 33
Wed. 9-3-47

The death of Theodore G. Bilbo, Senator-elect from Mississippi, does not eliminate the conditions that made his sorry career in public office possible.

Bilbo knew better than he talked or acted. He attended the University of Nashville, Vanderbilt university and the University of Michigan. Deliberately he adopted his pose of race hatred and his half-illiterate talk to cover up his education and to insure his election. He knew the lower level voters of Mississippi and made himself one of them, at least when he was in Mississippi. Playing on the fact that they are a proud people, intensely sensitive to outside criticism, he baited the Northern liberals with his appeals to demagoguery and race hatred in the Senate and his attacks upon the Negroes, the Jews and the foreign born, knowing that these attacks would provoke the inevitable reaction which would supply him with the evidence that he was being persecuted by the Northerners. In this manner he was able to insure his election, despite the scandals that plagued his career from beginning to end. Wed, 9-3-47

Before he died he betrayed his Mississippi rednecks, who had taken everything he said in the Senate for gospel, by giving out an interview to a Negro, Leon Lewis, editor of The Negro South. Other newspaper men were not allowed to see him, but Bilbo summoned Lewis in June and told him, among other things that he believed that "Negroes should have the right to the indiscriminate use of the ballot—and in Mississippi too, when their main purpose is not to put me out of office." He excused his attacks upon the Negroes on the grounds of self-preservation.

Maybe this last interview—Bilbo in it is still opposed to the elimination of segregation although he says "I hold nothing personally against Negroes as a race. God made them as they are and they should be proud of the God-given heritage."—will accomplish something to undermine the edifice of prejudice to the building and strengthening of which Bilbo devoted his life. But too much should not be expected from it. The interview doesn't have the ring of one of Bilbo's speeches and most of his redneck constituents will never hear of it and not believe it when they do. Others will take up the job that Bilbo lays down and some will even improve on Bilbo. And the Northern liberals, who have, of course, every right to criticise a Senator from Mississippi, will supply these successors to Bilbo with ammunition, which will insure their election and delay the day of the Negro's untrammeled participation in Mississippi's elections. The latest and present Mississippi system of preventing Negroes from voting is to allow them to vote if they subscribe to a statement of "principles" promulgated by the Democratic executive committee, swearing they are opposed to the federal anti-poll tax legislation, federal anti-lynching law, the F. E. P. C. and in favor of the "time-honored and cherished traditions of the South."

Among the candidates for Bilbo's unoccupied seat in the Senate is Representative John Elliott Rankin, author of the amendment to the House rules that created the un-American Activities investigating committee and almost as good as demogogue as Bilbo ever was, and certainly as persistent and nearly as vicious a champion of "white supremacy." Rankin isn't as well educated even as Bilbo. He holds a law degree from the University of Mississippi, but "Who's Who" lists no other educational institution that he ever attended, save the public schools of Mississippi.

Bilbo might have been defeated in the last election, if the Northern critics of Mississippi could have been restrained from helping him. It may, however, be more difficult now to defeat Rankin, who takes up the mantle that Bilbo cast aside and repented of. For a lot of water has gone under the dam since Bilbo's re-election, bitter and turgid waters they were, embittered with race hatred and swollen with fear.

But the days of such politics as Bilbo played are numbered. In every Southern state are men who speak out now. There are some in Mississippi and those who think like them are nearly a majority of the Mississippi voters. Race prejudice is playing out and going to pieces as the highway to election. It may be temporarily repaired in Mississippi by events since the at-

Record Columbia, S. C.
Wed. 9-3-47

Bilbo Heritage Angers Negroes

All over America have doubtless been incensed at the long, open hostility of (Bilbo) to the Negro, the man on whom the vast majority must depend for meat and bread, for keeping and caring for

No Will Is Discovered

No estimate of the value of the Bilbo estate has been made so far, nor has production of a will been announced.

It was stated that a search of Hattiesburg and elsewhere, Smith, children of the senator.

POPLARVILLE, Miss. Aug. 26.—(AP)—Senator Theodore G. Bilbo (D), Mississippi, who died in New Orleans Aug. 21, apparently failed to leave a will, Deputy Chancery Clerk H. K. Rouse said here today.

Rouse said that Chancellor Lester Clark, of Hattiesburg, would be asked to appoint an administrator to become producers and tax-of naming an administrator would discouraged white families, too, serted, however, that final action business men have been forced trator for the estate. It was as-or become eroded. Once pros-Rankin and others have done Bilbo said here today.

Thus Bilbo has contributed thousands of industrious, pro-await the arrival of Forrest Jack-Mississippi, leaving the farms son, attorney for the late senator.

Bilbo Dies Suddenly After 'Improvement'

The Courier-Journal-Louisville, Ky.
Fri 8-22-47

By the Associated Press.

New Orleans, Aug. 21.—Death came today for "The Man" Bilbo, ending a two-week fight for his life and stilling his strident claims to a seat in the 80th Congress as Mississippi's senior senator. He was 69.

The vinegar-tongued, wizened politician, who won election in 1946 on a platform of "white supremacy," succumbed suddenly at Foundation Hospital. It was a swift reversal of an apparent improvement yesterday when Bilbo sat up and declared he was "feeling fine."

Heart Failure Is Cause.

Physicians at the hospital gave "progressive heart failure" as the immediate cause of death. They said he never had rallied from an operation Monday for a blood clot on the lungs. The operation had been described as minor at the time, and consisted of tieing a vein to block the clot from the heart. Fri 8-22-47

Bilbo's nurse said no members of his family were in the room at the time of death. In the hospital, however, were his son, Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr., an instructor in the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Smith, and his secretary, Miss Mattie Foxworth.

Determined to Take Seat.

Fri 8-22-47

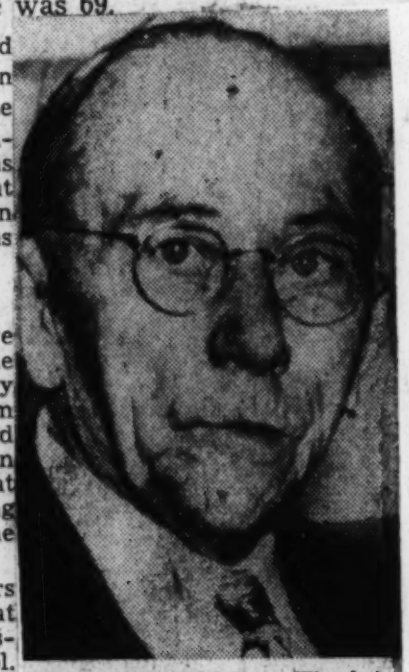
Center of bitter controversy, Theodore G. Bilbo maintained to the end his unqualified determination to take his seat in Washington. He denied charges that he had intimidated Negro voters in Mississippi's 1946 Democratic primary, and rejected allegations that he had accepted bribes from war contractors. Both accusations were made by Senate investigating committees.

He had entered Foundation Hospital August 7, suffering a nerve inflamation which caused partial paralysis. But his health had been failing steadily since last January, when he returned to Mississippi for treatment without being allowed to take his seat. He had undergone one mouth operation for cancer at New Orleans in 1946, and returned for another in January, and for a third in June. 33

Master of Scathing Filibuster.

Fri 8-22-47

A master of scathing filibuster and a rough-and-tumble fighter in debate, Bilbo became a synonym for "white supremacy."



Associated Press Wirephoto.
THEODORE BILBO
He publicly acknowledged membership in the Ku Klux Klan, and introduced legislation in Congress to ship 13,000,000 American Negroes back to Africa.

Bilbo's death means that Mississippi will elect two U. S. senators—a successor to Bilbo in a general election November 4, 1947, and a full-term senator in 1948 for the seat now held by James O. Eastland.

'I'll Live to Be 100.'

Bilbo was born October 13, 1877, at Poplarville, Miss.

His death ended a year-long struggle to overcome an illness so he might make good his boast, "I'll live to be 100, if some woman doesn't shoot me."

It also concluded the strangest, most colorful, and most powerful career in Mississippi politics.

It was more than 40 years ago when The Man decided he wanted comfort in life, and that it best could be obtained through a political career.

His political career began at the age of 22, when he ran for circuit clerk against a "one-armed Baptist preacher." On mule back, he visited four of the five districts in his county, speaking five and six times a day. But when the votes were counted, his opponent had won by 56 votes.

Served As Governor Twice.

It was then Bilbo arrived at the formula which later brought him more high offices from the people of Mississippi than were ever accorded any other man—one term as State Senator, one as lieutenant governor, two as Governor and three as United States Senator.

That formula he outlined in this way:

"If I knew at midnight before election day I had every vote in the state except one and that one was completely across the state from me, I would go there and solicit that vote—and I'd get it, too."

Over the nation Bilbo was known for his campaign for white supremacy, for his political trade-marks of a loud, red necktie, a diamond-studded horseshoe tiepin, and red galluses.

Quiet, Cultured At Home.

But in Mississippi he was known as a man whose character and beliefs were a strange mixture. Cold-blooded in his political actions, he was a man of personal kindness. Loud, profane, and sometimes bordering on the indecent in his stump speeches, he was quiet, gentlemanly, and cultured at home. His principal appeal was to the "red necks," or less educated white people of his state, yet Bilbo was a man of good education, possessed of a wide fund of general information, familiar with the classics as well as modern best sellers.

When Bilbo first decided upon a political career, he concluded he could not succeed unless he had education—at least more education than the people whose votes he would solicit.

With little money, he worked his way through three colleges—Peabody Institute and Vanderbilt (in the South) and the University of Michigan (in the North). Then he was ready to begin his upward climb. Fri 8-22-47

Turns Criticism to Advantage.

In 1907 he ran for the State Senate and was elected by a vote of 3 to 1. During that term he gained his first state-wide attention, when he was charged with having accepted a bribe in a secret caucus. When tried by the Senate, he was exonerated, winning by one vote.

Bilbo claimed he accepted the bribe to obtain evidence on the perpetrators of a scheme to swing the caucus to a certain candidate. Fri 8-22-47

Fresh from his victory in the Senate, Bilbo showed he had learned to turn adversity and criticism (senators had termed him "unfit to serve with gentlemen") to his own advantage. He ran for lieutenant governor (President of the Senate) and was elected. That was in 1911. Four years later he ran for Governor and again was successful.

He lost his first district race a few years later when he ran for Congress and suffered his first state-wide defeat when he ran for Governor, against Henry Whitfield, president of Mississippi State College for Women.

Leaves State Broke.

But in 1927 he hit the glory trail again and was elected Governor a second time. Again his election came after what most persons would consider adverse publicity. Bilbo made his announcement as a candidate from a jail where he was incarcerated for contempt of court when he refused to appear in court to testify against Governor Lee Russell, a former foe.

After Bilbo's second term as Governor, Mississippi was broke. There wasn't even enough money in the State till to buy postage stamps, much less enough to meet some hundreds of thousands of dollars of State warrants outstanding.

Bilbo was first elected to the United States Senate in 1934.

In 1940 Bilbo was renominated to the Senate, in a race with former Governor Hugh L. White. In 1946 he was again renominated and re-elected after a campaign in which Bilbo stressed white supremacy more than in any other. Fri. 8-22-47

Funeral Set for Tomorrow.

His tactics in this campaign later were the subject of a senatorial investigation, but moves to refuse him his Senate seat were based more on a subsequent investigation of his relations with war contractors.

Bilbo temporarily was denied his seat, but obtained a compromise which allowed him to draw his salary and allowances until such time as his health would permit him to fight his battle to the finish.

The body of Bilbo will lie in state tomorrow at the senator's "dream house" at Poplarville with a guard of honor of the Mississippi National Guard in attendance at the bier.

The funeral will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday at Juniper Grove Baptist Church, of which the senator was chief benefactor.

Bilbo will be buried in a cemetery at the church. His parents are buried there.

Bilbo Laid To Rest As Mississippians Pay

Birmingham News

Their Last Respects

Birmingham Ala.

POPLARVILLE, Miss., Aug. 23—(AP)—Mississippians paid their last respects Saturday to Sen. Theo G. Bilbo, the man to whom in life they had given more high elective offices than to any other. Sat 8-23-47

Among them were many prominent in the state's political life, but with them were also many of the people who had cast the votes which had so often given "The Man" victory at the polls—the farmers and merchants of small towns over the state.

His body, which lay in state Friday night in the "Dream House" he had built for his declining years, was moved Saturday morning to the church which he had fostered.

Funeral services were held in the Juniper Grove Baptist Church. The Rev. D. W. Nix, former pastor of the church chose for his sermon the text, "Have Fought the Good Fight; I Have Finished My Course; I Have Kept the Faith." Sat 8-23-47

Bilbo was laid to rest in a temporary vault pending construction of a mausoleum behind the church.

His body was brought from New Orleans, where he died Thursday. Accompanying the body were a Highway Patrol escort, an honor guard of national guardsmen and the senator's son and daughter, Lt. Col. Theo G. Bilbo, Jr., and Miss Jessie Bilbo. The Senator's sole surviving brother, John Bilbo, arrived shortly afterward.

Uncertainty still remained as to the disposition which will be made of the senator's properties — the Dream House with its unfinished swimming pool, its broad yards with their peacocks and guineas, Dream House Junior and its uncompleted lake, and his pecan groves and broad acres.

Those close to him said it was not known whether he had left a will. Sat 8-23-47

Bilbo's home was flooded with telegrams of condolences from throughout the nation. One of the first to arrive was from President Truman, addressed to the senator's son and daughter.

It read: "I have learned with regret of the sorrow that has come to you in the death of your father, who was my colleague in the Senate for 10 years and a faithful friend always. To you and to all who mourn with you I offer this assurance of heartfelt sympathy."

Body Of Bilbo Lies In State; Funeral Today

Montgomery Advertiser
Montgomery Ala.
Sat. 8-23-47

POPLARVILLE, MISS., Aug. 22.—(AP)—The body of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, who died in New Orleans yesterday, lay in state tonight in his sumptuous "Dream House" here, where he planned to spend his declining years.

The funeral cortege left New Orleans at noon and was met at Pearl River by a Mississippi highway patrol escort. At Poplarville a contingent of Mississippi national guardsmen joined the procession, serving as a guard of honor.

Accompanying the cortege were the senator's son, Lt. Col. Theodore G. Bilbo, Jr., and daughter, Miss Jessie Bilbo.

Only a scattering of "the man's" closest friends and neighbors awaited the arrival at the "Dreamhouse," where a large American flag flew at half mast from a front yard flagpole.

At the "Dreamhouse" eight, national guardsmen stood at present-arms, while six others bore the flag-draped casket into the house.

The funeral services to be held tomorrow at 2 p.m., when the simple funeral services will be conducted by the Rev. D. W. Nix, of Bogalusa, La., former pastor of the church, and

OBITUARY

Bilboism Is Not Dead Yet

Daily Worker - N.Y.

BILBO, as the symbol of the white supremacy, share-cropping system of the Black Belt, is gone.

But Bilbo is survived by more than his relatives; he leaves behind the system he defended. The Negro people and sincere democrats, North and South, dubbed that system the "Bilbonic Plague."

The "Bilbonic Plague" arises from the social flotsam riding the backwash of human slavery. It is a disease as dangerous to America as is the degenerate cell formations which led to Bilbo's death. Sat. 8-23-47

The system which Bilbo defended condemns millions to illiteracy. Child labor was, and is, one of its important props. The lynch rope and the mobster's gun are recruiting agents for its Negro labor force.

The political system which Bilbo symbolizes has been aptly described by Dr. Albert Burton Moore, a southern historian describing the 1876 elections. Sat. 8-23-47

"Rifles and shotguns carelessly juggled around by whites who lounged about the polls, or an occasional shot that kicked up the dust or sent a whining bullet through the air near the approaching Negro strongly suggested to him that the polls were not a safe place for him."

Bilbo helped to extend those conditions into 1946.

Bilboism was able to blight democracy because of its alliance with GOP reaction. Despite GOP shadow-boxing against Bilbo, the alliance was maintained and formed a majority bloc in Congress attacking the people's rights and welfare. Sat 8. 23-47

Bilbo's heritage still haunts too dangerously our embattled democracy. Bilboism is for pushing the clock back. It is a holdover from the dark ages ruling a large part of our country and despoiling the land and people.

The death of the Klansman, Bilbo, spotlights an urgent duty of every American democrat: to arrest the "Bilbonic Plague," to guarantee free elections for all Americans, to make the Constitutional right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness a reality.

Bilbo And Bilboism

The death of Theodore G. Bilbo removes from American public life a man it is easier to understand than to praise. It must be assumed that he has been dying for months—that the arrangement made last January when the Senate refused to let him be sworn in was in contemplation of his more or less early demise. Now the anticipated event has taken place. Bilbo is no more. Nothing is to be gained from denouncing him. His record rebukes itself. But much can be gained from trying to see him as the product and expression of his environment. It was what Bilbo meant in terms of Mississippi and the South which deserves earnest consideration.

Birmingham News

He attained political distinction in a state conspicuous for the low educational level it occupies. In a brochure published by the Committee on Education, U. S. Chamber of Commerce, in November, 1944, Mississippi stands at the bottom as to public school enrollment and expenditures, as well as to salaries of teachers. That is not to say that Mississippi has not striven to improve its position. It has recently shone by reason of its efforts to give an increasing share of its income to education. But its relative poverty makes that a heart-breaking business. Educationally, Mississippi still leads the rear and that is a point to bear in mind when we are thinking of Bilbo. Sun. 8-24-47

We have here the twin problems of ignorance and poverty, the twin problems of the South. As the resources of the region are developed, as a better balance of industry and agriculture emerges, as legislatures bring themselves to set up tax systems which are modern, fair and productive, the South will have more money for education. But that is for the future. During the interim the federal government must step in with financial aid to education. Without such relief, states like Mississippi will continue to languish, sending to Washington men like Bilbo and Rankin, who represent a solid mass of prejudice and unenlightenment at home.

* * *

It would be a mistake, of course, to bear down too heavily on this point. Bilbo also embodied in extreme degree the lowered tone and quality of the U. S. Senate since the change to popular election of its members. That was a step toward greater democracy, which is the same as saying that there are risks as well as advantages in our system of government. But when one compares John Sharp Williams with Theodore G. Bilbo, one is made aware of the shocking contrast between the past and the present. It is in a community like Mississippi, with its thin layer of culture on top and its seething mass of uneducated, untrained and ill-conditioned people at the bottom, that the popular choice of senators is most likely to eventuate in the sort of representation which Bilbo provided. Sun. 8-24-47

But senators will continue being elected by the people, and the remedy lies in another direction. Somehow Congress must be prevailed upon to regard education as a national function at least with respect to states which cannot reach the standards which are commonly accepted. But, in addition, states like Mississippi must move heaven and earth to improve their educational standards. They should be encouraged by the rest of the country in this enterprise of self-fulfillment, instead of being damned and harried for their sin of backwardness. Bilbo has gone, but Bilboism remains. It will not pass away as readily as might otherwise be the case, so long as it is looked upon by Americans generally as something to condemn rather than as something to be exorcised with the help and sympathy of the whole country.

Bilbo's Son Hinted As Successor In Final Rites For 'The Man

Montgomery Advertiser
Montgomery, Ala.

POPLARVILLE, MISS., Aug. 23.—(AP)—Senator Theodore G. Bilbo was laid to rest near here this afternoon, after funeral services at which it was suggested that his senatorial mantle should fall upon the shoulders of his son, Lieut. Col. Theo. G. Bilbo, Jr.

The suggestion was made by the Rev. D. W. Nix, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Bogalusa, La., formerly Bilbo's pastor. He offered it as an extemporaneous addition to a prepared sermon which he delivered in the Juniper Grove Baptist Church, of which Bilbo was the chief patron.

Concluding his sermon, he departed from his prepared text to add: "We are all wondering upon whose shoulders will fall his mantle. I would wish it to be upon the shoulders of his son, who would carry on his great work. But if it be not upon his, then it must be upon the shoulders of some other noble son of our state who will carry on his work."

In the 21-minute sermon he termed Bilbo the "champion of the cause of true Americanism; a martyr to the cause of Americanism." Sun 8-24-47

Nix, who was aided financially in his theological education by Bilbo, compared "The Man" to the apostle, Paul. Both, he said, had careers marked from their beginning with struggle and hardships. Sun. 8-24-47

"No man," he said, "fought more valiantly and more courageously for the things he knew to be right, and for the cause for which he literally lived . . . than this noble son of the state of Mississippi, this champion of the cause of true Americanism. His fight was one that was always mingled with humility and yet comparable only in courage with that of our forefathers who gave their all for the principles upon which our beloved nation has been erected.

"The motto of his great life in his struggle for right was in the words of our great Lord, 'vengeance is mine. I will repay. . . . His enemies were vicious cruel and ruthless. But his friends were faithful, devout, unretiring and numerous.

"In the last climatic months of his matchless career," Rev. Dr Nix said, "Bilbo was attacked by his enemies with greater determination than ever before. But he was undaunted and unafraid He refused to be discouraged by

A nationwide campaign against Bilbo was the major factor.

Negro and white pickets in front of his house forced Bilbo to assume strange disguises. He posed as a laundryman to get through the lines on one occasion. Fri. 8-22-47

Bilbo was the Senate's chief filibusterer against the Poll Tax Bills, which Rep. Vito Marcantonio and other progressives, put through the House, and against the Fair Employment Practices Committee.

His foul diatribes against Negro farm workers, political leaders, artists, and soldiers whose shoes he was not worthy to loose, still disgrace the Congressional Record.

No Bilbo is dead. But his departure will mean nothing unless Bilboism is wiped out in the South and in the Capitol in Washington.

By Art Shields

There won't be any mourning in the sharecroppers' cabins in Mississippi today—for "Filibuster" Bilbo is dead. Sen. Theodore G. Bilbo, the admitted of "white supremacy," segregation, disfranchisement and lynching, died in Foundation Hospital, New Orleans today at the age of 70. Daily Worker, N.Y.

Bilboism did not die with him, however. Rep. John E. Rankin of Bilbo's own state carries on the hate line as the No. 2 on the Un-American Committee.

And lynching and disfranchisement continue. Fri. 8-22-47

Bilbo died in the arms of Jim-crow.

His last published interview was an appeal for separation of white and colored people.

Bilbo's chief backing came from the cotton planters, who exploit many tens of thousands of share-

His job was to keep Negro and white sharecroppers divided, so that the landlords could rob them more safely. Fri. 8-22-47

Bilbo pretended, like Hitler, that he was championing the cause of the "common" white man. But the evidence indicated that he was a crook. At a recent hearing in Washington Bilbo was accused of taking presents from rich Mississippi war contractors.

PART OF LOOT

A sumptuous gray Cadillac, parked outside the hospital, where he died, was said to be part of his share of the loot. Fri. 8-22-47

Building materials for the "dream

MAJOR FACTOR

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Death-Bed Confession

Pittsburgh Courier World Atlanta, Ga.

In less than week before his death, Senator Theodore Bilbo in a belated death-bed confession, told a Negro editor that his tirades and protestations against justice and equality for Negroes were matters of "self-preservation" and that after all, Negroes should be accorded the right of the franchise as much so as any other segment of the population.

In many ways the confession betrays a tragic disillusionment which must inevitably come to any person whose entire career is spent in preaching hate, discord and at some points, violence, such as was his case. Sun. 8-24-47

We do not share the views of the Senator when he argues that such a course of action was taken as a matter of self-preservation. There are too many other and better ways of saving one's self. Throughout his career Mr. Bilbo exhibited a disturbing unfriendliness to Negro Americans as well as their hopes and aspirations. We do not take seriously, therefore, some death-bed confession as representative of the true Bilbo. For in 1927 when he was Governor of Mississippi he had a wonderful opportunity to demonstrate an inkling of his regards for Negroes, but he said when asked to put up a reward for the lynchers of a Negro youth, "Mississippi has neither the money nor the time" to be bothered with such a Negro. He wanted Negroes to go back to Africa. He summoned white Mississippians to take whatever steps necessary to prevent Negroes from voting in last Summer's primary elections. He was an arch foe of Negroes, minorities and against constitutional democracy. And while he may have been deeply sincere in his confession, it must be admitted that it came too late, save for the fact that others who pander to hate and white supremacy may learn something of the tragedy from which he suffered.

Bilbo

Black Dispatch, Okla. City, Okla.

Self preservation is the first law of nature, and this applies just as much to one's spiritual and material well being as it does to protection of the physical self. Humanity fights for life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness.

With this in mind, Negroes in America cannot honestly say they sorrow in the demise last week of Theodore G. Bilbo, the man who for many years in the powerful position as United States Senator spread fear in the hearts of millions of black Americans as to the permanent security of their citizenship and the general guarantees of American society.

But Bilbo was more than an individual. He was a vile political creature spawned in the environment of Mississippi's matters. It is reasonable to suppose that what he espoused in Congress for many years is fairly representative of the thinking of the average Mississippian, and that in the selection of Bilbo's successor there is danger of elevation to the Congress of another overbearing, dominating, loathsome character who will endeavor to force the morbidity of Dixie sectionalism upon the nation. Sat. 8-30-47

In this statement we would not have our readers to feel that there are not some fine, liberal, liberty-loving white people down in Mississippi. One could not know Hodding Carter, editor of the "Delta Democrat Times," and read his "Winds of Fear," without knowing that God still has righteous sentinels standing guard over justice, liberty and brotherhood in the midst of vicious demagogues and lynchers. We recall sometime ago in Atlanta, while attending a board meeting of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, we listened to one of the finest speeches on civil rights and functioning democracy we have ever heard, as it fell from the lips of a native white Mississippian.

But Bilbo, the hell-raiser, and his counterpart, Congressman Rankin, who still has life and vigor, represent in a large measure the sentiment in Mississippi that the constitution of the United States should be set aside. They represent the rebellious South that still feels aggrieved that Abraham Lincoln set the Negro free, and that the government, through the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments gave the millions of Negroes in this country constitutional freedom. These rebels are still, in violation of their oaths as citizens, attempting to circumvent, evade and set aside the civil liberties of the blacks.

There is grave danger because of this diseased, cancerous growth in the Mississippi community that another panderer to unreasoning passions will be elevated to office. We buried Bilbo this week from the Juniper Grove Baptist church, but we did not bury with him the infamous and detestable spirit extant around Juniper Grove that makes places in public life for demagogues such as the man who was denied a seat in the Senate because of his malfeasance in office.

Race prejudice is so rampant down in the "Bible Belt" that men and women who vote do not take time to develop the wisdom of folk in the cattle country. You know out west for many years the slogan has always been "kill a cattle thief wherever you find him, for if he rustles the other fellow's cattle he'll rustle mine." Many times we honestly believe dishonest men are elected to office down in the Southland, whose positive intention is to rob the total community, but they hide their real and criminal intentions under a popular banner. They wave the American flag while at the same time shout "Nigger!" There is no other way to understand the peculiar phenomena allowing Bilbo to get away with open larceny down in his home state, and still carry a popular following. Sat. 8-30-47

Well, man appoints and God disappoints. Bilbo, even while lying on his hospital bed, is reported to have uttered oaths and said he would return to Congress. He had planned to return next term and demand his place in that high legislative tribunal. It will ever remain a blot upon the escutcheon of the Senate to remember that there was not enough moral courage in the body in 1946 to spew this foul man, root and branch, from the greatest deliberative body on earth.

Bilbo was the embodiment and the symbol of all that is vicious and uncivilized in jim crow, disfranchisement, segregation and lynching. He even advocated action by the mob during his last campaign for the Senate. He advised his friends and supporters to ignore the constitution, and he was unquestionably the type of character such as Hitler, who may some day destroy this nation. Someone has previously said that if Fascism ever invades the United States it will anchor itself first in the former slave states of the South. Huey Long was almost a Hitler and Bilbo was of the same stripe and mold.

Well, 13,000,000 blacks are still here, even though the late Senator Bilbo futilly introduced congressional bills to ship them all back to Africa. Instead, God has shipped "The Man" somewhere, heaven knows. We feel in death just as we felt in life, only pity for such a hateful, detestable creature. May God have mercy on his soul.

"Lewis and (Bilbo) Talk"

131-Country Gentleman, Thur. 8-28-47

SAY BILBO'S COMPLETE, LAST INTERVIEW

(The following interview is the last and only given to any reporter by the late Senator Theodore Bilbo on his death bed in Foundation Hospital in New Orleans, La. The interview is complete as recorded by Leon L. Lewis, editor of the "Negro South" magazine. Bilbo denied white reporters the opportunity of getting his last story . . . Editor's Note.)

LEWIS: Say, Senator, you know I'm really proud of this opportunity to talk with you. In fact I've heard so much about you that my curiosity has been at a very high pitch.

BILBO: Well, Lewis, people always talk about a great man, even if they don't like or agree with him.

LEWIS: You mean that you actually feel it is great to be talked about, as I've heard some people talk about you?

BILBO: Unless a person can be talked about one way or the other, they don't mean very much in public life.

LEWIS: What I really want to know is what do you

hate about Negroes or why do you fight their progress so determinedly?

BILBO: You are wrong there, young man; I don't hate people, nor do I deliberately fight their progress. Don't think I have a right to defend myself against any attack launched against me and to defend what I honestly believe is right?

LEWIS: Sure, but didn't you start the fight against Negroes, some years ago?

BILBO: No, I didn't start any fight against your people. In fact I feel I've done more for their progress in Mississippi than any other individual, especially before I became a target for their blasting. Thurs. 8-28-47

LEWIS: Do you honestly feel that Negroes should be sent in Africa and why?

BILBO: To me it is just plain common sense. If I didn't like a place and its mode of doing things, I'd leave and go somewhere where I could be happy and shape things to my liking. In fact, I feel that if Negroes would do more to actually contribute to bettering their own condition, stop begging the white man for this and that, they would find much less dislike to rave over. And further, I believe if they work together within their own group, much more could be

accomplished for the benefit of all. Although I am honestly against the social inter-mingling of Negroes and white, I hold nothing personally against Negroes as a race, God made them as they are, and they should be proud of the God-given heritage—I am proud of mine. And another thing—.

LEWIS: But, Senator, do you actually believe Negroes are responsible for race inter-mingling?

BILBO: That is not for me to answer and makes little difference as to my stand on the question. If Negroes generally had something in cultural progress to contribute to my race' I would not feel this way—but you must agree that, generally they don't.

LEWIS: You mean to tell me that there are no racial strains or traits in the Negro that would contribute to your own.

BILBO: Emphatically not. If that was so, Negroes would not be so eager to imitate us, our culture and habits.

LEWIS: Do you believe Negroes are actually inferior to whites?

BILBO: That's the usual way of putting it; but I suppose it's not a physical or mental inferiority, but more of a cultural and habitual difference. And frankly, I don't want to be black, and would respect them more if they didn't want to be white. When a man wants to be like me, naturally, I feel I am better than he is. Thurs. 8-28-47

LEWIS: Why do you fight Negroes politically?

BILBO: For the same reason you would fight those who try to take your job. Self preservation is the first law of nature.

LEWIS: Do you believe Negroes should be allowed indiscriminate use of the ballot?

BILBO: Yes, and in Mississippi, too, when their main purpose is not to put me out of office. And when they won't be influenced by those who try to besmire the reputation of my state, my home.

LEWIS What are your plans if you do not win your Senate seat?

BILBO: I have no plan for such a situation. First of all, I'll win my Senate seat, whenever I am well enough to resume the fight. Then I will take up my usual fight for adequate national consideration in the South and against Northern dictatorship and adverse propaganda.

LEWIS: Senator, the nurse says I'll have to go now, but I would like to know your honest opinion, if you have one, on the question of inter-racial unity in the progress and development of the South. Thurs. 8-28-47.

BILBO: There is no question in my mind as to the possibility, if outside interference is stopped and Negroes became actually interested in their own progress and that of the south in general. There is room for all of us in the south to progress without pushing me and many other southerners who have definite social belief, aside. There are hundreds of Negroes in Mississippi who have learned this and believe me we are proud of the progress they are making and the contribution they have made to the state in general. I hope you will look in on us in Mississippi sometimes.

LEWIS: Thanks, for the interview, Senator.

Farewell to 'The Man'

After sixty-nine years of fantastic, demagogic, opportunistic and pestiferous existence in this mortal coil Theodore G. (The Man) Bilbo of Poplarville, Miss., died at Foundation Hospital in New Orleans last week and thereby took a heavy load off the United States Senate and the intelligent people of this Nation.

The passing of Bilbo, whose tempestuous career is too well known to our readers to warrant re-telling, is at once a promise and a warning.

It is a promise that this type of demagogic politician who rose to power on the dung heap of Negrophobia is passing from the scene, even in Mississippi, where such creatures have easily risen to leadership in the past, and that we have probably seen the last of his type for some time to come.

On the other hand it is a warning that there is always a chance for such opportunists to obtain power because they appeal to the baser instincts of the human race.

From 1903, when he first ran for public office in Mississippi, that State and the country have been cursed with the Bilbonic plague. Pittsburgh, Pa.

A well-educated and resourceful fellow, he deliberately catered to the most ignorant, moronic and sadistic elements in Mississippi in order to gain power, and despite the fact that he was several times trapped in his machinations and skullduggeries he was usually clever enough to make capital of his adversities and return to office.

Had he lived, however, it is unlikely that the United States Senate would have accepted him as a re-elected member in view of his involvement with war contractors and his flouting of the law of the land by urging that Negro citizens be kept from the polls by force. Editorial

His passing was therefore a relief to the U. S. Senate, which was thus freed from the embarrassment of passing upon his qualifications, and to the people of the country at large who had long been angered by his ignorant and un-American activities in that august body.

So Bilbo has gone to whatever his reward may be and it is to be fervently hoped that his like will never again disgrace the American scene. Sat. 8-30-47

CHALLENGE TO MISSISSIPPI

Afro-American

Those solid Mississippi citizens, who have the interest of their State at heart, have received a direct challenge in the death last Thursday of Senator Theodore G. (Runt) Bilbo.

Already there is talk that Rep. John Rankin, who, many insist, can "out-Bilbo Bilbo," has indicated that he has been "urged" to seek the Senate seat which was still in dispute when Bilbo died. This would insure the injection of the "white supremacy" issue in Mississippi politics again.

Most of us will agree that it was not so much Bilbo himself but the things for which he stood which rankled us. These are the things which the best citizens of Mississippi can bury along with Bilbo. Baltimore, Md.

The death of this arch racist and rabble rouser removes one more of the bloc which included Louisiana's Huey Long, Georgia's Eugene Talmadge and Virginia's Dr. W. A. Plecker.

Intimates of Governor Fielding Wright have made it clear that he has no intention of appointing a successor to Bilbo for the interim period until the next election on November 4. Sat. 8-30-47

Mississippi law provides that when a Senatorial vacancy occurs in a year in which a general election is scheduled, a special election to name a successor must be held concurrently with the State election.

To get his name on the ballot, a candidate must have the signatures of 50 voters in each county on petitions filed with the county election commissioner.

It is here that the best citizens of Mississippi have their chance.

If they are interested in wiping out the blot which Bilbo placed upon their State, they will see to it that they put up a candidate worthy of the office.

Considering the small actual vote cast in previous Mississippi elections, it should not be hard for such a candidate to win. Herein lies the challenge.

We are glad that Bilbo's gone but we certainly don't want a successor who'll be just as bad. There must be many more who are better.

fore the bar of justice. As to his resting place we dare not pass judgment. The good book says, "just so a tree falls— there it lies". That man Bilbo lived a life of bigotry and hatred. We are persuaded that any character of this kind is no place after death with those who love their fellowmen.

BILBO LOSES LAST FILIBUSTER

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 29-47

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but exceedingly fine". That man Bilbo is dead. He has been summoned by that tribunal which turns a deaf ear to the pleas of tricksters, demagogues, and cheaters. Filibustering failed to stay the hand of death. All men must die. Before the judgment seat of the tribunal, which we have been taught that all men must pass, and there give an account of the deeds of this life, we imagine that ex-senator Theodore G. Bilbo, tried all the tricks in the bag trying to outwit justice at the brink of death.

His pleas that he was a strong advocate of white supremacy and that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan and his

Bilbo's Will Is Declared Invalid

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 5—(AP)—A 22-year-old will made by Sen. Theo G. (Bilbo) "is not a will as equal beneficiaries. If the will is invalidated, the estate will be divided equally between the son and daughter.

The will was made in 1925, a Masonic official said, when Bilbo drafted it in accordance with Scottish rite requirements as he advanced in Masonry.

When Bilbo and his second wife were divorced in 1938, he made a settlement of $20,750 on her, which under court order, was to be "final and irrevocable . . . in full final settlement of any, every and all claims and demands upon . . . (Sen. Bilbo) or his property for alimony, support and maintenance, attorneys' fees or property settlement."

its contents. The attorneys advised me it is not a will and was revoked by a property settlement the senator made on his wife in 1938."

The will named the senator's wife, Mrs. Lillian R. Gaddy Bilbo, his son, Lt. Col. Theo G. Bilbo, Jr., and his daughter, Miss Jessie Bilbo.

Child Prodigy Succumbs To St. Louis Heat

Chicago Defender Sat 7-12-47

ST. LOUIS — Heat prostration claimed the life of 8-year-old Paul Lawrence Banks last week, the lad who attracted national attention in his through leading medical journals.

Little Paul received space in such periodicals as Time and Newsweek magazines after an examination at the Children's hospital here where he was found to be suffering from Progeria (aging before time).

A brilliant student at the John Marshall Elementary school here, Paul's I. Q. was 120. At the age of eight, Paul weighed 23 pounds, 11 ounces, and was 33 inches tall. Relatives said he never crawled, but made his first steps before he was a year old.

Final rites were held at Visitation Parish after he collapsed at his home at 4263 W. Aldine ave. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Banks, three brothers and six sisters.

St. Louis GOP Leader Dies

Chicago Defender. Sat

Ralph A. Turner Succumbs At 63

9-20-47

By R. C. FISHER

ST. LOUIS — (ANP) — Funeral services for Ralph A. Turner, one of Missouri's Republican political giants, who died at Homer G. Phillips Hospital last Friday, following a lingering illness, were held at Gates Funeral Home last Monday morning. Rev. Russell Brown, pastor of St. Paul AME Church, conducted the religious services and delivered the funeral oration.

The remains of the deceased politician lay in state at the funeral home last Sunday from 5 to 10 p.m., where a throng of people of both races and of all walks of life viewed the body of one whom they highly respected. He was the first sergeant-at-arms for the St. Louis lawmaking body—Board of Aldermen—and the first of his race to serve in this city as a deputy constable.

Born in St. Louis, Turner was 63 years old. He received his education in the public schools of St. Louis and Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo. Sat 9-20-47

In recent years he was affiliated with the Universal Life Insurance Company of Memphis as an auditor. Last June he was appointed deputy circuit clerk in the office of the Circuit Court of St. Louis.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Pearl Turner, survivors include two daughters, Mrs. Sara Chandler of St. Louis and Mrs. Ernest Evans of Louisville.

Face to Face

Worker, New York, N.Y.

City Councilman Peter Cacchione— The Man and Citizen, as I Knew Him

By Benjamin J. Davis
Member of the New York City Council

33 N.Y.

A DISASTROUS LOSS has been suffered by the working class and common people of America, and by the Communist Party, in the untimely death of Comrade Peter V. Cacchione. We are too close to him to evaluate fully the gap that this mighty spirit has left in our ranks. History alone can mark a proper epitaph. But in the City Council, in the Communist Party, and among the people of Brooklyn who three times and with increasing votes sent him to represent them, his absence will soon enough be felt.

Sun. 11-14-47

It is too little known that Peter V. Cacchione was the leader of the perennial battle to save the five-cent fare. Others who also became vigorous opponents of a raise in the nickel fare, sometimes got the sole credit. But it was Pete who personally symbolized the vision and leadership of the battle, organizing and inspiring others to struggle and doing so through a tireless mobilization of facts, of mass pressure, of evidence, that the bankers and real estate interests could not ignore.

The present Muzzicato state law, which gives the voters of New York the right of referendum on any raise in fare, was largely a result of the avalanche of protests Pete inspired against the greedy Wall Street bondholders. His testimony at the Board of Estimate hearing last February, before the Mayor and the Board decided to betray this people's cause, was of such excellence that some of the same men, who now lead the betrayal, thanked him for his valuable contributions. The millions of subway riders and straphangers will miss Pete now.

Sun. 11-14-47

PETE possessed a genius for knowing what the workers and their families needed and wanted and he marshalled the facts—he dug up the truth from the burial place to which the financial plunderers had hidden it—to use it in behalf of the people. He had, despite severely defective eyesight, a remarkable mastery of the financial and governmental structure of the city, state and nation. His encyclopaedic knowledge on the number of housing units needed by the veterans and their families, the catalog of births and deaths in New York in any given year, the utility rates in every major city of the country, and a dozen additional fields settled many a controversial point in the City Council.

Sun. 11-14-47

Few bills of Pete, or any other progressive councilmen, ever were passed. But his presence in the Council was a people's searchlight trained upon every act of the Council, and his enormous influence was indelibly stamped on every progressive measure enacted by that body.

* * *

PETE was a worker and he lived and breathed the ups and downs of the working man and his family. He remained close to the people, and nothing could break his ties with them. Each new penny that milk climbed higher, was another pinch of exploitation that he with millions of workers felt so bitterly in the thirties, and it sent him into a rage. The beating of a little Jewish boy or the lynching of a Negro, he felt upon his own back.

The only battles between us in the City Council would be when I, instead of he, would rise to the defense of the Negro people. Once, when one of the Councilmen objected to a resolution on Negro History week, Pete took the floor and for 20 minutes outlined the 300-year history of Negroes in America in such a manner that the whole Council was spellbound. The astounded parliamentarians, overwhelmed by Pete's scholarship, forgot to avail themselves of the 10-minute limit on debate. The resolution passed.

Pete's rise was the rise of the American working class to new heights of political consciousness. He represented the highest type of workingclass and Communist leadership.

Pete was a statesman. Having the modesty and basic soundness of his class, he infused with that the science of Marxism-Leninism, and transformed it into the first victory of a Communist elected to public office in the United States. He was a symbol of the greatness of the American workingclass and its potentialities. He was, above all else, a revolutionary with an unshakable confidence in the victory of socialism.

The tributes paid to him upon his death will never be forgotten. Neither will the slanders that the vile monopolist press and its agents heaped upon him and his party be forgotten. We shall struggle on for peace, security and democracy—for the America and its people he loved so well. We shall be unsparing in the fight against fascism and war. Few men enjoyed as I did, the privilege of working so closely with such a great American. His name will endure when the flow of history shall have washed away the names of the lilliputians that now misrule the destiny of America!

Peter V. Cacchione

33 N.Y.

PETE is dead.

Our comrade Pete Cacchione died fighting, as he lived. As a war vet he fought with his buddies for the bonus against Hoover. He spoke on street corners for the welfare of his fellowman, as Gene Debs did before him. He was everywhere where his fellow-Americans were fighting for decency and freedom. He was an American Communist, proud of his country, tireless in working for his beloved Brooklyn, his community.

Daily Worker

He fought for good government, for PR, for the homeless, the injured, the poor. He wanted the children of his community to have food, sunshine, play, housing, and he fought for these things.

Fri. 11-7-47

He was inspired by the vision of a wonderful America, where socialism would bring happiness to all. His day-and-night activity for these things killed him.

This good man, this generous American patriot, the Red-baiters slandered as a "foreign agent," as a "conspirator."

New York, N.Y.

Pete despised these evil forces, and defied them.

In our grief, which is shared by thousands who knew him, respected him, even when they did not agree with him, we take new courage from the comradeship of Pete, whom we will not see again.

Daily Worker.

RALPH W. BULLOCK

12-2-0-47

RALPH W. BULLOCK, 52, OFFICIAL OF Y. M. C. A.

Ralph Waldo Bullock, program and research director for the Colored Work Division in the National Y. M. C. A., died at his home, 1729 Paulding Avenue, the Bronx, Thursday afternoon after a long illness. His age was 52.

Born in Henderson, N. C., son of Alexander A., a school teacher, and Mrs. Annie Marrow Bullock, Mr. Bullock was graduated from Knoxville (Tenn.) College and Columbia University. He taught school at Henderson Institute and later was secretary for the Y. M. C. A. at Evanston, Ill. In 1925 he joined the national staff in New York.

Mr. Bullock was a delegate to the World's Conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Helsinki, Finland, in 1926. From 1935 to 1938 he was employed jointly by the Y. M. C. A. and the National Youth Administration in Atlanta.

He leaves his wife, Mrs. Viola Livingston Bullock, whom he married at Gary, Ind., in 1923; a son, Wendell; a brother, Dr. Roscoe C. Bullock of Fall River, Mass., and two sisters, Mrs. Maggie Brown of Henderson and Mrs. Eva Graves of New York.

T. ARNOLD HILL DIES, SOCIAL WORKER, 58

The New York Times Mon 8-4-47

Former Urban League Official Champion of Equal Rights for Negro in Industry

(33) N.Y. Mon-8-4-47

T. Arnold Hill, who had been with the National Urban League from 1914 to 1940, and was a leader in social work among Negroes for more than thirty years, died on Friday, in Cleveland, after a brief illness, it was announced here yesterday. He was 58 years old.

Mr. Hill was a member of the New York State Board of Social Welfare from 1936 to 1946, and was active in other state and Federal welfare groups. Recently he had been chairman of the Southwest Harlem Neighborhood Council, Inc., and had been associated with Fisk University in a special vocational guidance project. He was a member of the executive committee of the State Conference of Social Work and a member of the American Association of Social Workers. Mon-8-4-47

Born in Richmond, Va., the son of Reuben and Irene Robinson Hill, he was graduated from Virginia Union University, Richmond, in 1911 with an A.B. degree. Three years later he came to New York to serve as assistant to the executive secretary of the National Urban League, and he continued in connection with the league until 1940.

Secretary of Chicago Unit

In 1917 he went to Chicago, as western field secretary of the national organization and executive secretary of the Chicago Urban League. When the national league organized its department of industrial relations, Mr. Hill became its director, serving until his resignation. He was acting executive secretary of the National Urban League from 1933 to 1936.

A champion of equal rights for Negro workers, Mr. Hill asked in 1926 in a letter to William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, that Negroes be included in the federation's drive to organize workers in the South. Years later, he was a member of a citizens advisory committee to aid the State, County and Municipal Workers of America, CIO, to organize Civil Service workers. During the depression he was a member of the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, the National Conference of Fundamental Problems in the Education of Negroes and the New York Governor's Commission on Unemployment Relief. Mr. Hill served also on the industrial relations panel of the New York State Board of Mediation, and in 1940 was a member of the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy. Mon-8-4-47

Special Assistant in OPA

Among variaus Federal posts he held were those of examiner and special agent for the United States Employment Service, consultant to the Works Progress Administration in 1938 and 1939, assistant director of the Office of Negro Affairs of the National Youth Administration, 1940 to 1942, and special assistant in the Office of Price Administration, 1942 to 1945.

Last year, as chairman of the Southwest Harlem Neighborhood Council, Mr. Hill had urged the rebuilding of the area bounded by 110th Street and 125th Street between Fifth Avenue and Morningside Park. He called for "an end to Harlem as a place for Negroes alone."

Mr. Hill leaves a widow, the former Sara O. Henderson; two sons, T. Arnold and Charles Pinyon; a brother, R. Tabb Hill of New York, and two sisters, Mrs. Constance Marteena and Mrs. Naomi Simmons of Greensboro, N. C.

A funeral service will be held in Richmond on Wednesday.

T. Arnold Hill, 58, Dies in Cleveland

The Afro-American Baltimore, Md. Sat-8-9-47

RICHMOND—Former industrial relations secretary of the National Urban League, T. Arnold Hill, 58, died in Cleveland on Friday after a week's illness. His wife, Mrs. Sara O. Hill, who had come from New York, was at his bedside when he died. Funeral services will be held at the C. P. Hayes Funeral Home here on Wednesday at 2 p.m. At the time of his death, Mr. Hill was working on a vocational education research project for Fisk University.

T. Arnold Hill

With League 26 Years

A native of Richmond, Mr. Hill began his 26 years of service with the Urban League in 1914. From 1917 to 1925, he was executive secretary of the Chicago unit, leaving there to become director of industrial relations at the national office in New York.

Acting executive secretary of the league from Nov. 1, 1933, to March 31, 1936, he served during 1938 as consultant with the Works Progress Administration in Washington. He resigned from the league in 1940.

Immediately afterward, he was made assistant director of the colored division of the National Youth Administration under Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune. Between 1942 and 1945, he was special assistant to OPA Chief Chester Bowles.

Recognized as Expert

Recognized as one of the country's leading social workers and experts in the field of labor relations, Mr. Hill served on many commissions and committees through appointment by State and Federal Government. Among the bodies on which he served as a member were:

The New York State Board of Social Welfare (1936 to 1946), the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership (1932); Sat-8-9-47

The New Yorker State Governor's Commission on Unemployment Relief (1934-1936), the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy (1940), and the advisory committee on welfare for the New York World's Fair, 1939.

Worked with USES

He was a special agent for the United States Employment Service from 1927 to 1933; and examiner for the service from 1918 to 1920.

At the time of his death, he was chairman of the Southwest Neighborhood Council, New York City; a member of the executive committee of the New York State Conference of Social Work; and a member of the American Association of Social Workers.

The son of the late R. T. Hill and Mrs. Irene Hill of this city, Mr. Hill was graduated from Virginia Union University, which also conferred an honorary degree upon him, and from Columbia University. Later he studied at New York University.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by two sons, T. Arnold Jr. of Los Angeles and Charles T. of New York City; two sisters, Mrs. Naomi Simmons and Mrs. Constance Marteena, both of Greensboro, N.C.; and a brother, R. Tabb Hill of N.Y.C.

T. Arnold Hill Passes in Ohio

Pittsburgh, Pa. 33

Sat 8-9-47 Courier

NEW YORK—(T. Arnold Hill) expert in labor and vocational guidance and longtime executive of the National Urban League, died Aug. 4, from coronary occlusion in Cleveland, Ohio.

Confined to bed for the past week, it is reported that Mr. Hill was chatting with his wife, Mrs. Sara Hill, who had flown from New York to be near him, when the attack took place. His remains will be interned at his birthplace, Richmond, Va. The Hills' residence is 1945 Seventh Avenue.

Fiorello H. La Guardia

Fiorello H. LaGuardia was one of the best mayors New York ever had. He was a true liberal and considered Harlem an important part of Manhattan.

Most people recall the reign of Jimmie Walker as marking the real hey day of the metropolis. Walker was dapper, colorful, a "wise-cracker" and typically big time.

The greatest parades and demonstrations and hoopla ever seen in the great city were staged under his administration. Kings and queens, channel swimmers and trans-Atlantic fliers were all given grand welcomes by him.

New York also had its greatest gang wars, speakeasies, millionaire racketeers and crime waves in which the police were tied in. For the Roaring Twenties, Jimmy Walker was just what the doctor ordered.

But when depression struck, New York and the rest of the world had no stomach for floss and tinsel. They needed a hard-headed, practical liberal, with the interests of the people at heart. They needed bread and work, not parades and glamour.

LaGuardia got down to grass roots and gave a clean, wholesome administration. Walker was as much out-of-tune with the bust days as silent Cal Coolidge would have been.

Silent Cal was okay when times were good, when the man in the White House was just a figurehead; but when times got tough, the Nation did not want silence. It wanted talk and action.

We wanted talk and action. Franklin Roosevelt gave the people both. Fireside chats to keep their courage up and "made-work" to put some money in their pockets.

Both Roosevelt and LaGuardia were men of the hour; and both the Nation and New York were fortunate that they came along together.—RALPH MATTHEWS.

LaGUARDIA REGIME—A new day dawned for minorities in New York City when the late Fiorella H. LaGuardia became mayor. He is shown above as he swore in Hubert Delaney as judge in the court of domestic relations. Mrs. Nancy J. Delaney, mother of Judge Delaney, was present.

LAGUARDIA, THE LITTLE FLOWER

Fiorella H. LaGuardia, affectionately known to millions as the "Little Flower" is dead.

When he stepped into office as New York's mayor in 1934 there were only two colored judges on city courts. Charles E. Toney and James A. Watson. Twelve years later when he retired, there were eight.

He had appointed four, namely Jane Bolin, Myles Paige, Vernon C. Riddick and Hubert T. Delaney. Of the other two, one, Irvin C. Mollison was named to the U.S Customs Court by President Truman and the other, Francis Rivers, was appointed by Gov. Thomas Dewey.

But Mr. LaGuardia's appointment of four judges does not tell the whole story. Before he was sworn in, there were few colored civil service workers and no firemen. He changed all of that, adding hundreds of Harlem residents to the city's payrolls and opening doors that had remained tightly closed before.

He had many firsts. His appointment of Police Lt. Samuel Battle to the city parole commission and his open and consistent espousal of the rights of minorities made him both hated and feared by the bigoted and intolerant.

On one occasion a group of ministers attempted to thank him for his interest in their welfare. The 'Little Flower' shook his head and said:

"I don't think a man should get a medal just because he recognizes the legal rights of another man."

During his long administration, he made a record praised by all groups of people in America's largest city, and throughout the nation. He did not know any racial lines in the performance of duty and was too busy doing his job to permit the interference of petty prejudices.

He was a great American whose passing leaves a vacancy in our national life that will be extremely difficult to fill.

THE GREAT LITTLE MAYOR, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who appointed these three Negro judges, died in New York last Saturday. The first major U.S. official to give such high recognition to Negro attorneys, Butch LaGuardia named (left to right) Judge Myles Paige, Special Sessions court; Judge Hubert Delany and Judge Jane Bolin of the Court of Domestic Relations. Judge Bolin was the first Negro woman judge in the world and still is. All receive $12,000 annually.

THE LITTLE FLOWER

There have been few men in public life in America who could give or take as much abuse as former Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York City. He fought a hundred little wars, many of his own making, and won most of them for the benefit of the common people whom he loved. Some of his critics tried to dismiss him as a clown and still others pictured him as a ruthless character who only gave lip service to our democratic ideals.

It is noteworthy, however, that many of the newspapers which fought him so vigorously during his lifetime changed their opinions upon the shocking news of Mr. LaGuardia's death. Friend and foe alike admit today that the "Little Flower" was indeed a tower of strength for our democracy and brought untold benefits to the people of New York and the nation.

He was a true friend of Negro Americans and he demonstratd it throughout his active and fruitful political life. He appointed many colored citizens to high office and gave New York City three of the most democratically run administrations that it has ever had. Mr. LaGuardia lived for years on the edge of Harlem and counted hundreds of Negroes among his closest friends. During the last so-called Harlem riot, the "Little Flower" personally appealed to the citizens to keep the peace and almost single-handedly restored order. He was better known among Harlemites than many of the Negro leaders.

New York and the nation will greatly miss the fiery little champion of the underdog. The vast improvements he made, the great construction programs and the public works, in New York and the great civic spirit he inspired constitute a rich legacy left by the Little Flower. His memory will long remain enshrined in the hearts of all of us everywhere.

Atlanta Ga. Daily World

Jimmie Lunceford's saxophone is stilled, and the college-trained maestro, who won fame as leader-organizer of one of America's first Negro 'name' bands, leaves behind a wealth of contribution to the world of jazz music. Tues. 7-15-47

Mr. Lunceford died suddenly Saturday night in Oregon following a presentation of his famous 'Harlem Express' band. Cause of death is not immediately determined, and will not be known until after an autopsy is performed. However, it is reported he died of natural causes enroute to a hospital following a sudden collapse.

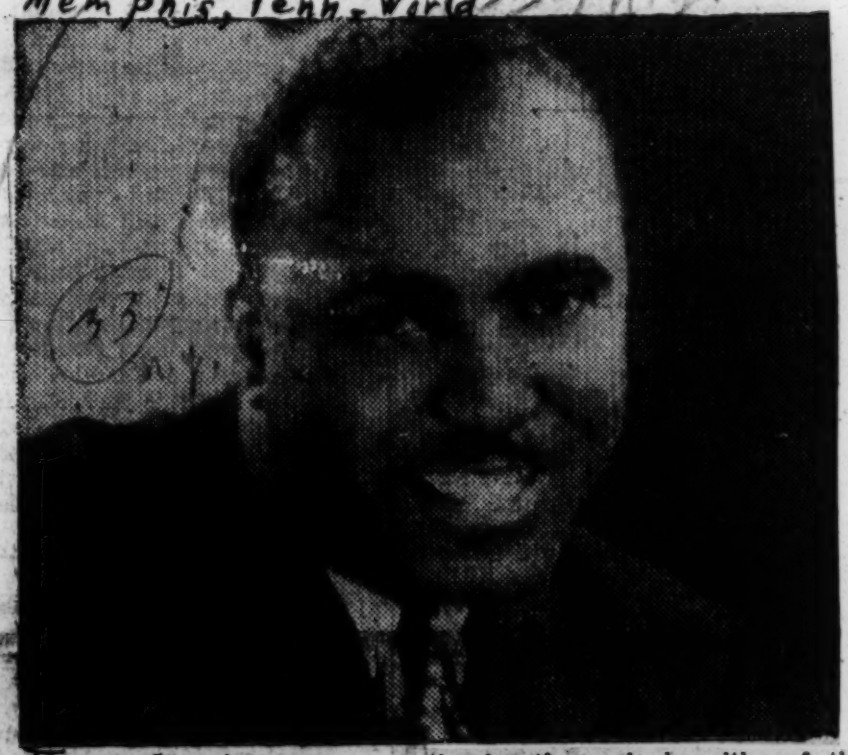
Pictured beside his twin-motored Cessna monoplane at the Municipal Airport, on his last professional visit here, Jimmy smilingly posed with friends before his take-off.

Flanked by two Atlantans (Miss Mabel Arnold, right and Mrs. Carrie Cunningham, left,) Mr. Lunceford accepted wishes of 'bon voyage' before climbing into the cockpit.

His plane had been overhauled and painted at Moton Field, Tuskegee, Ala., and the two pilots (left) had only a few hours earlier flown from the ship to Atlanta. Moments later with Lunceford at the controls the silver-blue monoplane disappeared in to the 'wide blue yonder' and that was the last Atlantans saw of the dapper Fisk Alumnus who had steered his orchestra to international fame. Tues. 7-15-47

Born in Mississippi, having taught at Mannassas High School, Memphis, and graduated from Fisk University, Jimmie Lunceford made an indelible mark in the world of music, and his never-to-be-forgotten melodies will live long after his mortal remains have returned to the dust. (By J. Richardson Jones.)

Memphis, Tenn. World 33 nyt.



Tues. 7-15-47

FINAL RUN FOR "HARLEM EXPRESS"—Jimmie Lunceford, Internationally famous orchestra leader whose band became known over the length and breadth of the country as the "Harlem Express," died suddenly at Seaside, Oregon last Saturday night. His death shocked the entire entertainment world ,and cast a pall of sadness over many circles of Memphis which he regarded as his second home.

His widow, the former Miss Rose Crystal Tulli of the local public school system, was awaiting for her usual long distance call from Jimmie at her White Plains, New York home when word of his death came instead. Her mother, Mrs. Ruth Tulli, teacher in Memphis, was visiting Mrs. Lunceford at the time.

Unconfirmed reports are that Jimmie will be buried in Memphis following a New York funeral.

The noted bandleader taught at Manassas high school for four years, and it was from this city that he left for "big time" musical entertainment up the country in 1930. Jimmie's band was then composed almost of Memphis boys except for two Fisk University school mates.

He was a four-letter man in sports at Fisk where he starred on the gridiron with the then formidable Fisk Bull Dogs. His teammates included Tubby Johnson, and Walter (Jack) Adkins, later head coaches respectively, at Fisk and LeMoyne College. Tues. 7-15-47

"The Manassas Alumni Association is deeply touched by Jimmie's passing," said J. D. Williams president of the organization. Our associations' charter members were for the most part former students of Lunceford, and they virtually idolized him," Mr. Williams added. "He was scheduled to play a benefit dance for the alumni association this fall"

Marriage of Jimmie Lunceford and Miss Tulli as the climax to a campus romance at Fisk University was one of the biggest social events of 1934 here in Memphis. They had been frequent visitors in Memphis during the past 12 years.

mediately gained great favor among
a Negro and white Memphians with
ce their weekly broadcasts over local
radio Station WREC. Their rendi-
tions of such numbers as "I Kiss
Your Hand Madame," "Oh, How Am
I To Know," and "Marie" soon at-
tracted the attention of outstand-
ing popular music critics to their
abilities. It wasn't long before the
Chicakasaw Syncopators were in
increasing demand all over this
area and in other cities. Around
in 1929 the Syncopators, led by Lunce
ford, left Memphis for larger fields.
Among the members of this ori-
ginal group were Alfred Carnes,
banjoist, James Crawfrod, drum-
mer, Mose Williams, bass fiddle
player and Billy Smith, singer and
instrumentalist.

The Syncopators' first engage-
ment was at Lakeside, Ohio, from
which point they went on to oth-
er eastern and northern centers.
They were definitely on the road to
fame. The story of their rise to
national and international emi-

ADOPTS MEMPHIS

Mr. Lunceford clinched the city's possessive interst in him when he married the talented, popular and socially-prominent Miss Crystal Tulli, former teacher at Booker Washington High School here, and favorably recognized as one of the city's most gifted young women in the realm of theatrical and musical productions.

Following their marriage the Lunceford made their home in New York City, where their residence became a mecca for hun-

FLOWN TO NEW YORK

Mrs. Tarpley was informed that
the body of the exceedingly popular
music maestro would be flown to
New York last Sunday, where fu-
eral services would be held. Ar-
rangements were also under way on
Sunday for burial to be made here
in Memphis later this week. Ten-
tative plans call for interment in
Elmwood Cemetery here.

Emil (Jimmy) Lunceford made his
first step toward fame in the popu
lar music in field in Memphis. A
native of Mississippi and a grad-
uate of Fisk University, Nashville,
Tenn., Lunceford first came to
Memphis to work as a teacher at
Manassas High School. In college
he was an outstanding athlete,
starring in football; and was a mu
sician. He started his first orches
tra, while teaching at Manassas.
The Chicksaw Syncopators im-

Mrs. Tarpley's two young children
had arrived in White Plains only a
few days before to visit the Lunce
fords.

Heart Attack Fatal

Memphis, Tenn. World Tues. 7-15-47

To Famed Band Leader

33 nyt.

By NAT D. WILLIAMS

Thousands of Memphians, many of whom knew him personally, were shocked early Sunday morning when the news of the death of Jimmy Lunceford, former Memphis resident and internationally famous musician and orchestra leader, swept the city.

In a long-distance telephone call from New York to Memphis relatives Mrs. Crystal Tulli Lunceford, his widow, gave some details of the noted orchestra leader's passing.

He was in Seaside, Oregon with his band to play an engagement. Early Saturday afternoon he started on an automobile sight-seeing tour of Seaside with a group of friends. Suddenly, they reported, he was stricken with a heart attack. He died before he could be taken to a hospital. He was 45 He. had suffered no previous illness, and his death came as a surprise. Tues. 7-15-47

His manager communicated the news to Mrs. Lunceford at the couple's White Plains, N. Y. residence. Mrs. Lunceford told her sister, Mrs. Ethel Tulli Tarpley of Memphis, 1941 Felix Avenue, that

at the time she received the news
she was awaiting the weekly long-
distance call which her famous
husband usually made to her when
he was away on an engagement.
At the time of receipt of the
news Mrs. Lunceford was accom-
panied by her mother, Mrs. Ruth
Tulli of Memphis. Mrs. Tulli and

dreds of Memphians travelling in the East. Tues. 7-15-47

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lunceford made regular trips to Memphis. The Lunceford orchestra played many local engagements after having gained wordwide recognition. His orchestra often held the top spot in the popular dance field. Soft-spoken and friendly, Lunceford was personally popular.

Mr. Lunceford's last visit to Memphis was three months ago, May 25, when he visited his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ruth Tulli, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ethel Tulli Tarpley at the residence on Felix. A flying enthusiast (he flew his private airplane practically all over the country,) Mr Luneford, accompanied by friends, flew to Memphis from Nashville on the May 25th date to pay an informal visit to his wife's relatives and to "get a good meal, since I have to eat in restaurants so much"

The deceased's parents live in Warren, Ohio, where they moved some years ago.

service was held at the Levy and Delany Funeral Home, 2250 Seventh Avenue. The funeral will take place tomorrow in Memphis, Tenn., where Mr. Lunceford once was a high school teacher of music.

Despite the rain, nearly 100 persons gathered outside the doors of the chapel, while 200 more occupied every available seat inside.

Besides Mr. Lunceford's widow, Mrs. Crystal Lunceford, and his father, James Lunceford, the mourners included Mr. and Mrs. Bill Robinson, Justice and Mrs. Myles A. Paige, Frank Schiffman, manager of the Apollo Theatre; Mrs. Mabel Roane, executive secretary of the Negro Actors Guild and Roy Wilkins, editor of The Crisis. Sun - 7-20-47

Also Cliff Alexander, director of Riverton Houses; Ludlow Werner, editor of The New York Age; C. C. Damel of Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo.; Magistrate Charles E. Toney; Dan Burley, managing editor of The Amsterdam News, and Billy Roe, theatrical editor of The Pittsburgh Courier. New York Times

The Rev. J. A. G. Grant, a former Army chaplain, delivered the eulogy, and Dr. Carl Davis, president of Sam Houston College, read a scripture lesson. Sun. 7-20-47

As music teacher at Manassas High School, Memphis, he organized a nine-piece band, which later became the nucleus of his larger organization. When the nine boys were graduated from high school and went to Fisk University, Mr. Lunceford left his teaching job to become a head waiter at Fisk, in order to continue training the band. Mon-7-14-47

In 1933 Harold F. Oxley became manager of the band. From then on the orchestra advanced steadily toward success, winning its first popularity poll as the leading Negro band in 1935. Mr. Lunceford recorded for Decca.

10 oz. Time Magazine Ch

Died. James Melvin ("Jimmie") Lunceford, 45, topnotch Negro bandleader famed for his skillful and studied renditions of warm to hot jazz; of coronary occlusion; in Seaside, Ore. Mon-7-21

made hundreds of hit recordings in addition to several motion pictures.

In 1937, the band toured Europe with great success. Another European trip was planned in 1939, but was cancelled. During the last few years, Lunceford toured the country several times and was among the most popular road bands. He was touring the Pacific Coast at the time of his death.

Lunceford is survived by his widow, Mrs. Crystal Tully Lunceford, and two brothers, Connie and William Lunceford.

Eddie Rosenberg, road manager for Lunceford, revealed Monday that the orchestra would be disbanded permanently.

Lunceford's home address was 162 South Road, White Plains, N. Y. Funeral arrangements were under the direction of the Lezy-Delaney Funeral Parlors, 2250 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Lunceford's Body Is Flown to N.Y.

The Pittsburgh Courier

Noted Bandleader Dies in Oregon; Burial Will Take Place in Memphis

Pittsburgh, Pa. Sat-7-19-47

PORTLAND, Ore.—Going home the way he liked best, Jimmie Lunceford, noted band leader, made his last flight this week when his body was flown to New York City for final rites, which were held Wednesday. The body will be shipped to Memphis, Tenn., where it will be interred in his widow's family plot.

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD

Lunceford collapsed in a music store at Seaside, an ocean resort, near here, where his band was to play a dance engagement at the Bangalow Ballroom. He died in an ambulance before a hospital could be reached. Death was attributed to natural causes.

BORN IN MISSISSIPPI

Lunceford was born at Fulton, Miss. His family moved to Denver, Colo., when he was still a boy. He studied music under Wilberforce Whiteman, father of Paul Whiteman, noted orchestra leader and radio announcer.

The family then moved to Memphis, Tenn., where Lunceford was graduated from Manassas High School. He later finished Fisk University. Sat. 7-19-47

At Fisk Lunceford was a four-letter athlete and an outstanding football player. He was a member of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity. He earned a degree and returned to Manassas High School as an English instructor. It was here that the nucleus of his orchestra was formed. Pittsburgh Courier

When some of the original members of his band were graduated from Fisk, the musicians were ready to travel. Moving East to Buffalo, the band made slow, but steady progress. Then in 1934, Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra was engaged for the famous Cotton Club in New York City, where it skyrocketed to fame. Pittsburgh, Pa.

ENJOYED SUCCESS

Lunceford's orchestra enjoyed tremendous success, making appearances at the best theatres and night clubs in America. The band made hundreds of hit recordings in addition to several motion pictures.

In 1937, the band toured Europe with great success. Another European trip was planned in 1939, but was cancelled. During the last few years, Lunceford toured the country several times and was among the most popular road bands. He was touring the Pacific Coast at the time of his death.

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Jimmy Lunceford Buried in Memphis

Afro-American Baltimore, Md. Sat. 8-2-47

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—The remains of Jimmy Lunceford, famed band leader, reached its final resting place here in Elmwood Cemetery last week. Sat. 8-2-47

Mr. Lunceford died in Seaside, Oregon, on July 12 from a heart attack while making a personal appearance in a music store.

The body was flown to New York City on Friday where a brief ceremony was read and then shipped here, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Chrystal Tulli Lunceford and her mother, Mrs. Ruth Tulli, both former residents of Memphis.

Rev. Hunt Officiates

Services were conducted here by the Rev. B. T. Hunt. Among others appearing on the program were the Rev. A. D. Pinckney, Miss Willie McWilliams, Florence C. McCleave and Omega H. Shelto.

Miss McWilliams read resolutions from the Manassas High School alumni association. Mr. Lunceford was former teacher of music at the school before entering the band business.

Pallbearers were: Professors J. D. King, John Brinkley, J. W. Whitaker, and J. D. Williams and A. M. Walker and Fred Rivers.

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD, LEADER OF BAND, 45

The New York Times

Musician, Organizer of 'Name' Orchestra, Is Dead—Group Won Popularity Polls

N.Y.-N.Y. Mon-7-14

SEASIDE, Ore., July 13 (UP)—Jimmie Lunceford, Negro band leader, died here tonight at the age of 45.

Mr. Lunceford, who resided at 162 South Road, White Plains, N. Y., died in an ambulance on the way to a hospital. The cause of death was not immediately established. Mon. 7-14-47

He organized his band—one of the nation's "name" groups—in 1928. He played the saxophone, flute and piano. Born in Fulton, Miss., he once taught music in Manassa High School, Memphis, Tenn. He joined his first band in 1918.

Mr. Lunceford got his first musical education under Wilberforce J. Whiteman, Paul Whiteman's father, who was superintendent of music for Denver public schools.

He was graduated from Fisk University. During his college years he was a professional saxophonist, playing summers with small orchestras.

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD MOURNED AT RITES

New York, N.Y.

Many persons connected with entertainment, politics and journalism in Harlem attended a funeral service yesterday for Jimmie Lunceford, the orchestra leader, who died last Sunday in Seaside, Ore. The

33 1947

New York (Jimmy Lunceford)

Funeral in New York

Lunceford's Body Buried in Memphis

Courier Pittsburg, Pa.

Sat-7-26-47

By BILLY ROWE, Theatrical Editor

NEW YORK—Within easy ear range of the Lafayette Theatre whose tall marquee lights first brought his name within the vision of theatre-goers, Emil James Lunceford was accorded his final tribute at high noon Saturday.

Though restricted to close friends and relatives, the rites were attended by people representing every profesion, race, creed and color. Beautiful in its simplicity, the funeral of one of musicdom's stoutest fellows was touched with genuine sorrow. No outburst of emotion marred the ceremonies and the feeling was prevalent that this is the way that Jimmie would have liked it.

OVERFLOW CROWD

The funeral home of Levy and Delany could not seat all those who were close enough to the maestro to be summoned to his bier. The aisles, the outer halls and even the entrance were choked with people. Thousands of dollars worth of flowers banked the parlor to the ceiling. Telegrams came from many corners of the country.

Under the spell of music, the idiom that was the heritage of this man who had come to the final rest, the services were opened by Rev. Carl Davis, president of Sam Houston College, who read the scripture. Maurice Moore, close friend of the deceased, read a fitting obituary. As if part of the service, a medley of the tunes which made this man beloved by those here and afar, seeped under the solemn rites like an immortal foundation. The clear crisp notes, with all the men Lunceford had brought to fame, hitting hard and fine broke over the quietness and then died away in the distance.

DELIVERS EULOGY

From here, former army chaplain major, James A. G. Grant, spiced a eulogy to the former engineer of the "Harlem Express" with divine words. Concert singer Edward Matthews sang the final song and the man, Jimmie Lunceford, whose baton is stilled though he left a voice that will never go unheard, was given to the ages.

Delivered here late Friday afternoon by plane from Oregon, the body was viewed by thousands of Harlemites who had been waiting for the final honor since Wednesday. All through the night, in the rain and the chill of early morning, the line of people moved slowly towards the funeral home of Levy and Delany, directly across the street from the Lafayette, where Lunceford's career blossomed.

Sat-7-26-47

After the services Saturday, the body was again put on view for a few hours. In the cool of evening just before the sun left the sky, it was shipped to Memphis, Tenn., for burial. It was scheduled to reach the home of Mrs. Crystal Lunceford, widow of the leader on Sunday when a memorial service was held. Leaving by plane Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Lunceford revealed thtat burial plans had been set for Monday in the family plot. She was accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Eunice Wolfe.

James Riley Lunceford and Junior Lunceford, father and youngest brother respectively of the internationally-known orchestra leader, came from Warren, Ohio, for the services.

"SONG IS ENDED" FOR LUNCEFORD—Elmwood Cemetery in Memphis Monday afternoon became the final resting place for James Melvin (Jimmie) Lunceford, world-famed orchestra leader. Here is shown part of the hundreds of friends, associates and admirers who turned out to Elmwood to bid farewell to the beloved musicain.

Members and close friends of the family can be seen seated to the left. Mrs. Lunceford, widow, is at extreme right. Officiating ministers were Elder B T. Hunt, pastor of Miss. Ayenue Christian Church; and Rev A. D. Pinckney, pastor of Second Cougeregational Church left to right foreground. S. W. Qualls, whose firm had charge of funeral arrangements, commits Jimmie's mortal to " Mother Earth."

Funeral services were held a few minutes before at the S. W. Qualls chapel. In an eloquent tribute to Mr. Lunceford's Elder Hunt spoke on the subject "The Song Is Ended, but the melody lingers on.

Jimmie Lunceford's Remains Laid To Rest In Elmwood As Thousands Pay Last Tribute

33 N.Y. Memphis, Tenn.

Memphis World Fri-7-25-47

By STAFF WRITER

Beneath the grass-covered sod of Elmwood Cemetery flushed with the beauty of nature's own floral designs of summer flowers, the mortal remains of James Melvin (Jimmie) Lunceford, noted orchestra leader, were laid to rest Monday afternoon.

Lunceford had again returned to his beloved Memphis as he had done on many previous occasions since he left the classrooms of Manassas high school to seek a place for himself and band in the world of entertainment.

He came without members of his famous band, for they had already paid their last tribute to him with a medley of tunes, that brought glory and fortune, during funeral services in New York City. He came without his much publicized baton which like a magic wand had sent forth a distinctive brand of music with a tempo that won for him the title, "THE HARLEM EXPRESS." Yet somewhere in the Valhalla of musical great, Jimmie must have been beamed with his famous smile in the satisfaction that his last public appearance in Memphis was not without a song or popular acclaim. Fri-7-25-47

Thousands of friends and fans turned out Sunday night to view Lunceford's body as it lay in state at S. W. Qualls Funeral Home. Hundreds of others packed the mortuary to capacity the following Monday afternoon for the brief but impressive rites.

"Memphis has been made richer because of his sojourn here," spoke Elder B. T. Huht, pastor of Mississippi Avenue Christian Church, in the main eulogy of the services. "Jimmie's name had become a household word among the young and old. His hand-shake was a great heartwarmer . . . his life had been set to music like melted silver." The minister selected as his subject, "The Song Is Ended but the Melody Lingers On."

Rev. A. D. Pinckney, pastor of Second Congregational Church, served as master of ceremonies. In his remarks, Rev. Pinckney repeated the words he overheard a white fan pay to Jimmie upon learning of the death of the popular bandleaders:

Fri-7-25-47

"That guy could surely play."

This was as fine a tribute that could come to the lover of Lunceford's music, the minister added.

Manassas high school, through a member of its faculty, Miss W. A. McWilliams, paid a glowing tribute to the musician in these words:

"We watched with pride his rise to fame and glory in the United States and Europe. We felt we had lost him but we failed to consider Jimmie's love for Manassas and Memphis. He came back to us from time, not as Jimmie, the famed orchestra leader, but still our Jimmie, with his feet firmly to the ground. Fame did not go to his head. When he came to Memphis he would look up all of his old friends and speak to them by name."

Fri 7-25-47

Lunceford's body, following funeral rites in New York, was immediately sent to Memphis. His mahogany casket was buried under a coach of flowers that had been sent by admiring friends in the East. Many more floral designs were given by Memphis fans, including one from the Manassas high school.

Among prominent stage, screen and radio stars who were present at Lunceford's New York funeral were Cozey Cole, Pearl Bailey, Bill Bojangles Robinson, Aline Craw-

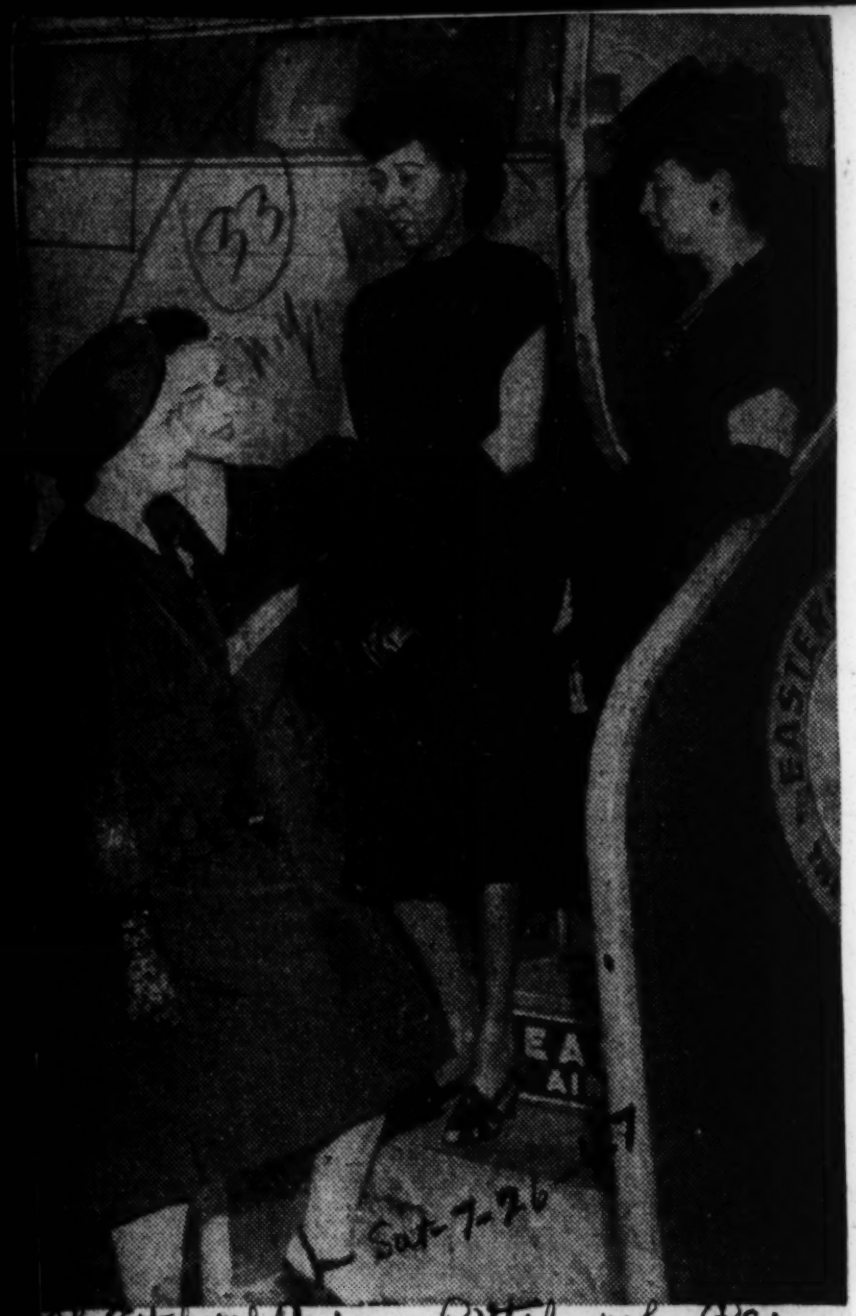
Profs. James G. King, J. W. Whit... M. Walker, and Fred Rive... ers, all former schoolmates of Lun... ceford at Fisk University; and Prof. J. L. Prinkley, Jr., and J. D. Wil... lams.

Other participants on the local funeral program were Mmes. Florence Cole McClellve, and Omega Hayes-Wells, who rendered vocal

Church, suddenly many miles away ... Seaside, Oregon.

For Memphians this was the end ... a "Perfect Song," the Alpha and ... Elmwood Cemetery. Omega of a successful career in ... persons lined the which they had played a notable ... part as former students, professional associates, and friends of Jimmie

Second ... ter, leading to Elm... hundreds of per... choir. Along the path ... Wellington to Mis... -Lunceford



Sat-7-76

The Pittsburgh Courier, Pittsburgh Pa.

LAST FLIGHT—The body of Bandleader Jimmie Lunceford, who died of a heart attack last week, was flown to Memphis, Tenn., for burial after last rites were held Saturday in New York City. His widow, Mrs. Crystal Tully Lunceford, second from right, boards plane for Memphis to handle final arrangements. She is shown with Mesdames Katie M. Moore, Vashti Brown and Eunice Wolfe.—Rowe Photo.

William G. Pearson (33)

Pioneer Educator Buried in Durham

Pittsburg Courier Pa.
Sat 10-4-47

DURHAM, N. C.—Final rites were held here Thursday for William Gaston Pearson, 87, educator, philanthropist, civic leader and Harmon Award recipient, who died in his home Monday after an extended illness.

He was born in Durham County in 1858, the son of George W. and Cynthia Pearson, first land owners of the county.

"Prof," as he was affectionately known by thousands, contributed much to the development of the race here. He was one of the teachers in the first two-teacher school in the city, and principal of the old Whitted and Hillside High Schools for a half century.

ACTIVE AS ORGANIZER

At the turn of the century he was instrumental in the organization of the Royal Knights of King David, which he served as Supreme Grand Scribe until 1934. About the same time, he, with John Merrick, James E. Shepard and R. B. Fitzgerald, organized the Mechanics and Farmers Bank.

He was active in the organization of the Bankers Fire Insurance Company, the Southern Fidelity Mutual Insurance Company, the Mutual Provident Association (now the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company).

WAS GENEROUS GIVER

His philanthropies to churches and schools amounted to thousands of dollars, the largest single gift being a donation of $25,000 to Kittrell College, where he once served as treasurer.

For outstanding achievement in business, Mr. Pearson was given the Harmon Award in 1927, and in recognition of his contribution to the advancement of his race in the field of education, the school board of the city of Durham named an elementary school in his honor.

He was self-taught until the age of twenty-one, when the late Gen. Julian S. Carr became interested in him and sponsored his collegiate training. He was awarded the B. S. degree from Shaw University in 1890, and continued his studies during the summer months at Cornell University. Sat.

He was married to Minnie Sumner of Charlotte, N. C., in 1893. Though no children were born to this union, Professor Pearson educated thirteen children, other than kinsmen, most of whom survive him. 10-4-47

He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, the Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, board of trustees of Wil-

berforce University and the St. Joseph AME Church.

Death Ends Colorful Career Of Butler To 14 Governors

RALEIGH, N. C. — Just four months after he had broken a precedent at the White House in Washington, D. C., by being allowed to inspect the executive mansion's silverware and serving pantries, David Haywood, butler to 14 governors of North Carolina died after 54 years of service to the state's chief executives.

Mr. Haywood, familiarly called "Uncle Dave" by the governors who occupied North Carolina's executive mansion here since Gov. Ellis Carr in the 1890's died at his home, 106 Tarboro road Friday, Nov. 21 one week after being temporarily retired by Governor Gregg Cherry.

HAD SPECIAL UNIFORM

"Uncle Dave" was a familiar figure to the many state and national executives who visited the executive mansion, and was especially proud of his dark green uniform with more gold braid than on the uniform of a fleet admiral. His uniform sleeves had a stripe for each of the fourteen governors he had served.

Mr. Haywood admitted that he was "at least 74" years of age, but until recently, he had never failed to start the day's work at the executive mansion at 5:30 a. m.—regardless to how long the festivities of the previous night had lasted.

In September he presided at a ball for the debutantes of North Carolina until 12:30 a. m., reported back for the next day's work at the regular hour, served a tea for the debutantes and then collapsed.

GOV. CONSTANT VISITOR

During his illness, Gov. Cherry was a constant visitor to the Haywood home which, with fetish care, Mr. Haywood tried to keep as much like the executive mansion as possible.

Gov. Cherry persuaded him to retire with the promise that he would retain his position as soon as he recovered. "Uncle Dave," however, never returned to the big, red executive mansion over which he had presided for five decades.

In his official statement upon being advised of the death of Mr. Haywood, Gov. Cherry commented lengthily on Mr. Haywood's "... way, ever winning new friends as they spent their little while amid the charming atmosphere of North Carolina's executive mansion."

The governor further stated, "None will leave a more splendid record or leave a more definite impression on the occupants of the executive mansion. Uncle Dave is gone now, but the memory of his kindness and the spirit of the atmosphere he created will linger on while the physical structure of the mansion stands."

Mr. Haywood is survived by his widow, Mrs. Hattie Haywood; three sons, Spencer, Charles and Edward Haywood, and a daughter, Mrs. Katie Lou Keck.

According to his deathbed request, he was buried in the suit he liked best—the dark green one with 14 gold stripes on the sleeves.

[From Late Editions of Yesterday's Times.]

DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD, NEGRO EDUCATOR, 72

DURHAM, N. C., Oct. 6 (AP)—Dr. James E. Shepard, who founded what became North Carolina College for Negroes here, died tonight after an illness of several days. He had been in declining health for some time, but continued his college duties until he suffered a stroke two weeks ago.

Dr. Shepard, who would have been 73 years old on Nov. 3, was regarded as one of the country's foremost Negro educators.

In 1910, Dr. Shepard, then pastor of the White Rock Baptist Church in Durham, founded the National Religious Training School and Chautauqua, which became successively the Durham State Normal School and the North Carolina College for Negroes, with Dr. Shepard as president. In 1940 the college opened North Carolina's first Negro law school.

Dr. Shepard was a deputy collector of internal revenue at Raleigh, N. C., from 1899-1905, and field superintendent for the International Sunday School Association, working among Negroes, 1905-08.

Dr. Shepard is Funeralized

DURHAM, N. C. — (NNPA)—Funeral services for Dr. James Edward Shepard, 72-year old president and founder of North Carolina College were held last Thursday afternoon from Benjamin N. Duke Auditorium at the college.

The Rev. Miles Mark Fisher, pastor of White Rock Baptist church, officiated. The college choir sang. Burial was in Beechwood cemetery.

Dr. Shepard died at 6:15 o'clock, Monday night, October 6, at his home.

The distinguished educator was stricken in his campus office on September 17, and confined to his bed thereafter. His physician attributed his death to a cerebral hemorrhage.

For a number of years, Dr. Shepard had been grand master of the Masons of North Carolina; he was a grand patron of the Eastern Star, and secretary of finances for the Knights of Pythias of North Carolina, a former director of the Mechanics and Farmers Bank, and ex-president of the North Carolina Teachers Association.

Surviving him are four sisters, Miss Theresa L. Shepard, Durham; Mrs. Talulah M. McCurday, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Lillie E. Boulware and Mrs. Benena L. Kerr, Durham; two daughters, Mrs. Annie Day Smith, Newbern, North Carolina, and Miss Marjorie Shepard, Durham, granddaughters, Misses Carolyn and Annie Day Smith, and a stepson, Albert Robinson of Phoe[illegible] Arizona.

Students Mourn Afro-American at N.C. College

Classes Suspended on Day of Funeral

RITES ON CAMPUS

Death Attributed to Cerebral Hemorrhage

DURHAM, N.C. — (NNPA)—Funeral services for Dr. James Edward Shepard, 72-year-old president and founder of North Carolina College, were held Oct. 9 from Benjamin N. Duke Auditorium at the college.

The Rev. Miles Mark Fisher, pastor of White Rock Baptist Church, officiated. The college choir sang. Burial was in Beechwood Cemetery.

Dr. Shepard died at 6:15 o'clock, Monday night, October 6, at his home.

The distinguished educator was stricken in his campus office on September 17, and confined to his bed thereafter. His physicians attributed his death to a cerebral hemorrhage.

Classes Supended

Classes at the college were held as usual last Tuesday and Wednesday but all activities were suspended last Thursday.

"Though some have criticized him for his conciliatory attitude, with the inspiration of his mother and wife and the help of a few faithful teachers and generous friends, he turned a trash-pile into a 3½ million dollar institution that this year received another two million dollar appropriation for expansion, said the Rev. Mr. Fisher.

The bronze casket of the great spokesman was blanketed with roses. From innumerable individuals and organizations came multi-colored flowers that bedecked the whole rostrum.

Active pallbearers appointed were C. A. Alston, A. Elder, C. L. Holmes, J. M. Hubbard, H. M. Micheaux, W. H. Robinson, J. T. Taylor and C. T. Willis, who relinquished their duties to the Prince Hall Masons.

Honorary pallbearers were members of the board of trustees of North Carolina College, college and university presidents, and the Grand Masters of Masonic lodges.

Floral bearers were faculty women and wives.

Students View Remains

As Musa E. Steele played the organ prelude, "Melodie Celeste" by Thomas Kaschat, the students viewed the remains.

A chain of cars two miles long, led to the committal service for the Grand Master of the State of North Carolina. It was held on the Shepard plot at Beechwood Cemetery in Durham by Prince Hall Free and Accepted Masons of North Carolina.

Srtange as it seems, when the ceremony was about over, a beautiful rainbow appeared to warn the people of rain to come. And when they were safely in their cars, the heavens began to weep profusely.

One member of the board said a new president will not be selected for some time, pending a thorough survey of potential candidates.

Dr. Shpard was married in 1895 to Mrs. Annie Day Robinson, who died several months ago.

Dr. Shepard's career spanned half a century. During that time he came in contact with some of the nation's most influential figures in the economic and political life of the country.

Many of these persons were persuaded to come to North Carolina to address the students and citizenry of the state. His correspondence was always voluminous and he numbered Presidents, Governors and individual tycoons among his personal friends.

Born In Raleigh

Dr. Shepard was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, November 3, 1875. His early education was received in the schools of Raleigh and his professional training at the Shaw University Medical School. He received the Ph.G. degree from Shaw in 1910, and in 1945 the university conferred an honorary LL.D. upon him. Other institutions honoring the educator included Muskingum College, Selma and Howard universities.

Around the turn of the century Dr. Shepard figured prominently in state and federal political activities. From 1898 to 1905 he was deputy collector of internal revenuue in Raleigh. During this period, Dr. Shepard went aboad in the interest of the International Sunday School Association, working largely in areas of interest to colored people.

In 1910, Dr. Shepard founded the present North Carolina College, the nation's only State-supported liberal arts college for colored students. He developed the institution from a trash-pile site into a modern plant with an estimated value of $3,500.00.

Active Fraternally

In addition to his work in founding North Carolina College which began with a student body of 130 and today has a total enrollment of 1,500, the late educator was active in the fraternal and business life of the state.

For a number of years, Dr. Shepard had been grand master of the Masons of North Carolina; he was a grand patron of the Eastern Star, and secretary of finances for the Knights of Pythias of North Carolina, a former director of the Mechanics and Farmers Bank, and ex-president of the North Carolina Teachers Association.

Surviving him are four sisters, Miss Theresa L. Shepard, Durham; Mrs. Talulah M. McCurday, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Lillie E. Boulware and Mrs. Benena L. Kerr, Durham; two daughters, Mrs. Annie Day Smith, Newbern, North Carolina, and Miss Marjorie Shepard, Durham; two granddaughters, Misses Carolyn and Annie Day Smith, and a stepson, Albert Robinson of Phoenix, Ariz.

Last Rites Held For Dr. Shepard

The Courier Pittsburgh, Pa.

By A. M. RIVERA Jr.

(Staff Correspondent)

DURHAM, N. C.—High State and Government officials joined a throng of thousands who jammed Benjamin N. Duke Auditorium last week to pay final tribute to Dr. James Edwards Shepard, founder and president of North Carolina College, who died in his home at dusk last Monday (Oct. 6) following a serious illness of several days.

The eulogy was delivered by the

DURHAM, N. C.—Governor R. Gregg Cherry said, "North Carolina was the home front on which Dr. Shepard labored unceasingly in racial and educational matters—and his efforts brought definite results."

Rev. Miles Mark Fisher, pastor of White Rock Baptist Church here.

The Rev. Mr. Fisher asserted that "as a man, Dr. Shepard had suffered much for the advancement of his race." The eulogist praised him as a man who was deeply religious "and on God's side."

MASONIC CEREMONY

Immediately following the funeral ceremony, the deceased was taken to Beechwood Cemetery for interment, where the members of the Prince Hall Free and Accepted Masons of North Carolina took charge.

Active pallbearers were: C. T. Willis, James T. Taylor, H. M. Michaux, C. L. Holmes, J. M. Hubbard, A. Elder and W. H. Robinson.

Honorary pallbearers were the members of the board of trustees of the college, visiting college and university presidents and Grand Masters of the Masonic Lodges. Female staff members and wives of faculty members were floral bearers.

Surviving the stricken educator are two daughters, one stepson, three grandchildren and four sisters.

HONORED BY STUDENTS

The student body paid homage to their departed leader and friend at a special student service, which was conducted early in the morning of the day of burial.

The student testimonial ended with the singing of the alma mater, the words for which were written by his wife, Mrs. Annie Day Shepard, who did just seven months ago.

Dr. Shepard buried his mother last February, shortly after she had celebrated her ninetieth birth-

Dr James E. Shepard

NORTH Carolina lost one of its most distinguished and beloved leaders when Dr. JAMES E. SHEPARD, president and founder of North Carolina College, died last week. At the age of 72 Dr. SHEPARD was still carrying on as president of the college. Until recent months his usual vigor of health had not failed him. As an educator he came up the hard way. When he and Dr. GANDY, present man in mind and body, passed on the same day the educational administrator with many future. Dr. Shepard would have been cators lost two stalwart figures who were the last of the pioneer Negro col-

lege presidents.

Until about two decades ago these men had to "swim against the tide," so to speak, in everything that they did to improve the academic status and physical plants of their institutions. State appropriations for these purposes were small indeed. These men, along with others of their times, had to "make bricks without straw." The extent of their accomplishments, therefore, is all the more impressive.

Journal and Guide

Not only was DR. SHEPARD a leader of importance in his state but he was a national leader. Wherever he was known his influence for the general welfare was felt. He will be greatly missed.

Norfolk, Va.

Sat. 10-11-47

TARHEEL WEEK

- By -
C. D. Halliburton

The Late Dr. James E. Shepard Probably North Carolina's Most Distinguished Negro Citizen Since The Late J. C. Price of History

Journal and Guide

Sat. 10-11-47 Norfolk, Va.

RALEIGH, N. C.—The death of Dr. James E Shepard, president and founder of North Carolina College, Durham, ended a distinguished career, and removed from the Tarheel scene a man known to the citizenry of North Carolina, black and white. Dr. Shepard's name was familiar not only within the state; he was a man of national reputation. With the possible exception of C. C. Spaulding, also a Durham resident, and contemporary, he was the most celebrated Negro in North Carolina since the time of J. C. Price.

Dr. Shepard assumed the position of a national as well as a state leader of the Negro minority by virtue of his peculiar abilities. He was a statesman of high order. Learning to operate within the limitations of the situation in which he found himself he was able to enlarge the area within which he and other Negroes had to work by pushing back barriers often without seeming to be trying to do so. For Dr. Shepard, contrary to the impression often given, was not a complacent disciple of the status quo. He was essentially a proud man, one possesed of a full measure of self-respect, and jealous of the welfare, progress and reputation of his race.

That he wrought so well within the framework of the bi-racial pattern, and that he was able to contribute in many significant ways to the modification of that pattern within his native state, is a tribute to his courage, his drive, his determination and his gift of diplomacy.

He was able to bring about ...ch which smaller men only ...shed for and despaired of ac-

...mplishing.

• • • •

...A story is told of Dr. Shepard ...ich bears repeating. It is said ...t on one occasion when he ...sented the proposed budget ...North Carolina College be... a committee of the General ...embly one of the members ...d how many students were enrolled in the law school. Dr. Shepard replied that there were three. The legislator expressed consternation. "Do you mean," he said, "that all that money is needed for the instruction of just three students?" "Gentlemen, segregation comes high," Dr. Shepard replied.

Sat. 10-11-47

No better summary of the way in which the late educator was regarded and esteemed in North Carolina is likely to be found than that set forth in an editorial in the Raleigh times, a conservative daily, the day after his death:

Dr. James E. Shepard was a man of marked courage, vision and ability. One of North Carolina's foremost Negro educators, he guided the destinies of North Carolina College from 1910 until his death. From a small school of 150 students, he saw the college grow into an institution with a student body of 1,500, a faculty of 72 and a $2,000,000 plant. It now ranks with the foremost Negro colleges in America.

"In 1925 the state assumed responsibility for the support of this college and the state owes Dr. Shepard a debt of gratitude for his work it building the college into the great institution is is now.

Journal and Guide

"Dr. Shepard was a man who never carried a chip on his shoulder. While he devoted his life to the advancement of his race, he had the interest of North Carolina at heart. He realized that both white and Negro races would benefit from cultural and economic advancement of his state, and he never ceased working to further the interests of North Carolina. In sum, he was a North Carolinian first and last—and a great one.

Norfolk, Va.

"The Negro educator was fortunate in that he received the hearty and sympathetic cooperation of many Tar Heel leaders who realized how much giving the best educational opportunities to Negro citizens their state stood to benefit by. He will be long remembered as one of the foremost leaders responsible for Tarheelia's rise to prominence in Negro education and interracial cooperation."

• • • •

The Lion's Clubs of Raleigh, Fuquay-Varina, Apex and Garner joined in sponsoring an entertainment for the Negro blind of Wake county recently. The Lions group was assisted by the Negro Citizens' Committee of Raleigh, and the dinner and program were staged at the Bloodworth Street YMCA. State and county officals working with the blind were invited guests for the occasion.

Last year the Lions inaugurated a picnic for the white blind of the county, which was repeated this year. Later the four clubs acted unanimously to etxend their program to include the Negro blind.

Dr. Shepard Left $26,000 Estate

Afro-American
Baltimore, Md.
Sat. 10-25-47

College Gets Books; $1500 Given Church

DURHAM, N. C. — Bequests in the will of the late Dr. James E. Shepard, revealed last week, included a gift of all his books to North Carolina College which he founded and headed for 37 years, and $1500 to White Rock Baptist Church as a memorial.

Miss Marjorie Shepard, this city, and Mrs. Annie Smith, New Bern, N.C., only surviving children of the educator, and chief beneficiaries, were appointed executrixes of the estate upon recommendation of Superior Court Clerk W. H. Young.

Sat. 10-25-47

Daughters Share Estate

Miss Shepard received two houses on Brant St., and Mrs. Smith another known as the Johnson Ray house.

The home was ordered sold to the State for $25,000, one-third of the proceeds to go to each of the daughters, and the other one-third to three granddaughters, Carolyn, Teresa and Benena Smith.

The daughters will also receive in equal shares one-half of all investment bonds, and Miss Shepard, in addition, is bequeathed all stock in the Mechanics and Farmers Bank; one-half share of a savings account, and two-thirds of cash left in an envelope.

Church Memorial

Mrs. Smith is also given one-third of the cash left in an envelope, and one-half of the savings account.

10-25-47

Dr. Shepard's will directs that his daughters "give jointly to White Rock Baptist Church as a memorial to Annie, mama, and papa," $1500 from the funds bequeathed them.

JIM SHEPARD

Believes Purpose of Late Educator Was to Make Whites Pay Heavily for Segregation

By BENJAMIN E. MAYS

(The views expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier.—The Editors.)

WHEN President James E. Shepard of the North Carolina College at Durham died on Oct. 6, a colorful and a somewhat controversial figure passed from the American scene. Colorful, because he was constantly in the public eye and what he said and did was often tinged with drama. Controversial, because some people criticized Doctor Shepard in his racial philosophy. But whether one did or did not agree with Jim Shepard he couldn't ...

...pay for its segregation and pay dearly by building a first-class institution. With this conviction in mind, he clamored always for larger and larger appropriations.

He worked as hard as any man I have known. His case is proof that hard work seldom kills any one. I have been a guest at the college annually for nearly a decade. I have seldom known him to be free of work. The last letter I received from him just before he was stricken expressed the hope that we might talk over something on my visit to the college, Oct. 19. He was dreaming and building at seventy or more as a young man does at thirty.

He was broad and liberal. His platform was open to men whose views he did not always accept. But he was willing for his students to hear points of view that differed from his own. There aren't many people who can do this. It is a sign of greatness.

Sat. 11-1-47

I DID NOT always agree with what he did and said, but I certainly did like him. I admired him and respected him. If I live to reach his years, I hope my work will be as permanent and enduring as I believe his will be. A great and unique figure has passed from among us. I liked Jim Shepard.

Pennsylvania

Over $100,000 Estate Left by Dr. Fred. Stubbs

Pittsburgh, Pa. Courier
Sat. 2-22-47
(33) Pa.

PHILADELPHIA — Simple but impressive rites were held for Dr. Frederick D. Stubbs, 40, nationally famous physician, at the Church of Annuciation last Thursday, with Father John R. Logan Jr., Vicar of St. Simon the Cyrenian Episcopal Church, officiating. Interment was in Eden Cemetery. Dr. Stubbs is said to have left an estate valued at between $100,000 and $150,000. Sat. 2-22-47

Dr. Stubbs, a brilliant surgeon and chest specialist, died of a heart attack after being stricken on a New York-Long Island train. He was removed to St. John Hospital in New York, where he was pronounced dead.

The noted surgeon was an honor student of Wilmington High School. He studied at Cushing Academy and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1927 with magna cumna cum laude honors. He was made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year. Dr. Stubbs was graduated from Harvard Medical School with honors in 1931.

Survivors include his widow; two [illegible], Marion Patricia, 13, and [illegible], 9; his mother, and two

Chest Specialist

Since 1943, he has been a member emeritus of Mercy's staff. He was a tuberculosis clinical assistant at Henry Phipps Institute, and was associated with several chest specialists' organizations.

A member of the Philadelphia Club, he has always been identified as a Philadelphian although he actually was born in Charleston, S.C. His parents, themselves Philadelphians, were visiting there at the time.

Founder of Alpha Boule

He was a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity and founder of the Alpha Boule.

The Rev. John R. Logan Sr. officiated when final rites were held at 1 p.m. Saturday at the Charles H. Chew Jr. Funeral Home. Interment followed in the Merion Cemetery. Sat. 1-11-47

Surviving are:

Dr. Russell Minton and his children, Russell Jr., and R. Elizabeth Minton; Mrs. Ethel M. Brown of Wilkes Barre, Mrs. Virginia M. Moore of Atlantic City, Herbert Minton, and Miss Dorothy Minton, all cousins.

Dr. Minton Dies, Rites on Saturday

Afro-American
(33) Pa. Baltimore

PHILADELPHIA

Dr. Henry M. Minton, 76, for 22 years medical director of Mercy Hospital, died suddenly Sunday evening, the victim of a heart attack. His wife died last August.

The aged physician had driven his wife's nieces, Mesdames Betty Wormley West, and Genevieve Wormley Burke of Washington D.C., to the railroad station.

Stricken in Auto

He was en route to 25 N. 40th St. to take his cousin, Mrs. Camilla Johnson, home when he felt the attack, and managed to park his automobile at 39th and Chestnut Sts.

He was rushed to Mercy Hospital, but was pronounced dead on arrival. Sat. 1-11-47

A graduate of Jefferson Medical College in the class of 1906, Dr. Minton was Philadelphia's first non-white pharmacist before he began practicing medicine a year later.

Henry Phillips, Archdeacon Of Episcopal Church, Dies At 100

Sat. 6-7-47 (33) Pa. Chicago Defender Sat. 6-7-47
Chicago Ill. Sat. 6-7-47

PHILADELPHIA—Funeral services were held here Saturday from the Church of the Crucifixion, 8th and Bainbridge sts., for Archdeacon Henry L. Phillips, senior prelate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 100 years old, who died Tuesday morning at his home in Germantown.

Death climaxed for the century old Protestant Episcopal prelate a three-months illness. Two of these he had spent in a hospital, celebrating there on March 11 his 100th birthday. Recently, however, he had returned to his home, 202 E. Sharpnack st. Death was attributed to asthma and contributing factors. Sat. 6-7-47

The body of the Archdeacon lay in state Friday, Memorial Day, at the church, and funeral services followed at 11 a.m. Saturday. Interment was at Merion Cemetery, under the direction of Walter Beckett, mortician.

Archdeacon Phillips is survived by two sons and one granddaughter. The sons are Harry, a high school teacher at St. Louis, Mo., and Theodore, an officer in the Merchant Marine. The granddaughter is Dr. Freddie Phillips, a resident physician at Virginia State College.

For long one of the country's outstanding religious figures, without respect to denomination, Archdeacon Phillips was the first Episcopal clergyman of his race to be appointed to an archdeaconship. He filled this office from 1902 until his retirement in 1930, a period of 28 years, and no one was appointed to fill his position in the diocese after his retirement.

Born In West Indies Sat. 6-7-47

Born in St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, British West Indies, in 1847, Phillips came to America in 1870. He came immediately to Philadelphia and entered the Mission Divinity House to study Hebrew and Arabic along with general theology. He opened a mission in North Philadelphia, in the section known as Swampoodle, and while still a divinity student served for a year as rector of St. Thomas' church.

In 1877 he was called to the Church of the Crucifixion and remained there for 25 years, leaving only when he became an archdeacon. During his tenure at Crucifixion parish, he twice refused the rectorship of St. Phillips, at greater honorariums.

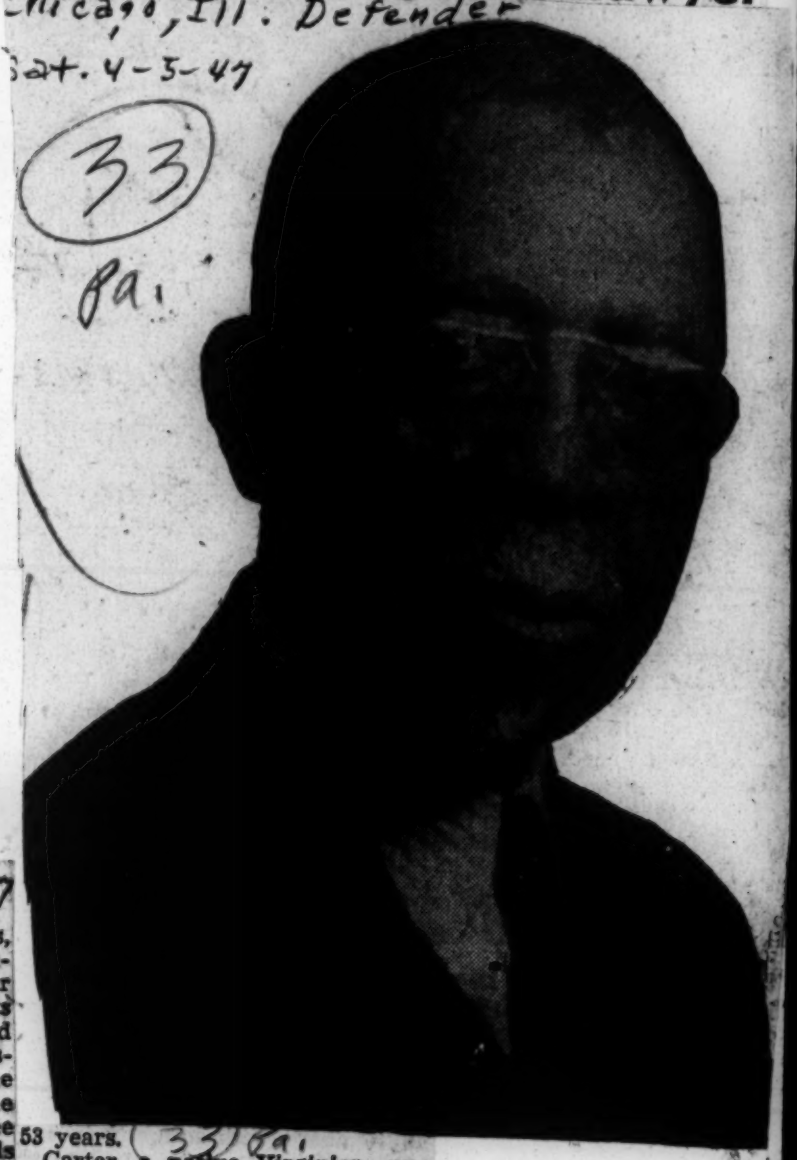
After his elevation to the archdeaconship, he founded four missions, St. Monicas, St. Cyprian, Ascension. in West Chester, and St. Marks in Chester. Sat. 6-7-47

Headed Many Boards

In addition to church matters, he was interested in civic and fraternal affairs. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias. At one time he served as president of the Board of Trustees of Mercy Hospital, of the Board of the Convalescent Home for Women. He was a trustee of St. Michaels and All Angels church, the St. John Mission Home, the House of the Holy Child and the Wharton Settlement.

Nation's Leaders Mourn Death Of W. J. Carter, Pioneer Lawyer

Chicago, Ill. Defender
Sat. 4-5-47
(33) Pa.



HARRISBURG, Pa. — Funeral services for Atty. W. Justin Carter, Howard University trustee and co-founder of what later became the NAACP, were held at Wesley AME Zion Church, March 27.

The pastor, Rev. R. T. Hunter, and Rev. Vernon R. James of Capital Street Presbyterian Church, of which Atty. Carter was a member for many years, were in charge. Dr. Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard U., eulogized Attorney Carter's life. Sat. 4-5-47

Dr. G. Lake Imes of Baltimore, field representative of the National Council of the Presbyterian Church told of his first job as an office boy for Attorney Carter, and the inspiration it gave him. Resolutions were read from the Dauphin County Bar Association, of which Attorney Carter was a member for 53 years. (33) Pa.

Carter, a native Virginian, was born in Richmond, May 28, 1866. He spent his boyhood on a farm in Caroline County, and later attended Virginia State College. In 1892 he received his law degree from Howard.

Aide To Lt. Governor

His post-graduate career included a period as assistant principal of an Annapolis school, and several high positions in the Republican party. At one time he was private secretary to the late Lt. Gov. Edward E. Beidleman of Pennsylvania. Besides holding several responsible legal positions with the state, he served as assistant district attorney of Dauphin County.

He served as a delegate to the Universal Races conference in London, shortly after the turn of the century, along with Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, and later joined DuBois in forming the Niagara movement, which later became the NAACP.

He served as head of the Harrisburg branch for several years.

Sketches on him have appeared in "Who's Who in Law," "Who's Who in the East," and Leslie's "History of the Republican Party." Last year he was awarded the honorary Doctor of Laws degree by Virginia State College.

Attorney Carter is survived by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Carter; three sons, W. Justin Jr., his law partner, Harlan, and Thaddeus; three sisters, and several other relatives. The family received condolences from all parts of the country, including a wire from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Sat. 4-5-47

In this corner

Daily Worker New York, N.Y.

33 Pa.

Wed. 1-22-47

Josh Was Cheated— So Were Fans

By Bill Mardo

JOSH GIBSON'S death "deserved" a tiny spot just in the bottom of yesterday's afternoon papers. You may have missed it, missed the terse news item: "PITTSBURGH, Jan. 21.—Josh Gibson, star catcher of the Homestead Grays, and known as the 'Negro Babe Ruth,' died here yesterday of a stroke at the age of 35."

Yes, you probably did miss it because, when all is said and done, Jackie Robinson is still the only Negro baseball player getting any real attention. This, with baseball in its second century of play.

Josh Gibson dead. A clubbing catcher cheated of his rightful berth in baseball history as one of the mightiest sluggers our still far from "National Pastime" has ever known. Cheated of his place in diamond lore, ironically enough, on the eve of a new season that may at long last bring one Negro player into the majors.

Josh Gibson dead. The man about whom another recently deceased diamond immortal, Walter Johnson, once said: "Josh Gibson is the greatest catcher in baseball. He's worth $200,000 to any big league club." Sentiments sincerely re-echoed by Carl Hubbell, Bil McKechnie and Leo Durocher—to name just a few of that representative big league opinion of the great Gibson. And how could any honest, democratic baseball man have felt differently about the Negro backstop who sent 75 homeruns flying high, wide and handsome into the deepest confines of the Negro National league ballparks in 1940?

When veteran fans of Negro baseball discuss the power that lay in Gibson's big hickory, they hark back to a day in 1938 when Josh and the Grays played in Monessen, Pa., Along about the third inning he picked a pitch to his liking, brought his mighty shoulders around in that quick swing of his, the ball took off like a jet-plane and when it soared out of sight the Mayor of Monesson, attending that game, stopped the proceedings and insisted the ball be found and the exact distance between it and home plate be recorded with a tape measure. The pellet had travelled 513-feet.

Such were the hitting talents of an athlete who started with the Homestead Grays in 1930 to overnight become a fabulous figure in the Negro National League, a player whose name was soon listed alongside that of Satchel Paige whenever mention came up of the greatest of the great. Such were the talents of the man who hooked up with the famed Pittsburgh Crawfords from 1931 to '35—then came back to the Homestead Grays where his incredible bat brought eight pennants to that team. Such were the talents of Josh Gibson who last year, at the age of 34, was still good enough to lead the Negro National League batsmen with an awesome .393 average.

He was extremely modest of his own gifts, was Josh Gibson. He batted against the best of big league pitchers in post-season exhibitions, would belt them all over the lot, and yet when the Daily Worker once asked Josh how he thought he'd fare in the majors, he grinned embarrassedly: "Oh, I guess I might get my share of hits."

His share of hits would've been enough to go around for a dozen others. A lifetime average in the .370 brackets is testimony to that. Josh was far more than just a homerun hitter. He handled pitchers with an instinctive cunning born only to natural athletes. His arm was a deadly whip which caught would-be base stealers with a vengeance. He could run, too, for all his six feet of well-knit brawn.

Had the disgraceful jimcrow ban been ousted in the majors a decade ago, Josh Gibson and Satchel Paige might have gone down as the battery supreme of baseball history. That, of course, is a dream the baseball fans of America have been robbed of. For Josh is now dead and Paige is squeezing out the last drops of a pitching wizardry that hasn't been matched yet. And the fight to belt jimcrow out of all the major league parks is only beginning. For should Jackie Robinson come to Brooklyn this season, he'll still be only one Negro playing for only one of the 16 big league clubs. Which still leaves a large-sized swath for the democratic fans of America to cut away at.

Josh Gibson used to be on fire with a vision of cracking the majors. How much he wanted that is known only by those who had the opportunity to speak to him and get to know him.

Untimely death and a hideous unwritten law kept him from seeing the day when he'd crouch behind the plate and call the turns for a pitcher on the Yanks, Giants, Dodgers, Detroit, or his hometown Pirates. It denied him the thrill which should rightfully have been his, of hearing thousands of fans, white and Negro, rising to their feet in one mass to cheer him around the bases after he'd cannonaded a circuit clout over the fence of a major league ball park.

The opportunities denied Josh Gibson must, in all fairness to his memory and to democracy, be won for every Negro baseball player talented enough to wear a big league uniform.

Tribute to Gibson

376 Daily Worker

Josh Gibson, generally regarded as the greatest catcher of modern times, died yesterday New York, N.Y.

but the big league record book will never show his name. The best tribute democratic American fans can pay this great athlete is to fight ever harder to wipe the shame of discrimination from our National Pastime.

Only the Color of Skin Can Keep Josh Gibson From the Hall of Fame

The Call Kansas City, Kans.

33

Fri. 2-21-47

WASHINGTON, D. C. —(ANP)— In speaking of Josh Gibson, great catcher of the Washington Homestead Grays, who died at his home in Pittsburgh, Pa., last Monday, the late Walter Johnson, one of baseball's all-time pitching great said: "Gibson is a catcher which any big league club could use. He's worth $200,000 to any team. He hits the ball a mile and he catches so easy; he might just as well be in a rocking chair. It's too bad he's colored. He's great."

This statement praising the Negro home run king by the king of the mound was reported by Shirley Povich, sports writer for the Washington Post, to whom Johnson spoke as he watched Gibson play with the Grays in an exhibition game in Orlando, Fla.

Gibson, born in Buena Vosta, Ga., in 1911 was one of the standout players in baseball for 19 years. He began his career with the North Side Red Sox of Pittsburgh when 15 years old. In 1927 he joined the Pittsburg Crawfords, three years later the Homestead Grays, going back to the Crawfords two years later.

In 1937 Josh returned to the Grays, but in 1941 played in Mexico, where he was just as great. He received the "most valuable" award at the end of the season. Later he returned to the Grays with whom he played until his death.

Gibson was the highest paid negro in baseball with the exception of Satchel Paige, Kansas City, pitcher for the Kansas City Monarchs, who is paid on a percentage basis. Gibson has received $6,000 a year since 1940 and at least $3,000 additional when he played winter baseball in Cuba and other Latin American countries. The only reason he did not play in the major leagues long ago is that he was a Negro.

Fri. 2-21-47

Josh will go down in history as one of the greatest sluggers and catchers in baseball. He earned the right to a place in baseball's Hall of Fame.

His color alone can keep him out.

Grays' Home-Run King Dies at 36

Pittsburgh, Pa. Courier

Sat. 1-25-47

Josh Gibson, One of Baseball Greats, Earned $6,000 a Year; Had Been Ill Two Days.

By WENDELL SMITH, Sports Editor

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—The Great Umpire has silenced the mighty bat of one of baseball's greatest sluggers of all time, Joshua (Josh) Gibson, the peer of Negro catchers, and the man whose prodigious feats at the plate have thrilled baseball fans across the Nation and on the sultry soil of Latin America for the past nineteen years.

The king of sluggers is dead . . . long live the king!

The final "Out" for the spectacular and brilliant homerun monarch came at approximately one o'cloc.. Monday morning here at the home of his mother, who followed his titantic blasts with the willow, with the maternal pride and enthusiasm that only a mother can exhibit.

Born in Buena Vista, Ga., Dec. 21, 1911, Josh Gibson was a veteran ball player at the age of 36 but otherwise a comparatively young man when he died. His mighty clouts on the Nation's diamonds are legendary, and he will go down in history as the greatest slugger in the annals of Negro baseball.

BRONZE BABE RUTH

Josh Gibson was a replica of a bronze Babe Ruth, big and powerful. He hit towering home runs in practically every big league park in the country and along with Leroy (Satchel) Paige, famous pitcher, owned the biggest name in Negro baseball.

After a brief illness of approximately two days, death came suddenly early Monday morning. The exact nature of his illness is still shrouded in mystery, but it is generally believed to have been the result of a "rundown condition." Sat. 1-25-47

With the exception of Satchel Paige, who is paid on a percentage basis, Gibson was the highest salaried player in Negro baseball. He has received $6,000 yearly since 1940 and added at least another $3,000 to his income playing winter baseball in Cuba and other Latin countries. The past three winters, however, he remained at home with his family. Although his death came suddenly and unexpectedly, he had been ailing for the past two years. His failure to observe training rules was an important factor in his decline in health.

POWERFUL MAN

Power . . . tremendous power . . was the word for Josh Gibson. He was six feet, four inches in height and weighed 220 pounds. At the time of his death, however, he was a mere shadow of his former self, weighing approximately 180 pounds. A righthand hitter, Gibson started playing on the sandlots of Pittsburgh, with the North Side Red Sox, at the age of 15. In 1927 he joined the Pittsburgh Crawfords, then a strong semi-pro outfit, and three years later joined the Homestead Grays, then the greatest team in Negro baseball. He played with the Grays for two years under the shrewd eye of the late Cum Posey, manager and owner of the team, and then in 1932 returned to the Crawfords, who were then in "big time" Negro baseball, and owned by Gus Greenlee.

In 1937 he returned to the Grays and it was in that year that he hit his stride and sent opposing pitchers berserk as he powered homeruns with a monotonous consistency in parks all across the country. During the next four years he was a terror at the plate, hitting as many as four homeruns in one ball game time and again.

In 1941 he "jumped" the Grays and took his big, booming bat with him to Mexico. He was just as great there and at the end of the season was voted the "most valuable" player award.

MAJOR LEAGUES Sat. 1-25-47

Gibson was definitely of major league caliber. There is no doubt that he would have been in the big leagues had it not been for the long and unjust ban against Negroes in organized baseball. In April of 1939 the Washington Senators were training in Orlando, Fla., and the Homestead Grays were down there on a spring tour through the South. The Senators went to see the famous Negro team play an exhibition game against the Newark Eagles.

Among the Washington players was the late Walter Johnson, one of baseball's all-time pitching greats. He was impressed by the feat of Gibson, and his remarks were recorded by Shirley Povich, a sports writer for the Washington Post, who also saw the game.

According to Povich, Johnson said of Gibson: "There is a catcher any big league club could use. He is worth $200,000 to any team. He hits the ball a mile and he catches so easy he might just as well be in a rocking chair."

"Too bad he's colored," Johnson moaned, "he's great!"

A GIANT HAS FALLEN

St. Louis, Mo. Argus Fri. 7-11-47

In the death of Major Richard R. Wright, the community in which he lived, the state and the nation lost a useful citizen.

The deceased, who stood like a giant oak, has fallen after weathering many storms.

We attest that Major Wright was a devoted husband, a loving father and useful citizen.

What Others Say—

Major R. R. Wright is dead!

The former slave boy who, with prophetic vision, shouted a message to be carried North to the friends of freedmen—"Tell them we are rising"—has gone on that one last journey from which no traveler returns.

His passing marks the end of one of the nation's most colorful and useful characters. His energy was phenomenal. His mind was active unto the end. Few men have labored so arduously after they arrived at the ripe age of ninety. He refused to die until he was dead.

He arose from the most humble possible beginning to various positions of honor and trust. By all standards he was a great American. It he is judged by the standard suggested by Frederick Douglass—"Judge us not by the heights we have attained but by the depths from which we come" —truly he deserves a place among the Earth's elect.

Born in slavery, he became the president of a college, a paymaster with the rank of Major in the United States Army, president of the most successful bank owned and operated by Negroes north of Mason-Dixon Line. Fri. 7-11-47

Major Wright's fertile brain created many projects which will long remain to gladden the hearts of men and cause those yet unborn to bless his memory.

—*Philadelphia Tribune*

* * * * * * *

Major Richard R. Wright, who died in this city on Wednesday, achieved distinction in many fields in a long lifetime that stretched back to pre-Civil War days in Georgia, where he was born in slavery.

From those beginnings he rose to become one of the foremost Negro educators in the country. He was principal of the first Negro high school in Georgia and for 30 years president of Georgia State College.

Widening his activities, he turned to banking comparatively late in life and was founder and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank and Trust Company of this city, the largest Negro-owned and operated bank in the North.

Meanwhile, he served his country in the armed forces during the Spanish-American War, and was named by President McKinley a special paymaster with the rank of Major.

He was known not only in Philadelphia, but throughout the United States as a civic leader untiringly devoted to causes he believed would help the ordinary citizen, and as a sincere champion of his people.

Fostering National Freedom Day and obtaining the issuance of a postage stamp honoring Booker T. Washington were only minor aspects of his unflagging zeal in the interests of his fellow-Negroes.

Major Wright was not only a highly successful and capable Negro educator and banker. He was a loyal, conscientious public servant; a distinguished American, and a fine gentleman.

Fri. 7-11-47 —*Philadelphia Inquirer (daily)*

(The above from papers of his home-town, one white daily).

Major R. R. Wright

Atlanta, Ga. Daily World

Major Richard Robert Wright is dead. He died at his home last Wednesday at the age of 94. He reached the apex in America Negro aristoracy in achievement, in culture and in leadership influence. He was born and nursed in the Red Clay hills of Georgia and attained to the rank of college president in his native state. But he soon outgrew this circumscribed existence like all men of vision, ability and industry. He was more than a blind follower of tradition and custom, he was a pace-maker and pattern setter. Indeed he was America's pioneer businessman and illustrious educator, who used his talents not merely to promote the ends of Negroes in the field of education and in business, but he exploited his best influence to promote harmony and mutual cooperation between white and Negro citizens. He was a cosmopolitan in every sense of that term. All America will miss the Grand Old Man of Philadelphia, whose name was a commonplace even to school children. Sun. 7-6-47

The Philadelphia banker earned the title of Major Wright by virtue of his special service as paymaster in the Spanish-American war under appointment of President McKinley. He was a graduate of Atlanta University. He was honored with degrees from many of the leading colleges and universities. He was organizer and founder of the Citizens and Southern Bank of Philadelphia. Philadelphia selected him for its highest award to its most distinguished citizen for 1946. National Freedom's Day was his idea to have American Negroes to unite on one uniform day, February 1, rather than January 1, as the proper day on which all American Negroes should commemorate their freedom from slavery. Sun. 7-6-47

And through his entire long life ran a golden chain of service, not easily duplicated anywhere, North or South.

Major R. R. Wright, Illustrious Leader, Dies In Philadelphia

Atlanta, Ga. Daily World Fri. 7-4-47

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—(SNS)—Major Richard Robert Wright, founder and president of Philadelphia's Citizens and Southern Bank and one of the foremost members of his race, died here Wednesday at the age of 94.

Until he became generally week about a month ago, the many-time honored businessman, educator and good-will ambassador continued highly active despite his advanced age.

Fri. 7-4-47

It was Major Wright who most the business world among Negro notably overcame the adversities of Americans.

slavery to rise to the pinnacle of

friends and co-workers. Major Wright left Georgia for Philadelphia in 1921 and organized the Citizens and Southern Bank with a capital of $125,000 and 300 stockholders. At present this Philadelphia bank is the largest Negro-owned and operated institution in the East, having resources of more than $3,000,000. He served as president of the National Association of Negro Banks for 16 years.

MAJOR WRIGHT, STATE PRESIDENT

Pursuing a teaching career, Major Wright headed the first Negro high school in Georgia, which was established in Ware county in 1880, which he was named to the presidency of Georgia State College at Savannah while in Savannah that became Liberia College and digusted with the arrangement for Negroes by a local bank himself, using the same methods of the bank whose award for distinguished citizenship in 1946. Only last month, Major Wright was honored at a banquet

Born in Georgia in 1853, Major Wright entered the lower grades of Atlanta University after walking to Atlanta from Dalton, Ga., in quest of education. He remained in Atlanta University until he graduated from the college course in 1876. Fri. 7-4-47

Many educational institutions honored Major Wright with doctorate degrees.

He was named by President McKinley. He declined twice to become United States minister to Liberia. Fri. 7-4-47

He earned the title of Major Wright by virtue of his special service as paymaster in the Spanish-American War under the appointment by President McKinley.

WAR VETERAN

Major Wright, which followed him throughout his lifetime as a special paymaster during the Spanish-American War and served at the institution for 30 years.

He was born and nursed in the Red Clay hills of Georgia and attained to the rank of college president in his native state. But he soon outgrew this circumscribed existence like all men of vision, ability and industry. He was more than a blind follower of tradition and custom, he was a pace-maker and pattern setter. Indeed he was America's pioneer businessman and illustrious educator, who used his talents not merely to promote the ends of Negroes in the field of education and in business, but he exploited his best influence to promote harmony and mutual cooperation between white and Negro citizens. He was a cosmopolitan in every sense of that term. All America will miss the Grand Old Man of Philadelphia, whose name was a commonplace even to school children. Sun. 7-6-47

for his service as a good citizen.

Throughout his distinguished life, Major Wright sponsored many projects designed to improve the condition of his people and honoring their worth and greatness. The Major was foremost in the ranks of those prevaling upon the Post Office Dept. to issue the special B. T. Washington memorial stamp.

His pet project of recent years was the idea of having February 1 declared as National Freedom Day. For several years, he secured representation from most of the states of the nation at Freedom Hall and banquet commemorative annual affairs. Governors of the several states were asked to designate representatives to the Philadelphia celebration and many responded out of respect to Major Wright, who contended that it was on February 1, rather than January 1, that the Emancipation became effective and American slaves freed. A bill was introduced in Congress calling for the national designation, but was shelved later. Fri. 7-4-47

Among survivors of the deceased is a son, Bishop R. R. Wright, Sr. who has followed in his father's steps as a successful businessman, school president and clergyman.

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In Atlanta, President Rufus E. Clement, of Atlanta University, said Thursday that the institution's publicity department and the administration would present a suitable tribute to Dr. Wright in a forthcoming issue of the Bulletin, official publication of the school.

President Clement visited with Major Wright last month. 33

Savannah, Ga. Press
July 8, 1947

FORMER SLAVE WHO HEADED COLLEGE, BANK DIES AT AGE OF 94

33

PHILADELPHIA, July 3 (AP).—Maj. Richard Robert Wright, a 94-year-old former Georgia slave who became president of a college and a bank, died yesterday in Jefferson Hospital.

Wright, who twice declined to become U. S. minister to Liberia, headed the first negro high school in Georgia and later became president of Georgia State College. He was founder and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust Company, Philadelphia.

President William McKinley appointed Wright as special paymaster with the rank of major during the Spanish American War.

Veteran Financier Laid To Rest In Philadelphia, Pa.

33 Fri. 7-11-47

Nashville Globe & Independent

Was Former Georgia Educator, President of "Freedom Day" Movement; and Father of Noted AME Bishop; Past 94 When End Came

Nashville, Tenn.

Philadelphia, Pa.—(Spl.) to the Nashville GLOBE-INDEPENDENT)—Solemn and impressive funeral services were held here on Monday, July 7th over the remains of the late Major R. R. Wright, Sr., in the main auditorium of the Greater St. Matthew African Methodist Episcopal church, located at 57th and Summer Street. The services began promptly at 1:00 p. m., Eastern Standard Time.

Major Wright died on Wednesday the second of July in the Jefferson Hospital after a brief illness. His passing brought to a close a career and a life of one of the most colorful members of the race. He was organizer and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust Company of this city, the largest bank operated by the race north of the Mason and Dixon Line. He came to Philadelphia some years ago after having served for more than a quarter of a century as president of the State College of Georgia, located near Savannah. Not only did he organize this strong financial institution, but he pioneered in many civic movements, such as the Haitian Coffee Movement, importing coffee from Haiti and distributing it to wholesale and retail stores. His distributors flew from the United States to Haiti to open up this avenue and to promote this business. Fri. 7-11-47

He was the father of the National Freedom Day Organization, and there was before Congress for the past two sessions a Bill asking the nation to set aside one day in the year when Negroes throughout America could celebrate their emancipation on the same day. It was only last February that the largest crowd that ever attended such exercises and listened to such a program met here in this city in the Constitution Hall where more than ten thousand paid their respects to the movement headed by the deceased. He was an outstanding lay member of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and was the father of Bishop R. R. Wright of the AME Connection.

Thousands of telegrams, messages of condolence and sympathy reached this city, because the news of his death spread throughout the nation. His body lay in state on Sunday from 7:30 to 10:00 p. m., at the late residence, 554 N. 58th. The funeral eulogy over the remains was delivered by Rt. Rev. William Fountaine, the Senior Bishop of the AME Church.

A telegram and a special message were read from the President of the United States, Harry Truman. Notably among those on the program who were here for this sad occasion aside from Bishop Fountaine, were Rev. M. Lewis, a well known pastor in the Connection; Rev. W. C. Williamson, pastor of the White Rock Baptist church and one of the Vice Presidents of the Citizen's and Southern Bank; Mr. J. R. Fuggett, School Principal; Dr. Rufus C. Clement, President of the Atlanta University; Mr. C. C. Spaulding, President of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company at Durham, N. C.; Mr. E. H. Copeland, representing the Independent Order of Elks; Rev. Thomas Logan, Grand Chaplain of the Masonics of Pennsylvania, and Bishop E. L. Green. Aside from the music rendered by the St. Matthew choir and Southernaires rendered a selection. Philadelphia has not witnersed a larger and more sorrowing crowd than was present on this occasion when this leader was being funeralized.

Fri. 7-11-47

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MAJOR R. R. WRIGHT'S LIFE AND WORK

Born a slave in Georgia, he rose to the presidency of Georgia State College, and held that post for 30 years, until he came to Philadelphia in 1921 and founded the bank. He directed the Citizens & Southern Bank and Trust Company until he entered the hospital two weeks ago.

Major Wright was educated in the schools of Georgia, graduating from Atlanta University in 1876. He did post graduate work at Wilberforce University, the University of Chicago, Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania.

He taught in the public schools of Georgia after his graduation from college and was appointed principal of the Ware High School, Georgia, first Negro High School in the State, in 1880. He was named president of Georgia State College in 1891.

He abandoned his role of educator temporarily to participate in the Spanish-American War, in which he was one of two Negroes confirmed by the U. S. Senate as special paymasters with the rank of major.

Major Wright came to Philadelphia in 1921 and organized the bank with a capital of $125.000 and 300 stockholders. Today the institution is the largest Negro-owned and operated bank in the North with resources of more than $3,000,000.00.

He was a member of Allen African Methodist Episcopal church, a 33rd degree Mason, a member of the Lodge of Elks and the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences.

It was the Major who founded the National Freedom Day Celebration, observed annually on February 1. He is also credited with proposing the issuance of the Booker T. Washington postage stamp in 1939, the first to honor a Negro. 33 Fri. 7-11-47

The banker, who lived at 554 North 58th Street, is survived by three sons: Bishop R. R. Wright, Jr., of Ohio; Dr. Whittier H. Wright of this city; Emanuel C. Wright, executive Vice President of the bank; five daughters, Mrs. Escie W. Thompson, Miss Julia C. Wright, Mrs. Lillian M. Clayton, Mrs. Edwina Mitchell and Mrs. Harriet W. Lemon; 13 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Major Wright Left Record Of Achievements

St. Louis, Mo. Argus

Fri. 7-11-47

PHILADELPHIA, July 7 (NNPA)—Major Richard Robert Wright, 92, widely known civic leader, educator and founder and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank and Trust Company, died last Wednesday morning in Jefferson Hospital.

Born in slavery at Dalton, Georgia, May 16, 1855, Major Wright walked 300 miles to enroll in a school in Atlanta. The school, he recalled years later, was held in an old railroad boxcar and consisted of two classes, "one for ABCs and one for spelling."

He was graduated from Atlanta university in 1876 and received a Master of Arts degree there three years later. Later, he took post-graduate work at Wilberforce university, the University of Chicago, Howard university and the University of Pennsylvania. Fri. 7-11-47

From 1880 to 1891 he was principal of the Ware (Georgia) High School, the first school of its kind for children of former slaves. Eleven years later he was named president of Georgia State college, a post he held for thirty years.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, the educator temporarily left the college for the Army. He was one of two colored men confirmed by the United States Senate as Army paymaster with the rank of major. He served in a volunteer regiment during the war.

Mr. Wright also served as a special agent of the Interior Department and a United States deputy marshal in Georgia. In 1898 President McKinley offered to name him Minister to Liberia, but he turned down the offer. In World War I the Governor of Georgia appointed him historian of colored troops from Georgia and he went to France, England and Belgium in connection with his duties.

He was planning to visit Liberia for the centennial celebration of the independence of that country when he died.

At the behest of one of his eight children he came to Philadelphia in 1920 and decided to open a bank on $10,000 capital. He sold $156,000 worth of stock and obtained a charter. His bank weathered the depression and today it is the largest colored-owned and operated bank in the North, having resources of more than $3,000,000.

As head of the bank he helped organize the National Association of Negro Banks. He served as president of this organization for sixteen years. At the time of his death he was president emeritus.

He was an organizer and former president of the Georgia State Agricultural and Industrial Association, former president of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and a member of the Spanish-American War Veterans. Fri. 7-11-47

In May, 1945, Major Wright went to San Francisco to observe the United Nations Conference. At a luncheon given for him he was asked his formula for attaining a ripe old age.

"Trust in the Lord and do good," he said.

Early in his career, he married the former Lydia Elizabeth Howard who died some years later.

A NEGRO LEADER

Richard Robert Wright, whose biography in *Who's Who* starts off with "educator, banker," once president of the Georgia Industrial College for Negroes at Savannah, later president of the Citizens & Southern Bank of Philadelphia, died the other day at the ripe age of 92. He made his transfer from education to business in 1921 and chose the name of his bank for a retaliatory reason. At any rate, that was his story, which was to the effect that when his daughter was insulted in a certain bank in Savannah he threatened to go North and take its name for a Negro bank.

Mon. 7-14-44

I knew R. R. Wright when both of us were in Savannah. He was a spry little man with a quick cackle and an equally quick mind. He probably stood better with whites than with Negroes. There was an autocratic strain in him which worked against him among his own people, who bore the full weight of that side of his nature. His last years as a college president must have been stormy. But his change of careers was deliberate. He always seemed to me more the manager than the educator. He was a shrewdly acquisitive man of affairs. When he went to Philadelphia he knew what he wanted. According to an interview in *The New Yorker*, which appeared the same week that he died, he was a highly successful banker, heading the only institution of its kind outside the South.

Bham. Ala. News

He was 10 years old in '65, the son of slaves on a plantation in Northwest Georgia. He was in a sense the product of the reconstruction period because he got his schooling then. As a matter of fact, when I knew him he was best known in connection with a story told about a visit paid to Georgia by Gen. Armstrong, founder of Hampton Institute. This friend of Negro education made a little talk to the children of the school attended by Wright, rounding it out with the question, "What shall I tell the folks up North?" Whereupon young Wright replied, "Tell them we are rising."

He was president of his little college for 30 years, but he never struck me as being primarily the teacher or the philosopher. He was a doer, with a quick intelligence rather than a deep one. He was a canny and acquisitive person who knew how to adjust himself to his environment. He was far removed from the humanities. He was not even well-read. He could tell Gen. Armstrong in the '60s, "We are rising," and yet even in his 60s he had never seen Clough's famous poem, which sums up the epic of the Negro in America:

Mon. 7-14-44

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

He was the embodiment of the struggle. His life encompassed the long stretch from slavery to the advancement of today. Other Negroes gained a wider acclaim. They were more richly endowed with the quality of leadership. They were perhaps more unselfish. R. R. Wright exemplified the economic basis of the Negro's progress. That is an essential part of the pattern of "rising." Whatever else may be said about Wright, he won distinction in two fields which are poles apart, despite the modern tendency to make college presidents of business men. He proved what brains, courage and the will to succeed can do for an individual and for a people.

Bishop Fountain Delivers Eulogy At Wright Funeral

Memphis, Tenn World
Tues. 7-15-47

PHILADELPHIA—(NNPA)— Funeral services for Major Richard R. Wright, widely known civic leader, educator, and banker, were held last Monday from St. Matthew's A. M. E. church. Burial was in Eden Cemetery. Major Wright died at Jefferson hospital, July 2.

Bishop Sherman L. Greene, presiding Bishop of the First District of the A. M. E. Church, presided. The eulogy was delivered by Bishop William A. Fountain, of Atlanta, presiding bishop of diocese of Georgia.

More than 2,500 persons attended the services. Participating were the Elks, Odd Fellows and Masons. In his eulogy, Bishop Fountain paid tribute to Major Wright as "exemplifying what perseverance can do even for a slave."

CONGRESS TRIBUTE

At Washington, Senator Edward Martin, and Representative Robert N. McGarvey, both Republicans, of Philadelphia, also paid tribute to Major Wright. Tues. 7-15-47

Senator Martin told the Senate that "His distinguished career was one of the greatest examples of what can be accomplished under our American way of life."

Stating that "The Philadelphia Inquirer, which seldom refers to individuals in its editorials, paid appropriate tribute to him," Senator Martin obtained unanimous consent to insert the editorial in the Congressional Record.

Pointing out that it was through the efforts of Major Wright that the Booker T. Washington memorial stamp was issued, and that he was the founder of the National Freedom Day, celebrating the promulgation of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, Mr. McGarvey suggested that the formal recognition of National Freedom Day, "would be an appropiate honor to an outstanding citizen who contributed so much to this race and to his country." adding:

TRUE AMERICAN TALE

"His life story tells the true tale of American life in its recounting. His early serfdom and his struggle against hardships, his eventual defeat of the obstacles which stood in his way and the prominent place which he occupied in the nation's affairs and in the hearts of his people at the time of his death, are a tribute to the country which he loved so well." Tues. 7-15-47

Major Wright was 94 when he died on July 2.

"Tell them we are rising"

Los Angeles, Calif. Tribune

A race which had keenly savored the peppery independence, the resourceful genius, the benevolent spirit of Major Richard Robert Wright for so long, mourned his death at the age of 94 this week and sought comfort from the shock of his sudden passing in the fact that he had been with us a long time as the lives of men go.

Richard Robert Wright was one of the treasured legends of the Negro race, and although the legend lives on, the race is the poorer for his passing. His years not withstanding, Major Wright was still a vigorous leader in the forward march of the Negro; and his ability, his wisdom, his ingenuity and encouragement will be missed.

At 12, he was a slave; but at 26, he was a teacher of ex-slaves and at 68, an age when most men retire, he became the founder and president of a bank—not in a locale where the unhappy circumstance of jim crow would guarantee a measure of his success, but in the open competition of a northern city. (See front page story)

In the interim of 26 and 68, Major Wright founded and headed a high school and a college, continued his own education, educated and reared to distinction and service a family of 8, served in two wars, and served his community as a civic leader.

Where he would turn up next was always open to conjecture. He organized and led Negro bankers, and proof of his ability to lead in that field was the fact that his bank weathered the depression. He inspired the government's issuance of the Booker T. Washington postage stamp. He promoted a National Freedom Day and succeeded in having his own city of Philadelphia observe it, if none else. He ran his bank successfully.

There are many stories told of the Major, but perhaps none is more characteristic than the anecdote dating back to his childhood in the days immediately following the Civil War.

He was a member of a Sunday School class which was visited by General O. O. Howard, a Union officer. Near the close of the class period, the General asked if he might take a message back to the North with him from the ex-slave community. Springing to his feet, the skinny little boy instructed the Union officer,

"Tell them we are rising, General". Sat. 7-12-47

Let us hope, with the spirit of Major Wright, that we keep on rising.

Noted Leader Passes In

St. Louis, Mo. Argus

Philadelphia Accomplished Many Things

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 2 — Major R. R. Wright, noted financier, who rose from slavery to become a school principal, publisher, member of the Republican National Convention, and bank president, died here Wednesday morning, July 2, after a lingering illness. Recently a huge banquet was held in his honor by foremost citizens of Philadelphia in honor of the 94-year-old leader's accomplishments, which included the establishment of National Freedom Day, one of the city's major observances.

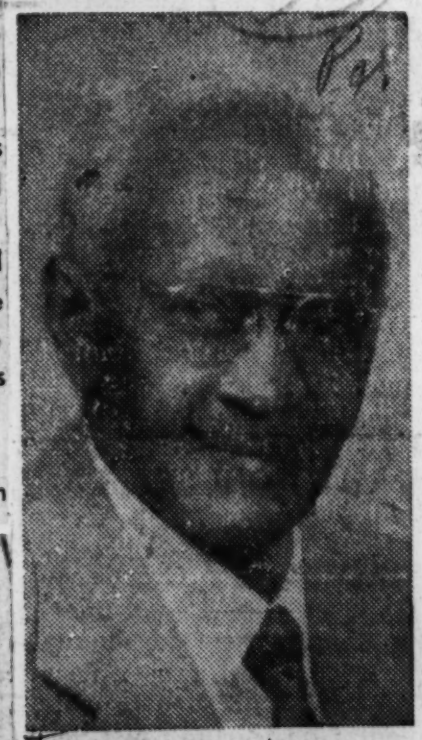
Fri. 7-4-47

The Major had been extended an invitation to attend the celebration of the 100th Anniversary of Liberia because his ancestors were of the Mendingol tribe, which invented an African alphabet.

Members of the Wright family, who include notables in many fields of endeavor, were at his bedside at the time of his death. In the group were Mrs. Edwina Wright Mitchell, a daughter of the deceased and her husband, Editor J. E. Mitchell of the St. Louis Argus.

Major Wright, Educator And Banker, Dead

The Christian Recorder
Philadelphia, Pa.



Thurs. 7-10-47
MAJ. R. R. WRIGHT

Noted Banker Was Ex-College Head

Major Richard Robert Wright, one of the oldest bankers in the country and civic leader, died in Jefferson Hospital. He was 94 on May 16.

Major Wright was president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust Co., 1849 South Street, which he organized in 1921.

Before entering the banking business, Major Wright was president of Georgia State Industrial College in Savannah, Ga., for 30 years. Thur. 7-10-47

He was born in slavery in Dalton, Ga., and John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, often mentioned him in his poems. He served in the Spanish-American War, being one of two Negroes confirmed by the U. S. Senate as special paymasters, with the rank of major.

He received his A.B. degree from Atlanta University in 1876, his A. M. in 1877 and LL.D. from Wilberforce College in 1899.

Major Wright was organizer and president of the Georgia State Agricultural and Industrial Association, head of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, the National Association of Presidents of Agricultural and Mining Colleges for Negroes and past president of the National Negro Bankers Association.

He declined an appointment as Minister to Liberia offered by President McKinley. He was planning a trip to that country to attend the Liberian Centennial as an official representative of Governor Duff before he became ill two weeks ago. Thurs. 7-10-47

He was a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, the Elks and a Mason. He was founder of the National Freedom Day, celebrating the adoption of the 13th Amendment, and inspired

Banker, Ex-Slave, Dies

PHILADELPHIA, July 3—(AP)—Major Robert Wright, 94-year-old former Georgia slave who became president of a college and a bank, died yesterday in Jefferson Hospital.

President William McKinley appointed Wright as special paymaster with the rank of major during the Spanish-American War.

headed the first Negro high school in Georgia. He later became president of Georgia State College. He was founder and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust Co., Philadelphia.

twice declined to become U. S. minister to Liberia, who, Wright, Jr., of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Memorial Slated For Negro Banker

Columbus, Ga. Enq. 7-4-47

ATLANTA, Ga., July 4—(INS) Officials of Atlanta University for Negroes announced today that memorial services will be held Sunday for Richard Robert Wright, an ex-slave who got an education and headed the largest Negro bank in the East.

Wright died at the age of 94 in Philadelphia where he went in 1921 to organize the citizens bank.

Wright walked into a Dalton, Ga., school room 85 years ago and announced he wanted to learn readin' and writin' an d'rithmetic. He subsequently became head of the Georgia State College for Negroes at Savannah. Fri - 7-4-47

Cleveland, Dayton, Ohio

Died: MAJ. RICHARD R. WRIGHT, 92, Negro founder and president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust Co.; in Philadelphia, July 2. Wright named the Philadelphia bank after a Georgia institution where he claimed his daughter was insulted. Born a slave in Georgia, he organized the state's first public high school for Negroes and the Georgia State Industrial College. President McKinley named him paymaster with the rank of major in the Spanish-American War.

Mon. 7-14-47

A Valued Georgian Dies

Atlanta, Ga. Constitution

The President of a Philadelphia bank, deposits about $4,000,000, died Friday in that Pennsylvania city. He occupied a considerable space in Who's Who.

He was known to thousands as Maj. R. R. Wright.

His story is largely a Georgia story, and in noting the passing of the man and his very real accomplishments, we think it well to note certain facts about his life.

He was born a slave on a plantation near Dalton, Ga. The plantation owner moved on to Atlanta when the Battle of Chickamauga began, and then on to Cuthbert, Ga., when the Federal troops neared Atlanta.

Sun. 7-6-47

At war's end a Negro woman and her child walked from Cuthbert to Atlanta, where she got a job and began to slave for her son, the bank President who died Friday in Philadelphia.

That son was assisted by John B. Gordon, the great Confederate chieftain; by Capt. Evan P. Howell and Henry W. Grady, publisher and editor, respectively, of The Atlanta Constitution, because by then the boy had become a teacher. Henry Grady wrote of him then: "Dick Wright will make his mark in this world." He served as President of the first Negro college in the State, at Savannah, for a period of 30 years. He founded his bank in Philadelphia on faith and with the support of teachers who bought his stock. He called it the Citizens and Southern Bank, telling depositors they were the citizens and he was the Southern part of it.

He served his country and his people to the fullest and it is fitting that he should have died respected by all. He was a member of the Board at Atlanta University and made its commencement speech in 1942. He was 94 at the time of his death. His life is an inspiration to those of both races who strive for the genuine improvement of opportunity.

America Has Lost A Truly Great Citizen

Journal & Guide Norfolk, Va. 7-19-47

IN THE death of MAJOR R. R. WRIGHT SR., the nation lost a citizen and leader of distinction and, in some respects, uniqueness. He was educator, banker, churchman, civic and political leader, unflagging advocate of first-class citizenship for all Americans. Amazingly active almost to the day of his death at the exceptional age of 95 years, he had been the recipient of many honors in his long eventful career that began under the handicap of slavery, spanned four wars involving America, and won him renown as one of our great Americans.

Born a slave on May 16, 1853, he became in time college president and founder-president of one of the oldest and soundest financial institutions in the country. Determined to be more than spectator at the United Nations Conference at San Francisco, and so he could have official access to the attending nation's delegates on behalf of a better deal for underprivileged peoples, MAJOR WRIGHT got himself accredited as a correspondent. He kept the much younger journalists on their toes for fear of being scooped.

It was one of his last ambitions to attend the centennial of Liberia's establishment as a free republic this summer. He had always been interested in the three Negro countries, especially Haiti and Liberia, and is reported to have twice declined the honor of being this country's minister to Liberia. He was of another day but he developed with the years, taking to such relatively new contraptions as the airplane with aplomb. It was his plan to span the ocean by plane when he went to Africa. Sat. 7-12-47

He reared a family that did full honor to his name and achievements. One son is a bishop of the AME church, another is a bank cashier, and a third is a doctor. His five daughters, all married but one, are widely known and respected.

MAJOR WRIGHT was a champion of the rights of the race and a leader for clean living and racial progress. The full story of his career will be found in the news columns. He was a man the world can little do without. It will be a better world when there are more like him.

RICHARD ROBERT WRIGHT SR.

Afro-American Baltimore, Md. Sat. 7-19-47

When Richard R. Wright Sr., died last Wednesday in Philadelphia at the age of 92, this country lost one of its great citizens.

Twenty-two years past the allotted three score and ten, R. R. Wright, banker, businessman and educator, had no thought of quitting but, to the last, was eagerly seeking new worlds to conquer.

Born in a small Georgia town ten years before the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, Mr. Wright, whose struggle to reach the heights which he attained makes a story more phenomenal and inspirational than any Horatio Alger tale, was a man, who, early in life, knew what he wanted.

His determination not to accept second-class citizenship was a guiding principle. It was a discourtesy at a Georgia bank, so the story goes, that later prompted him to organize a bank of his own, using the same name as that of the institution which offended him.

As a high school principal, college president head of national associations of teachers and bankers and as president of a 3 million dollar banking institution and of an import company, Mr. Wright, whose military rank of "Major" gained in the Spanish-American War, stuck with him until death, touched the lives of many people. Sat. 7-12-47

When he was 86, he founded and organized National Freedom Day, to celebrate the anniversary of the adoption of the 13th Amendment. Blessed with boundless energy and with a zest for activity, Major Wright was not happy unless busily engaged in one of his many interests.

Death overtook him as he was preparing to make a trip to the Republic of Liberia. Widely traveled, he had a great memory of persons and places which made him good company for old and young. He was a great family man.

As a youngster, he was credited with the now famous "Tell them we are rising" reply in response to a public speaker's request for some message to take back North from Georgia. It was this "rising" philosophy which carried Major Wright to the top. Leadership was his No. 1 talent and he used it well.

His greatest monument is in the institutions that he founded and in the memories of those whose lives he enriched. He would not have had it any other way.

Major R. R. Wright: Two Great Careers

R. R. WRIGHT DEAD; EDUCATOR, BANKER

The New York Times n.y.h.t.

Ex-President of Georgia State College Founded the Citizens and Southern Trust Co.

(33) Thurs 10-3-47

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2—Major Richard R. Wright, founder and president of the Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Company and a well-known Negro educator, died this morning in Jefferson Hospital. His age was 94.

Born in Dalton, Ga., Major Wright was graduated from Atlanta University in 1876. He studied later at Wilberforce University, the University of Chicago, Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania.

A former president of Georgia State College, he served in the Army during the Spanish-American War, and was one of two Negroes appointed by President McKinley as special paymasters with the rank of major.

Major Wright returned to the college after the war and helped organize the National Association of Teachers in Negro Schools. He served as president of the organization for many years. He came here in 1921 and organized the bank, which expanded until it became the largest Negro-owned and operated bank in the north, with resources of more than $3,000,000.

As head of the bank he helped to organize the National Association of Negro Banks which he headed for sixteen years. Five years of persistent effort by the major culminated in 1939 with the issuing of a postage stamp honoring Booker T. Washington.

Surviving are eight children, Julia O. Wright, Mrs. H. W. Lemon, Mrs. E. Mitchell, Mrs. L. A. Clayton, Mrs. E. W. Thompson, Bishop R. R. Wright Jr., Dr. W. H. Wright and Emanuel C. Wright.

Major Wright Left $36,000 Pa. Estate

Afro-American Baltimore

(33)

PHILADELPHIA

The estate of the late Major Richard R. Wright Sr., president of the Citizens' and Southern Bank and Trust Company who died July 2, was estimated at $36,000 last week by his heirs.

Letters of administration were granted to a son, Bishop R. R.

(Continued from Page One)

Wright of Wilberforce, Ohio; with two other children, Mrs. Harriet W. Lemon and E. C. Wright, executive vice-president of the bank, as co-signers of a $60,000 bond.

Excludes Out-of-State Property

This amount covers $30,000 in personal assets and $6,000 in local real estate, but does not include property in Morris Beach, N.J., Aiken, S.C., Woodlawn and Savannah, Ga., Los Angeles and Flordia.

The 94-year-old financier died in he Jefferson Hospital two weeks before a scheduled flight to Liberia. He had entered the hospital for a check-up.

Other survivors include Miss Julia O. Wright, Mrs. Lillian W. Clayton, Dr. Whittier H. Wright, Mrs. Essie W. Thompson, all of Philadelphia and Mrs. Edwinia W. Mitchell of St. Louis, Mo.

Bury Major R. R. Wright, Slave Who Rose To Fame

Chicago Defender (33)

Chicago Ill. Sat. 7-12-47

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. — Final rites for Maj. Richard Robert Wright, the slave boy who rose to national fame, were held here Monday at the Greater St. Matthews AME Church. Death struck the 94-year-old ex-slave in the Jefferson Hospital here Wednesday where he had gone for a physical check-up prior to making a scheduled flight to Liberia.

Maj. Wright

His rise from the depth of human slavery to the position of educator and president of the Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Co., has been hailed as the foremost Horatio Algers story in the history of the American Negro. Born in Dalton, Ga., on May 16, 1855, Maj. Wright was the son of Robert Waddell and Harriet Lynch Wright, both slaves.

After receiving his AB degree at Atlanta University in 1876, Maj. Wright married Miss Lydia Elizabeth Howard the next year. Eight children were born from the union. Mrs. Wright died on Oct. 11, 1933. In the 56-year interim, Maj. Wright acquired an AM degree from Atlanta University in 1879, won an LLD degree at Wilberforce University in 1899, became principal of Ware High School, the first for Negroes in Georgia, in 1880 and served in that capacity until 1891.

Headed Georgia College

He resigned his high school principalship for presidency of Georgia State Industrial College, and remained at that post for 30 years. He was elected five times as delegate to the Republican National Convention during the years of his college presidency. He quit Georgia State Industrial College in 1921 and came here to found the Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Co., which he headed until his death.

Maj. Wright acquired his title of major during the Spanish-American War by an act of Congress by virtue of his appointment as paymaster. Prior to the war, he served as U. S. deputy marshal for the southern district of Georgia.

Maj. Wright has been acclaimed as one of the nation's shrewdest financiers. His bank was among the first here to resume business following the presidential order rescinding the "bank holiday" in 1933. During the period of its existence, his bank has never borrowed or sold any of its assets to make payments. He took the lead in trading with foreign Negro countries and during the depression imported Haitian coffee through his Haitian Import Co.

Nation Learns Story

Maj. Wright was elected president of the National Negro Bankers Association 14 times, which was the subject for a feature story in Time Magazine in 1939 to depict the rise of a slave boy to become one of the nation's financial wizards.

His other achievements include organizing the first state teachers association in Georgia in 1879, which he served as president; urging the federal government to issue the Booker T. Washington postage stamp in 1939, and the promotion of National Freedom day, celebrated on Feb. 1 in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln's freedom of Negro slaves on Jan. 3, 1863.

During the days he attended Sunday school classes taught by Gen. O. O. Howard, a union officer, he sent a memorable message to the people of the North upon Gen. Howard's request. The general's little Negro student told him to "tell them we are rising, General."

Sixteen Heirs

Among the many clubs and organizations with which Maj. Wright was affiliated with are the Masons, the Elks, the American Historical Association, the Academy of Political and Social Science and the AME Church. His achievements earned him a place in "Who's Who In America."

He is survived by six of his eight children and 10 grandchildren. Besides his son, Bishop Richard Robert Jr., his daughters are Julia O. Wright, Essie Wright Thompson, widow of Lewis B. Thompson, contractor and builder; Lillian Matilda Wright Clayton, Edwina Wright Mitchell, St. Louis school teacher; and Harriet Wright Lemon, widow of the late Thomas A. Lemon, former dean of men at Cheyney State Teachers' College and later with the Veterans' Administration.

MAJOR R. R. WRIGHT

VETERAN PHILLY BANKER:

Maj. R.R. Wright, 92, Dies on Eve of Trip

Afro-American Baltimore, Maryland

Sat - 7 - 12 - 47

PHILADELPHIA

Two weeks before his scheduled flight to Liberia, Major R. R. Wright, 92-year-old president of the Citizens' and Southern Bank and Trust Company, died Wednesday morning at the Jefferson Hospital. Funeral services for the pioneer banker and educator were held Monday at Greater St. Matthew AME Church.

Although he had been complaining for some time, the nationally-known financier did not enter the hospital until June 15 for a check-up. The hospital reported his condition as critical on Tuesday. Sat. 7-12-47

Complete arrangements for funeral services, which will be held Monday, could not be made until all members of the family arrived in Philadelphia.

To Be Succeeded by Son

He will be succeeded at the bank by a son, E. C. Wright, executive vice-president, who has worked with his father since the institution was organized.

Major Wright had decided on the check-up after making arrangements for the flight to Liberia, to be present at the country's centennial this month.

At the celebration, he was to represent the Liberian Commission, and had received a special invitation from the West African Republic to attend. He was appointed by Governor Duff to represent Pennsylvania.

At a recent birthday dinner where he was honored by leaders among both races, he announced his proposed trip to Liberia, which he claimed as the home of his ancestors.

Known as Educator

Known throughout the country as an educator and banker, Major Wright came to Philadelphia in 1921 as a former college president who had turned down diplomatic appointments to Liberia offered by President McKinley.

Within the year, he had been elected president of the bank.

He had served 11 years as principal of Ware High School in Georgia, 30 years as president of Georgia State Industrial College.

Eight years before he came to Philadelphia, the Senate, at his suggestion, appropriated $250,000 to promote the Semi-Centennial Emancipation Exhibition. The National Freedom Day observance

In February is credited to him. a $150,000 shoestring undertaking
Wrote Book on War I Heroes to a strong institution with nearly
Later, the State of Georgia ap- $3,000,000 in total reserves.
pointed him chairman of the Col- He is survived by eight children.
ored Association of the Council of They are:
Food Production and R. R. Wright Jr., AME bishop;
tion. Following that, Conserva- Emmanuel, treasurer of the bank;
commissioned him to go to France, the State Harriette Lemon, also with the
England and Belgium to compile bank;
data on colored soldiers in World Dr. W. H. Wright, Miss Julia
War I. The book is in the State Mrs. Essie W. Thompson,
archives. Mrs. Lillian M. Clayton, all of Phil-
As president of the Citizens' adelphia, and Mrs. Edwina M. W.
and Southern Bank and Trust Mitchell of St. Louis.
Company, he made it grow from

Maj. Wright Lived Fruitful Life

Pittsburgh, Pa. Courier

PHILADELPHIA — College president, army man, politician, banker and a great organizer. That sums up the full life of Major Richard Robert Wright who died here last week at the age of 92.

When a mere boy in Atlanta, he sent this message to the North:

"Tell them we are rising." Sat - 7-12-47

As a slave he aspired to the top. He made it. He attended school during the day and worked at night . . . entered Atlanta University, was graduated with the first collegiate class in 1876 . . . one year later married Lydia Elizabeth Howard . . . children: Richard, Julio, Essie, Lillian, Whittier, Edwina, Emanuel and Harriet . . . pincipal of Ware High School, Atlanta, 1880-91 . . . president of Georgia State Industrial College, 1891-1921 . . . president of Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia since 1921. Sat. 7-12-47

During Spanish-American War, appointed by President McKinley as paymaster of the United States Volunteers, with rank of major . . . organizer and president of the Georgia State Agricultural and Industrial Association . . . trustee of Atlanta University, 1880-98 . . . delegate to four Republican national conventions . . . 33rd degree Mason . . . Elk . . . member of American Academy of Political and Social Science . . . president of National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, 1900-06 . . . president of National Negro Bankers Association, 1908-12 . . . secured passage of an act by the U. S. Senate for the appropriation of $250,000 to promote a semi-Centennial Emancipation exhibition, 1913.

Appointed by Governor of Georgia to chairmanship of Colored Association Council of Food Production and Conservation . . . appointed by Georgia Governor as historian of enlisted colored troops in France . . . visited England, France and Belgium to collect data . . . promoted youth thrift clubs, 1933-35 . . . promoted goodwill airplane trip to Haiti, 1939 . . . author and inspirer of the idea of the first U S. postage stamp named for a Negro (Booker T. Washington stamp) . . . founder and organizer of National Freedom Day, 1941, celebrating adoption of Thirteenth Amendment.

Major R. R. Wright, Banker, Dies at 92

Pittsburgh, Pa. Courier

33 Sat.

Notables Attend Final Rites of Noted Philadelphian; Enjoyed Great Career

Sat. 7-12-47

(Courier Philadelphia Bureau)

PHILADELPHIA—An amazing career . . . from ragged slave-boy to college and bank president . . . with its resultant financial power, came to a dramatic end here in Mount Lawn Cemetery late Monday afternoon, as the frail body of Major Richard Robert Wright Sr. was lowered into its final resting place.

Major Wright died while actively serving as president of the Citizens and Southern Bank and Trust Company, which he founded, when he came here in 1921.

In his life span of ninety-two years, Major Wright had made himself a factor in the national and international structure of America and had woven his dynamic personality and ability for leadership into the skein of church, fraternal, political and community activities of a widespread plane of endeavor.

With the keen acumen developed through years of handling finances, Major Wright had personally emulated his ideas of thrift and economic security by dividing his resources among his family, churches and various philanthropies. It was generally believed that he did not leave a large fortune.

Presiding over the last rites held for the deceased leader at St. Matthew AME Church was Bishop Sherman L. Greene, presiding Bishop of the Philadelphia Conference of the AME Church. Bishop William L. Fountain, senior AME prelate, delivered the eulogy, with Bishop C. C. Alleyne of the AME Zion faith, giving a short impressive address. The invocation was said by Dr. J. Winsmore Mason, pastor of Allen AME Church, of which Major Wright was a member.

LEADING MINISTERS

Leading Baptist ministers also shared the spotlight at the services with the AME bishops and ministers. The Rev. C. C. Adams, secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, and the Rev. L. G. Carr, president of the Pennsylvania State Baptist Convention, both delivered brief eulogies. The obituary was read by Dr. W. C. Winson, president of the Baptist Ministers Conference of Philadelphia and vicinity. Sat-7-12-47

Prominent business, church and fraternal leaders from many parts of the Nation passed before the bier at the church. More than two hundred and fifty telegrams came from all over the country.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN WIRES

Telegrams were read from President Truman, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Senator Francis F. Myers and four Governors: Thomas E. Dewey of New York, Horace Holderbreath of Maine, Robert F. Bradford of Massachusetts and James Duff of Pennsylvania. Mayor Bernard Samuel of this city, also sent a telegram.

Among the national figures present at the funeral were Ira Lewis, president of The Pittsburgh Courier and Mrs. Ira F. Lewis; Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University; Jesse Mitchell, president of the Industrial Bank of Washington, D. C.; E. C. Burke, president of the Consolidated Bank and Trust of Richmond, Va.; C. C. Spaulding of Durham, N. C., and John W. Davis, president of West Virginia State College.

Also present was President Colson of Georgia State College, Savannah, Ga. It was at that institution that Major Wright served as president for thirty years, from 1891 until 1921, when he came to Philadelphia.

THRILLING ESCAPE

Among the more significant incidents in his history-making career, was one which occurred near the turn of the century at Georgia State College, while Major Wright was its head. A mob had gathered to lynch him because of his so-called radicalism, and it was necessary to spirit the educator away to safety. A thrilling escape was made.

The Major was charged with teaching Negroes to read and write—stressing higher education, rather than industrial education—and at that time the institution was known as Georgia State Industrial College.

The late banker numbered people of all groups among his friends, and a conspicious note at the funeral was the fact that lightweight champion Bob Montgomery was present. Even in his 90's, the Major was still a devout boxing fan, a regular attender of the bouts, and an intimate of many boxing luminaries.

THOUSANDS VIEW BODY

Music for the services was furnished by the church choir. The famed "Southernaires," who devoted part of their Sunday morning program to Major Wright, were unable to attend. The body had lain viewed at the Major's home last Sunday night. It was brought to the church Monday, where it lay in state from 10 A. M., until the beginning of the funeral services at 1 P. M. Thousands viewed the body before interment.

Major Wright is survived by three sons: Bishop R. R. Wright Jr. of Ohio, Whittier H. and Emanuel C. Wright, both of this city; five daughters: Mrs. Essie W. Thompson, Miss Julia O. Wright, Mrs. Lillian M. Clayton, Mrs. Edwina Mitchell and Mrs. Harriet W. Lemon; thirteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Emanuel C. Wright, who is executive vice president of the Citizens and Southern Bank, is expected to succeed his late father in the presidency. The funeral services were handled by Walter Beckett, assisted by Mrs. Jannie Morris.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Courier

Final Flight—The late Major R. R. Wright is pictured leaving a plane in California. The aged Philadelphia banker was air-minded, and died just two weeks before his scheduled flight to Liberia. His death shocked a Nation, unaware of his illness.

Woman Who Claimed Father Was African Prince Dies on Edisto

Maulsey Stoney, a granddaughter of an African prince who died Friday in her home on Edisto island, was intensely proud of her heritage and her race.

"I glad my blood pure. Not one drop of mix blood in my vein," she used to tell the scores of visitors from all parts of the country who came to see her, including writers, artists and folkorists.

She told the story of how her grandfather was brought to Ameri-ca from Arica, a captive prince. His royal birth was stoutly affirmed and the records of his master indicated he was indeed the son of an African chieftain.

The woman was held in high esteem by both negro and white persons and was never known to have an enemy. The numerous persons who visited her took the keenest pleasure in her conversation, strewn with a mixture of Elizabethan English and Afro-American idiom.

Her tales of ghosts, plat-eyes and boo-hags found their way into at least one book and numerous magazines and newspapers. One one occasion a man from the Congressional library recorded her voice. She sang several spirituals and counted to 10 in Arican.

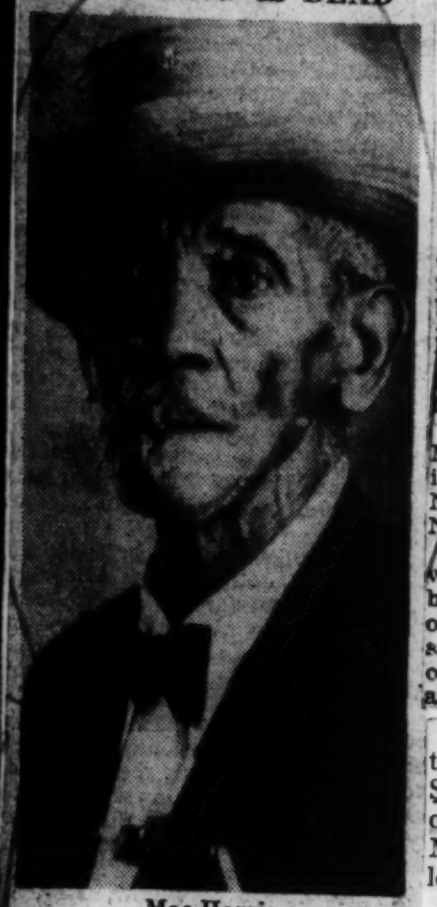
Born on Edisto at the end of the War Between the States, she rarely left her little home in the Seaside section. She was buried Sunday in the Murray plantation graveyard on the island. Surviving are her husband, Isaac Stoney, and a number of cousins.

Woman of Royal Lineage Dies in South Carolina

CHARLESTON, S. C.—(ANP)—Miss Maulsey Stoney, granddaughter of an African prince, died recently on Edisto Island.

Born just before emancipation, she often boasted that she was of unmixed blood. She could count to ten in the language of her African grandfather and her voice had been recorded by a representative of the congressional library. Her grandfather, captured and brought here a slave, died at the age of 105.

THE 'KING' IS DEAD



Mac Harris
Associated Press Wirephoto

The Times

'KING OF GAMBLERS' IS DEAD IN MEMPHIS

New York N.Y.
33
Wash. 1-23-47

Mac Harris, Slave Who Became 'Dictator of Beale Street,' Had Won and Lost Fortunes

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 22 (AP)—The death of an aged Negro in a shabby flat has this Mississippi River town's famed Beale Street dreaming over the past, when fabulous Mac Harris was the "king of the gamblers."

Mr. Harris died alone, his fortune reduced to a few hundred dollars, mostly in pennies. His body was found Sunday. Friends estimated his age at 92.

Born of slave parents in Memphis, Mr. Harris became a body-servant, attended school with the white children in his master's family, and eventually blossomed out as "the dictator of Beale Street" during the turbulent days of reconstruction.

"He was the oldest and the best known of the Beale Street gamblers" and the most picturesque cardman "on the river between New Orleans and St. Louis," said Nat Williams, associate editor of The Memphis World, Negro publication.

Thurs 1-23-47

In his prime, Mr. Harris wore a Van Dyke beard and twirled a cane.

Lieut. G. W. Lee, Beale Street civic leader and historian, has recorded many of Mr. Harris' gambling exploits at Pee Wee's smoke-filled saloon. In 1894 Mr. Harris played Casino Henry in a game that lasted three days, until each fell exhausted onto a lounge.

It was also at Pee Wee's that Mr. Harris won—and lost—$10,000 in a night's play with a cross-eyed New Orleans cardman known as Nine Tongue.

At one time the former slave was reputed to be worth $100 000, but in recent years he had lived on charity and the proceeds from sales of shoelaces and razor blades on the street he once ruled in cut-away coat and pin-striped trousers.

Died. Mac Harris, 92, bearded, cane-twirling ex-slave, idol of famed Beale Street during the South's Reconstruction, onetime "king of gamblers" along the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans; in a shabby flat in Memphis.

2-3-47 Time
Chicago Ill.
Time

Dr. James Madison Nebrit, distinguished and cherished Negro Baptist leader, died in Memphis, where he was pastor of the First Baptist Church, some days ago, and was buried in Atlanta April 22, the funeral being conducted in Mt. Olive Baptist Church, which he served as pastor for seventeen years. Born in Atlanta, Dr. Nebrit graduated from Morehouse College and took graduate work at the University of Chicago. He was President of the Georgia Missionary Baptist Convention for seventeen years; trustee of Morehouse College for many years; General Secretary of the National Baptist Convention, U. S. A.; President of the American Baptist Theological Seminary, Nashville; Founder of the National Baptist Missionary Training School, Nashville; Member Excutive Committee Baptist World Alliance, and held other notable places of leadership. He was, indeed, a good minister of Jesus Christ and an honored leader of his race in all matters relating to the Kingdom of God.—*The Christian Index.*

Chas. & Children
Thomasville, N.C.
Thurs. 5-22-47

Master of Cards Real Aristocrat To Final Moment

Pittsburgh, Pa. Courier
33
Sat. 2-8-47

By NAT D. WILLIAMS

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Mac Harris is dead!

The small crowd of oldsters shuffled quietly to their seats in the small but attractive chapel of the S. W. Qualls Funeral Home on Vance Avenue. As they entered they shifted casually interested glances in the direction of the cheap, but neat casket, in which reposed the long, thin body of an old, old man, whose brown, gray-goateed face, even in death, still bore the lineaments of the aristocratic pride which had long distinguished it.

Mac Harris was dead. The air of resignation with which the mourners at his wake apparently greeted that fact seemed to reflect the same finality with which Memphis old-timers had accepted the passing of the gaudily glamorous days of the street that "Old Man Mac" had helped to make famous—Beale Street—where the blues began. Mr. Harris was one of the last reminders of that hectic era now gone when famed W. C. Handy could sing of the Negro thorofare's "pretty browns dressed in beautiful gowns, with tailor-mades and hand-me-downs, where you'd see honest men and pick-pockets skilled, and business never closed till somebody got killed," and yet, "where the blind men stood on the corners singing the Beale Street Blues, saying, 'I'd rather be here than any place I know'."

KING OF GAMBLERS

Mac Harris, once known as "King of Beale Street's gamblers," had lived the majority of his ninety-eight years in or around the demi-monde haunts of Beale Street. He watched the street's glamor fade along with his skill at cards, and his passing left a gaping hole in the tattered fragments of Beale Street's fame. For, to most younger Memphians, Mr. Harris was "Old Man Beale Street" himself. They carried vivid mental pictures, wherever they went, of the tall, stately old man who proudly sold shoelaces and razor blades next door to the One Minute Cafe on crowded Saturday afternoons.

He was a vendor who made it plain that he was begging nobody to purchase his wares. He wore his long black coat, pin-striped trousers, and wide-brimmed hat with the air of one who had known far better days and who retained these habilaments as a grimly constant reminder to heedless moderns that once Beale Street "had kings, and he was one of the most majestic."

MASTER CARDMAN

When "Old Man Mac" died Friday night, Jan. 17, alone in his two-room apartment at 203 Turley Street, just a stone's throw from Beale Street, investigators who found him the next morning discovered a small cache of $300 in nickels, dimes, and pennies. This was a far cry from the reputed $100,000 fortune which Mr. Harris once possessed as the fruits of his skill as a professional card-man. What the jazzmen of Beale Street contributed to music, Mac Harris, as a master cardman, contributed to the games of chance as black men played them. Mac Harris knew the history of the invention of the "dice-horn," that gambling device designed to decrease the hazards of cheating and attract the participation of green-horns. But his major forte was cards. He was a master of all the fast-money games with the pasteboards.

WORE WIDE HAT

In his popular book, "Beale Street," Lieut. George W. Lee, business and civic leader as well as author of several books, describes some of Mr. Harris's more famed exploits as a man who made his living gambling. In one passage Lieutenant Lee writes: "Habitues of both Hamitt Ashford's and Pee Wee's Places were Casino Henry and Mac Harris, Beale Street's greatest card sharks. Henry was a round-faced black man who chewed gum constantly and walked always in the middle of the street. Mac was a tall brown man who wore his mustache turned up at center, an English walking frock coat, pin-striped trousers, and patent-leather shoes. He looked very much the gentleman of affairs . . . It was in 1894 that Henry and Harris played their famous three-day game with a small fortune at stake. This was a game that was nip and tuck between them until both fell exhausted onto a lounge. After this siege a truce was declared and they never played each other again during the course of their long careers in the underworld."

Sat. 2-8-47

WON $2,000 POT

"Mac Harris's next notable opponent was John Beard, a card shark from Baltimore, Md., whom Harris played for four days and won a pot of $2,000. In 1895, Fred Ashford, Beale Street saloonkeeper, sent to New York for Anthony Small, well-known Eastern cardman, to play Harris. Small beat him after thirty-six hours of play. Harris, sulking over his defeat, declared that he would never play casino again. He kept his word and turned to poker, at which he made his largest earnings, bucking such smart gamblers as Slip Crowder, John Boyle, Jake Cummings, and Lew Hall.

"Two years later he went to New Orleans and took on 'Nine Tongue,' a mysterious, cross-eyed gambler, whose real name nobody knew, and who, himself, was said to have forgotten where he came from. 'Nine Tongue' beat Harris in his first encounter. When the two hung up on Beale Street, a few years later, Harris was at his best and cleaned 'Nine Tongue' for $10,000."

THE "KING" ABDICATES

Some twenty years ago, worn down by years and financial losses, and by the changed character of Beale Street "where Mr. Crump don't 'low no easy riders now," Mac Harris gave up gambling. His wife had died, card games and policy were no longer played on a big-time basis in the area. Ill-health was now being suffered. So, one of Beale Street's most unique personalities turned his face full in another direction.

For years Mr. Harris had been a member of one of the city's oldest Negro churches, historic Avery Chapel AME Church, located on South Fourth Street, a half a block from the heart of Beale Street. At one time he served as an officer and important leader in the congregation until the righteous wrath of his fellow-parishioners, rebelling at the source of his livelihood, forced him to relinquish his leadership. Incidentally, Avery Chapel Church, back in Beale Street's more glamorous days, had long been the adopted place of worship and sanctuary for denizens of the half-world of gambling houses, saloons, and call-houses in Memphis, who, in their wandering through the morass of sin, found welcome relief in the spiritual outpourings called forth by their attendance in the house of God.

NO CHEAP GAMBLER

"Nine Tongue" and his ilk became a suppressed memory to Mr. Harris. He was not prudish in his new dispensation. He expressed himself as simply convinced that it was the better way. Nevertheless, he voiced no regrets over his past. To him, gambling was a profession, a way of life, demanding all the intelligence, character, and effort of any other field of livelihood. He was not a cheap gambler. He took pride in the fact that he never cheated an opponent. Mr. Harris was a realist. He understood correctly the significance of the fact that when he was born in Memphis almost a century ago as a slave in a wealthy white family, he was reared as a gentleman's gentleman.

During moments when he felt talkative, he would reminisce over the days he spent as a companion at school with the young

of Memphis and the Mid-
obsequies at Avery Chapel Church,
made him the subject
when youthful Rev. V. D. Kyle,
pastor, delivered what many have
described as one of the "most beau-
tiful eulogies ever heard in these
as Nello Pacini, an of parts." Among other mourners was
e famed Palace Vaude- a first cousin,
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EUL EULOGY
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Pacini took the
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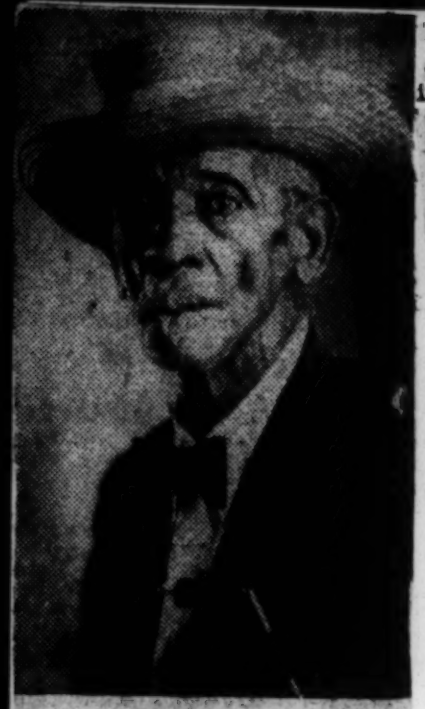
cion of the family who owned
him. He dressed in the same
fashion as his young over-lord. He
frequented many of the same places
of entertainment. He early mas-
tered the courtly manners, fluency
speech, and aristocratic bearing of
the well-bred of the Old South. The
aura stayed with him till death.
LOVED THE THEATRE
in his practice . . . it was cool in
the theatres in summer and warm
in winter. This proclivity of his
attracted the attention and curios-
ity of many of the leading news



MAC HARRIS

world's most famous urban centers. He asked nobody anything. He lived his life according to his lights. He was proud when he was at the top. He was proud when he touched bottom. He held his head high until the last, making the gods of chance he once served serve him . . . and he did all right.

The oldsters who sat so meditatively in the Qualls Funeral Chapel and paid their last respects to a departed "king of his own realm" . . . did so with the apparent knowledge that "the boasts of heraldry, the pomp of power . . . all that wealth . . . all that beauty e'er gave . . . await alike the inevitable hour . . . the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Bishop Rucker Dead in Tenn.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. — Funeral services were held here Tuesday for Bishop J. L. Rucker, 74, who died at his home here Saturday morning. Son of the late Daniel Rucker of Riceville, he founded the Church of God here in 1908, one year after he began his ministerial career.

Mrs. John Hope Dies In Tenn.

News of the death of Mrs. Lugenia Hope, was received in Atlanta Saturday. Mrs. Hope was the widow of the late Dr. John Hope, a former president of Atlanta University and for many years President of Morehouse College.

At the time of her death, the deceased had been residing in Nashville, Tenn., with her son, John Hope II, who wired the news of her passing from Minneapolis, Minn.

Funeral arrangements were incomplete at the time of this writing.

Mrs. John Hope, Sr. Dies In Nashville; Remains Cremated

Private crematory services were scheduled to take place here in Nashville on Wednesday of this week for the remains of Mrs. Lugenia Burns Hope, widow of the late and noted Dr. John S. Hope, president of Atlanta University. Announcement of Mrs. Hope's death and the crematory services was made by her elder son Dr. Edward S. Hope, professor of civil engineering at Howard University, Washington, D. C. The cremation of her body, it was revealed had been specifically directed by Mrs. Hope.

Mrs. Hope, age 76, was born in St. Louis, moved to Chicago at an early age and became active in church and social work. After the death of her father she helped support her family by becoming an office worker.

Mrs. Hope died in Nashville on Thursday, August 14, while preparing to make the return trip from this city to Washington. She had visited her younger son, John Hope II, of the Fisk University faculty.

It was at the turn of the century that the young office worker became the bride of John Hope and went to Atlanta, Ga. There she served the university community ably as the president's wife and engaged in constructive volunteer social work for nearly forty years. The widely-known Atlanta School of Social Work was developed from the Neighborhood Union formed by Mrs. Hope and which she directed for 25 years. It specialized in training social workers and in doing social work in Atlanta communities.

Mrs. Hope also organized the first citizenship school at Atlanta. Dr. Rayford Logan, now of Howard University faculty, conducted the school and thousands of Atlanta citizens took the course.

Mrs. Hope held active or honorary membership in many worthwhile organizations. These included, the National Association Of Graduate Nurses, the Red Cross, YWCA, and many others. Following the death of her husband she moved to New York. There she did valuable volunteer work with the American Women's Volunteer Service. However, she resigned from this organization in protest against policies, which she held were discriminatory, in that they did not invite Negro representation on the policy-making body.

Mrs. Hope had traveled extensively in Europe. In August, 1946, she flew with her personal physician, Dr. J. Raymond Bryant, to Honolulu, Hawaii, and lived with her son, Lieutenant Commander Edward S. Hope and his family. Later she returned to this country and had made her home in Washington until June of this year, when she flew to Nashville to visit her younger son John and his family. Here she rested at the Riverside Sanitarium. Although she had, since 1943, a serious heart ailment, she had remained active in many capacities until her death.

She is survived by two brothers, two sons, a large number of nieces and one nephew. With a real capacity for friendship, Mrs. Hope had accumulated a host of friends in all age groups and in various sections of the world.

It was announced that memorial services for the distinguished woman will be held at a future date.

Headwaiter at Memphis Hotel, Once Owner of Bank, Dies

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 3 (AP) — Alonzo Locke, Negro headwaiter at the Hotel Peabody, whose memory was so keen that he once called a guest by name after not having seen him for twenty years, died today at the age of 73.

Born in Trenton, Tenn., he had served attendance on such notables as Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan and Sarah Bernhardt.

He once said his most harrowing experience as head of a staff numbering 400 was the day the late Richard Mansfield threw two soft-boiled eggs at him. "I just ducked and had two more served," Alonzo said.

Alonzo actively supported the Negro Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A., and once owned his own bank. He was a major stockholder in two utility companies and had large real estate holdings.

Alonzo Locke, Famed Headwaiter, Dies; Was Ambassador Of Goodwill

MEMPHIS — (ANP) — Death in the form of a heart attack crept up on Alonzo Locke, 73-year-old famed headwaiter of Peabody Hotel dining room, in his home here last week and brought to a close the life of a man nationally identified as a Memphis institution.

Since 1925, Locke has been known to local citizens and visitors alike as "Alonzo of the Peabody." Especially to Negroes, he was known as "an ambassador of goodwill for our race."

Born near Trenton, Tenn., in 1881, he was christened Walter Alonzo. He moved to Cairo as a child and was reared in an orphanage. At 13, he began the work which was to later make him famous from coast to coast. He started as a bus and errand boy for the late L. P. Parker at the old Halliday House, then owned by the late W. P. Halliday.

During this time, he was going to school. Eight years later, he became headwaiter and held that position until 1915, when Parker brought him to Memphis as headwaiter of the Gayoso. In 1925, he left to become headwaiter at Peabody.

In 1927, when the Fraternal and Solvent Savings Bank failed, Alonzo was listed among the heavy losers.

Given New Start

Recounting the incident later, Alonzo said: "The morning after the bank failure, a stranger at one of the tables summoned me. He said he had read in the newspaper that I was one of the big losers and handed me $100. 'Take this and do something with it. From what I've read and know of you, you'll know what I mean.' I put that $100 in the bank that same day, and it is still there."

With this assistance toward a comeback, Alonzo was soon able to purchase a home, and throughout the rest of his life, increased his holdings in real estate.

Pride of race and the desire to see Negroes getting wider and better education to raise the standard of their living and working conditions, Alonzo affiliated himself in all endeavors which worked for the advancement of his race. Much of his energies went into helping the Negro Boy Scouts. He was also active in the NAACP, Urban League, Girl Scouts, LeMoyne College, Harmony Club, Hotel Men's Improvement Club, Red Cross, Avery Chapel AME Church, and the Elks.

He was sponsor of the "Alonzo Locke Yuletide Classic," a football game played last Christmas by two Negro high schools. Part of the proceeds from this game went to the Shelby County Tuberculosis Society.

Ill for a Year

Emma Locke, his wife, was a Juvenile Court probation officer for 20 years, but gave up her job last Jan. 3, when Alonzo became ill. At his death, he had been recovering from a year's illness which caused him to spend several weeks in John Gaston Hospital. While there, many of his wealthy white friends visited him and asked that he go to Florida and California, where he could convalesce, but Alonzo thought he could get well quicker in familiar surroundings.

During his lifetime, he had served thousands. Among world figures whom he has served are Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan and Sarah Bernhardt.

He was respected and admired by all. His memory of names and faces was remarkable and almost fictional. Once he greeted by name a former Memphian who revisited the dining room for the first time in 22 years just to see if the headwaiter could recall his name.

Encounter With Mansfield

His most harrowing experience was when Richard Mansfield, the great temperamental actor, became dissatisfied with his unopened eggs and threw them at Alonzo. "I just ducked and ordered two more eggs," he reminisced.

Though he never had a college education, he was often called upon to make commencement addresses at large Negro schools.

In a resume of his career, appearing in a volume published by the Memphis Negro Chamber of Commerce several years ago, he was described as "a man of admirable and unimpeachable character . . . a representative of the working class, the race's ambassador of goodwill."

Memphis Daily Pays Tribute To Alonzo Locke, Headwaiter

Chicago Defender, Sat-8-16-47

(Courtesy of the Commercial Appeal)

"Alonzo Locke was a highly respected citizen of his community. He set an example in citizenship which could well serve as an example to all racial groups. In his way he did as much as anyone we can name to make Memphis a place of good repute. His success was not attained by a sacrifice of human dignity," points out the Commercial Appeal in its editorial eulogy for Locke, headwaiter of the Peabody, an orphan who began as a bus boy and became a grand Memphis institution. Tenn.

The complete text of the Appeal's remarks on the death of Mr. Locke follows:

Chicago Ill.

Alonzo Locke—Friend

Alonzo Locke's life mission was to please and to serve others. He was preeminently successful in its accomplishment. Along with it, he set an example in citizenship which could well serve as an example to all racial groups.

He was famed as "Alonzo of the Peabody"—for his astounding memory and for the manner in which, for more than a quarter century, he had met the needs of patrons of that institution's dining services. In time he became an institution in himself. In his way he did as much as anyone we can name to make Memphis a place of good repute.

He went to work at 13 as a bus boy in Cairo's old Halliday House—a job he had exchanged for shelter at an orphanage. He learned early what too many never seem to learn—that any work is honorable, whether sweeping floors or directing a bank, and the whole core of his philosophy was that no matter what the work, a man should do his best and save his money.

He became "Alonzo of the Peabody"—a man with many friends—because he lived by the rule and labored so zealously to inculcate it in those who came under his tutelage and in his fellow Negroes.

He developed an impeccable savoir-faire that would have shamed the average Continental headwaiter, and that can be accounted for, in the main, by the fact that his desire to please was genuine. The happier his patrons, the happier Alonzo. He served without being servile. His success was not attained at sacrifice of human dignity.

It was his greater service, however, which deserves earnest eulogy—his service to the Negro people. It was service by precept and example. Alonzo Locke was convinced that there is no fallacious short cut to progress for his people. He recognized it as something requiring orderly advancement with goals attainable only through educational processes and hard and honest labor.

It is a great pity that Alonzo's thinking, his reasoning, his philosophy and his boundless patience and good nature could not be reduced to a formula and applied in the promotion of practical, mutually co-operative and beneficial race relations. That was something else he worked at, and for with incalculable success.

Sat-8-16-47

Alonzo Locke was a highly respected citizen of this community. He obeyed its laws. He contributed to its well-being. He advocated those things which were good for it and for its citizens, white and Negro.

It was our privilege to have long known and called him friend.